R
G 5
Sc 3
v. 16

3748

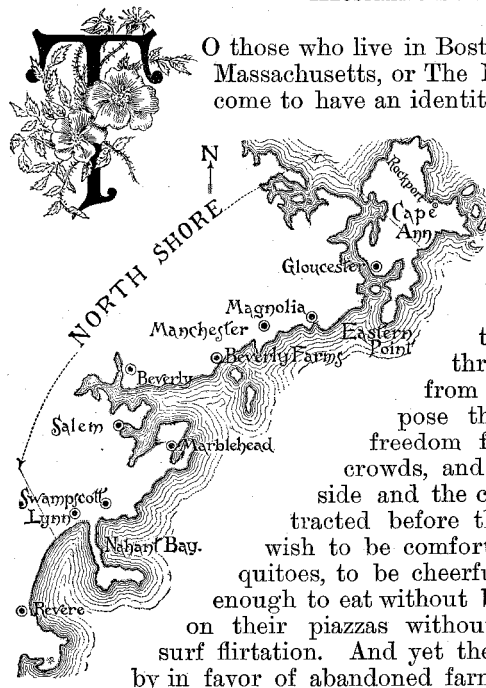
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI JULY 1894 No. 1

THE NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY

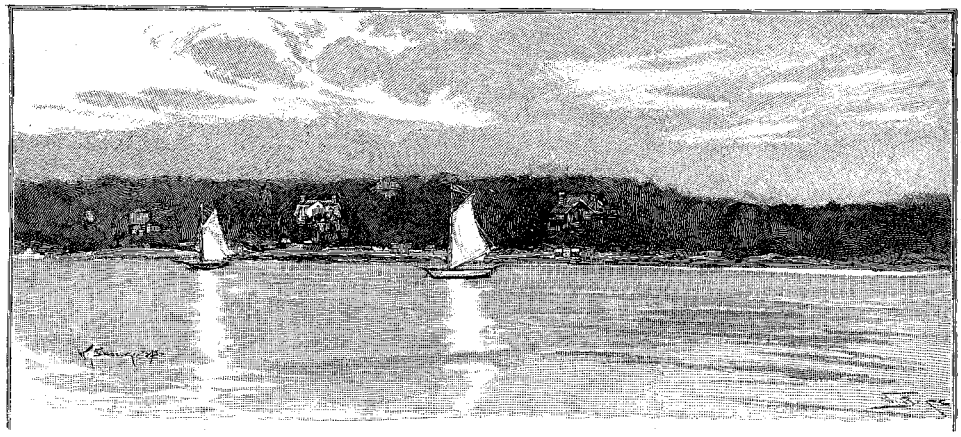


TO those who live in Boston and its vicinity the North Shore of Massachusetts, or The North Shore, as it is always called, has come to have an identity as a summer-resort quite as distinct as that of Bar Harbor, Newport, or Lenox. Even New Yorkers, enlightened as to its advantages by those who go down to the sea in yachts, have learned to think of it respectfully as a very pretty place to which Bostonians who wish to keep cool, and yet be able to see the gilded dome of the State-house through a telescope, hie themselves from June to October. One would suppose that its accessibility, its coolness, its freedom from either democratic or plutocratic crowds, and the unique combination of the seaside and the country which it affords would have attracted before this the people from large cities who wish to be comfortable without being devoured by mosquitoes, to be cheerful without having to be riotous, to get enough to eat without being obliged to fight for it, and to sit on their piazzas without exposure to kodaks, picnickers, or surf flirtation. And yet the comfort-seeking public still passes it by in favor of abandoned farms, sylvan camps, islands on the coast of Maine, and the various other refuges from the life of the average summer watering-place. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the argument that it is too near Boston, which is a polite way of expressing reluctance to invade the sacred precincts of the most critical society in America for fear of not pleasing. If such be the case, this attitude of caution acts as a two-edged sword, for if there is any plea to be urged against the attractiveness of the North Shore it is that the society is so exclusively Bostonese. The families from a distance are almost to be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and you meet in your walks and drives and social intercourse the self-same people with whom you have dined and slummed, or whom you have seen at the Symphony Concerts all winter. If it is meet that man should not live alone, it is almost equally desirable that he should for a month or two in every year lose sight of all his family, except-

Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

41779

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Beverly Shore.

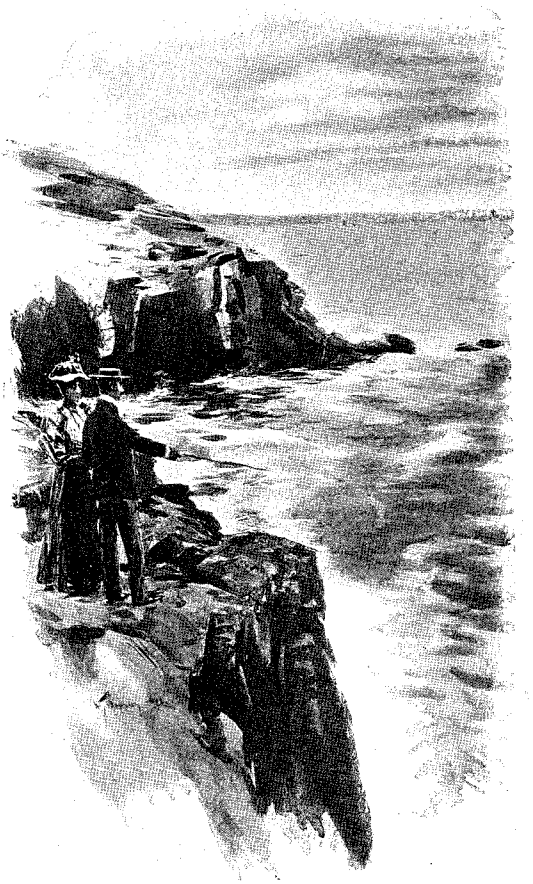
ing his very nearest and dearest, and his entire customary social acquaintance. But this is a privilege which only those who are not tied by business exigencies to the apron-strings of their native city are able to enjoy with any degree of regularity.

By the North Shore is meant the northern coast of Massachusetts Bay, from Nahant and Swampscott on the southwest to Gloucester and Cape Ann on the northeast. Cape Ann is the end of everything except the Atlantic Ocean, and civilization properly ceases before you come to Gloucester, the famous fishing-town of this portion of the world, which lies thirty-one miles from Boston in a tolerably direct line by rail. Along the borders of this rocky coast, which abounds in marvellous curves and indentations, including several fine harbors, stands a succession of villas, of various types of architecture, and for the most part at sufficient intervals from one another to insure privacy, for a distance of fifteen miles. Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Marblehead Neck, Beverly, Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, West Manchester, and Manchester, are among the names by which, for the sake of municipal or railway convenience, one strip of shore is distinguished from the next; but except for the purposes of taxation the aggregation of villas may be said to be part and parcel of no town, and to be a community unto themselves. In the same category should also be included Nahant, a watering-place far older than any of these, a rocky promontory stretching out into the sea, nearly at right angles with the coast from Lynn, to which it is joined by a narrow line of sand beach, three miles long, traversed by a single road. The late Thomas Gold Appleton fastened upon Nahant the epithet of "Cold Roast Boston." It has for several generations been a favorite summer-resort for old Boston families, and its popularity has never waned among those who by descent or purchase have acquired an interest in its limited territory. For invigorating coolness of atmosphere, boldness and picturesqueness of rock effects, and the complete illusion of being at sea, which one experiences on many a piazza, Nahant has attractions at least equal to those of the rest of The North Shore. There is indeed a mild rivalry between its cottagers and those of the Beverly coast, whose favorite taunt, that Nahant possesses only one drive, can never be refuted, and only counterbalanced by the claim that those who sleep at Nahant can enjoy a delicious sail to the city by steamboat, instead of being obliged to undergo a heated, dusty, railway journey. The rapid and luxurious evolution of summer life along the North Shore has had a marked effect upon the appearance of Nahant, and to some extent upon the manner of life there. Twenty-five years ago Nahant was the aristocratic watering-place of Boston; but there were few if any trim lawns to be found upon its territory, and there were no trees except an occasional clump of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

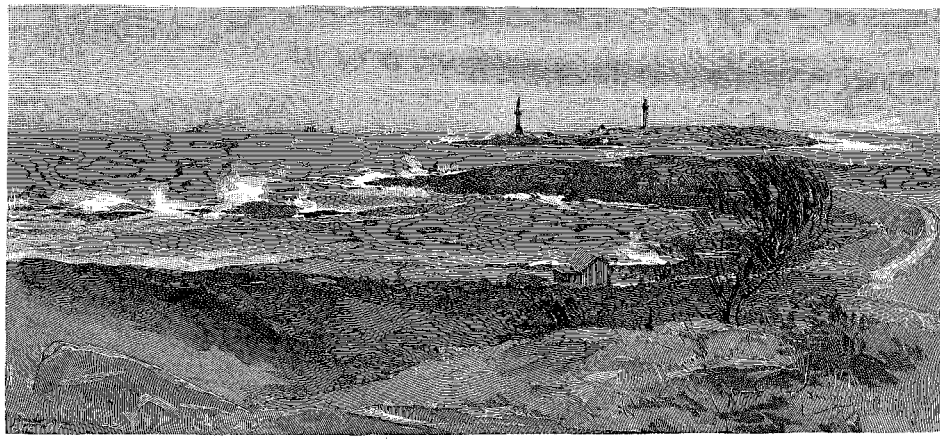
weather-beaten balm of Gileads. White weed, dandelions, and buttercups, the red honeysuckle, and common prickly roses ran delightful riot in front of every piazza, and the not infrequent cry of "Cows on the place," was a pleasant slogan to the rising generation. To-day all these primitive beauties have disappeared beneath the harrow of the landscape gardener, and given place to cultivated verdure, æsthetic-looking bushes, and a very respectable number of trees, so that it is no longer possible for the Beverlyites to declare, as formerly, that there is not a reputable piece of foliage on the peninsula. Moreover, a very successful club or casino, organized within the last five years, acts as a central magnet to draw the cottagers from their piazzas and to promote social circulation. And still along the water's edge, especially on the eastern side, stands a splendid array of cliffs which no one has ever attempted to improve, and which are more impressive in their ruggedness and bold beauty than any on the North Shore. There are, indeed, none on the coast, excepting perhaps at Bar Harbor, which surpass them in grandeur. Here is the well-known Pulpit Rock, so named from its shape, to the top of which, in the days of the old hotel—burned more than thirty years ago, and never rebuilt—an adventurous damsel climbed, only to discover that she had to be lowered by ropes. Tradition tells us that Nahant was originally traded by an Indian for a suit of clothes; and it is probable that the simple savage felt that he got quite as good a bargain as William Blackstone did when he parted with Boston. Where in the world is there such a delightful dormitory as Nahant, distant by either sea or land only an hour from the city, where the tired business man may refresh his brow and lungs and eyes, and his children may breathe ozone day in day out, and learn to swim like ducks in the coldest of cold waters?

The North Shore proper, which begins at Swampscott and extends beyond West Manchester, represents, unlike Nahant, the growth of the last twenty years. It is a fringe of aristocracy skirting the coast of the noble County of Essex, whose towns of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Gloucester have, in the past, been such intelligent and honest factors in the welfare of the State and nation. But the once well-known Ocean Street, Lynn, should not be passed over in any itinerary of this shore. This short, straight avenue, on the ocean confines of the shoe town of Lynn, was, twenty-five years ago, divided into perhaps a dozen and a half beautiful estates, of from one to three acres in extent, ranged side by side in precise stateliness. The villas were elaborate for that time, and the places were tended far more carefully than those of Nahant, and made in most instances to display beautiful lawns and fine trees and flowers. They fronted on the avenue, and backed directly on the full expanse of the portion of Massachu-



Looking Toward Swampscott from the Cliffs at Nahant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cape Ann.

"The end of everything except the Atlantic Ocean."

setts Bay which lies under the lee of Nahant, and they were owned by Boston people of wealth and social prominence. Under the combined influence of the tide of fashion, which was moving farther along the coast, and the increased demand for summer residences, which suggested to real-estate speculators the possibilities of subdivision, these fine estates began to drop into the market about twenty years ago, and have since been cut up into smaller building lots and traversed by connecting streets. The old villas have been pulled down, and in one or two cases have been superseded by much more elaborate structures, the homes chiefly of the wealthy manufacturers of Lynn. But the greater portion of the new cottages are of the every-day Queen Anne pattern, and, though they command the same beautiful ocean outlook as formerly, they are too much commanded by the windows of their next-door neighbors. In short, Ocean Street has become more like its next-door neighbor, Swampscott, a community of small estates on the edge of the sea, grouped closely together with an eye only to keeping cool and to looking seaward in summer. Ocean Street, however, as has been stated, has been appropriated chiefly by the rich shoemakers of Lynn, who live there the year round, whereas Swampscott's single shore road, which runs out of Ocean Street, has for years and years been the camping-ground of people from Boston and its vicinity who have been content to allow its fishing-village aspect to remain unaltered except in a very few instances. Here are two large hotels, and a host of boarding-houses, and a sand beach, and a railroad station within easy driving distance to accommodate the business men who wish to live at the sea-side with as little trouble and expense as possible, and at the same time to be close to town. This simplicity of architectural and social effects is true, particularly of the village proper. Beyond it the shore, which stretches to Marblehead, has become occupied by more elaborate cottages, some conspicuously ugly and others of very tasteful design. Many fine water-views are obtained from these, notably from the beautiful Galloupe's Point, which is shut out from the dust of the high road and other suggestions of urban proximity. In brief, it may be stated that the last twenty years have seen the erection, along the hitherto unoccupied shore from Swampscott to Marblehead, of colonies of cottages inviting the proprietorship of the increasing class of well-to-do people who desire to live comfortably in summer, interspersed with an occasional hotel of ample dimensions, the prices of which terrify the democratic beachcomber whose ambition is bounded by a fishing-pole, clams, and pink lemonade.

In an indenture of the coast formed

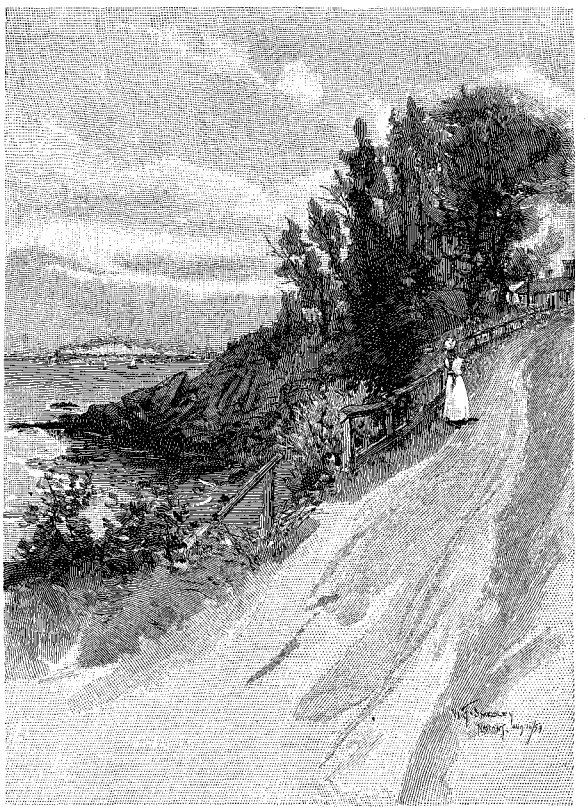
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

On the Piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

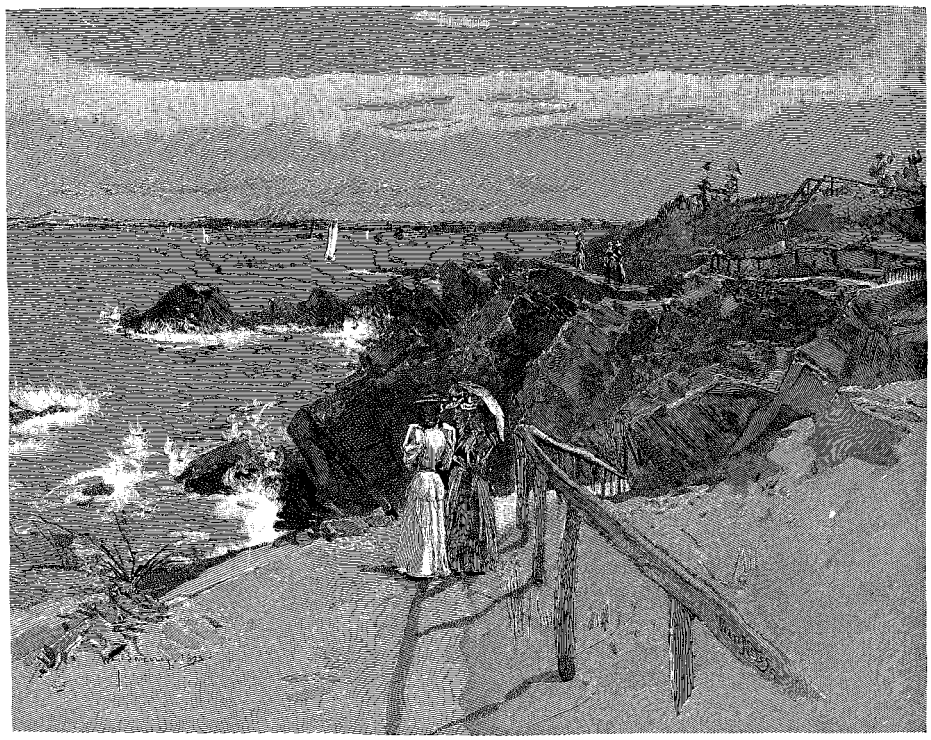
by the harbors of Marblehead and Salem, and on a smaller harbor of its own, is situated the ancient village, but modern shoe town, of Beverly, from which the picturesque strip of shore which stretches thence to Cape Ann takes its name. For almost a generation there has been a nucleus of beautiful estates on the shore, beyond the street limits of the town, where the same class of people who went summer after summer to Nahant lived in peaceful enjoyment of broad acres of woods, marsh, and beach, undisturbed by thrifty cogitations as to their market price. The houses, like the original houses at Nahant, were square, comfortable-looking, dull-colored edifices, surrounded by broad piazzas, protected by sloping roofs unenlivened by the modern shingle stain, and the landscape wore a rougher appearance than at present. To the northeast, as far as the eye could see, lay a marvellous coast, with here a curving beach and there a wooded point, and here again a superb reach of cliffs, each and all provided with a background of undulating fields and rich dark foliage. All this edge of ocean, with its wealth of country behind, was practically unoccupied, and large tracts of it could be purchased at what now seem pitiful figures from the fishermen farmers who held it in fee. To the south-southwest, across the water, the Beverly cottagers looked at the queer old town of Marblehead without a suspicion that there was a handsome fortune staring them in the face in the shape of the spit of land which forms the outer bulwark of the harbor, where to-day the white-winged yachts almost outnumber the white-winged gulls. Twenty years ago and less, Marblehead Neck, as it is called, was in the general estimation a bleak headland which no one cared to build upon. Now it fairly bristles with small habitations, which have sprung up in such close proximity to one another, and on such primitive lines, architecturally speaking, as almost to suggest a camp-meeting settlement. A little apart from these stands the club-house of the Eastern Yacht Club, the meeting-place on shore of the yachting brotherhood, whither, at the time of the sojourn of the New York or Eastern squadrons, comes all the fashionable Shore to dine and dance and visit the racing machines and the graceful floating boudoirs which fairly crowd the tranquil waters of the snug harbor below. Outside this same harbor, where the pleasure yachts of two friendly countries contend for silver cups in eager emulation, the Chesapeake and the Shannon fired broadsides at each other in the same summer weather not far from a hundred years ago.



Looking Toward Boston from Nahant.

It is at and beyond Beverly, however, that the true

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

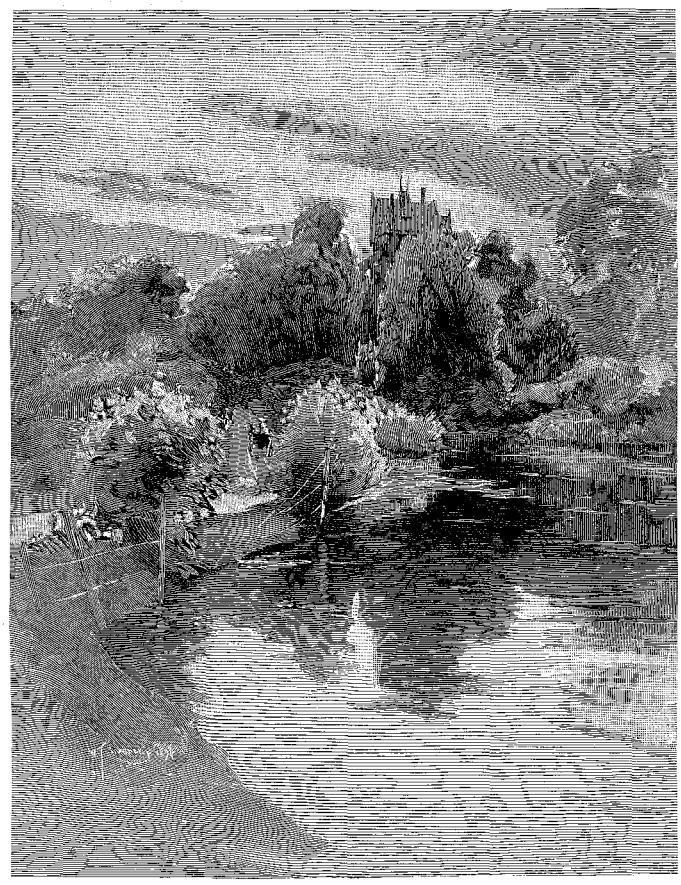


The Cliffs at Nahant.

grandeur of the North Shore begins. Marblehead Neck is bold and reaches out to sea, and the old town of Marblehead, which lies directly across the narrow harbor, provides, by its quaint streets and its legend of Skipper Ireson with the hard heart, abundant material for the edification of those who take an afternoon drive in that direction. But the true glory of the North Shore, that uniquely picturesque and ever-varying combination of sea-side and country which distinguishes it from the rest of this shore and from other shores, begins at Beverly. It sounds like a paradox to state that you may there look out from rugged cliffs over a summer sea and inhale its salt fragrance, and yet by a turn of your heel find yourself face to face with a landscape of rustic meadows and stately woods. Yet such is exactly the case. The dweller in this paradise scents on his piazza the mingled aroma of brine and pine, of storm-tossed seaweed and new-mown hay; and, moreover, in this instance man has joined hands with nature to preserve the beauties of the scene, in that he has refused to subdivide his lands. A succession of magnificent estates follows the shore, but almost invariably the houses stand in the midst of several acres, and are frequently sheltered by woods or surrounded by a more or less cultivated park. This gives an elegance to the landscape which serves to heighten the effect of the splendid scenery, and these conditions have been maintained in the rapid development of the shore which has taken place during the last ten or fifteen years.

The sudden increased demand for sea-side residences, and the rapid and extraordinary trebling and quadrupling of values consequent thereon, which has been a part of the recent history of the entire New England coast, has been more remarkable in the case of the Beverly shore than in that of any other resort except Bar Harbor. Large tracts of wooded lands along the sea's edge, and strikingly beautiful points which had been suffered to remain unoccupied for generations save by local

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At Manchester-by-the-Sea.

farmers, have changed ownership at fancy prices and been made the sites for villas of the most improved modern architecture. From Beverly you come to Pride's Crossing and Beverly Farms, beyond which lies West Manchester, Manchester and the Masconomo House —the one hotel of that immediate shore —and Magnolia; and everywhere the same class of habitation is to be seen, more elaborate and luxurious, perhaps, the farther you proceed. The eager purchaser has occupied every available piece of shore, and in many cases has bought it from poetic but far-sighted individuals who anticipated the demand. It sometimes happens in this wicked world, though perhaps too infrequently, that the practised acumen of the real-estate speculator is put to the blush by the more discerning wisdom of the seer.

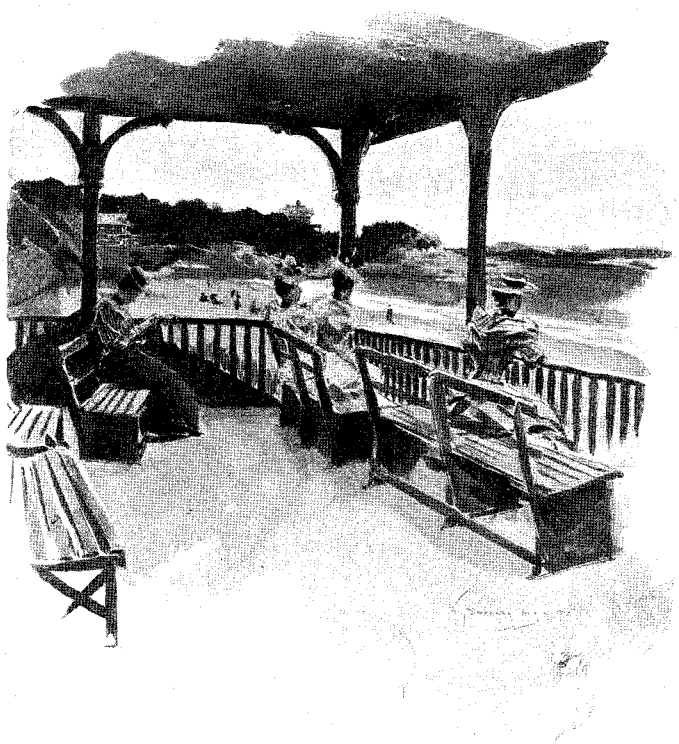
Unlike Newport, Lenox, and Bar Harbor, the North Shore is first of all a dormitory. The busy men of affairs, who spend the summer at Beverly Farms or Manchester, go to Boston every day and return home in the early afternoon, content to sit on their piazzas enjoying the breezes from the ocean, or to drive or ride. Until within the last few years the evening meal was a high tea, at which the rising generation could entertain their contemporaries without compelling *paterfamilias* to do more than brush his hair, or depriving him of his evening paper. Many people on the Beverly shore now have late dinner; consequently there is more formality and circumstance, and he who would fain lie in a hammock and listen to the trembling of the sea may have to choose between green

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mint, curaçoa, and benedictine, and try to forget that he is to take the early train in the morning. But, after all, the entertaining of this kind is not extensive. *Paterfamilias* is a long-suffering biped, but his good nature is apt to give way after missing once or twice the A.M. train, which he had hoped would be later than he; and even the most energetic spirits in the family —naturally the unmarried daughters who need do nothing all day but breathe ozone — prefer to spend the evenings in their hammocks. A ball or evening reception such as we know at Lenox or Bar Harbor, or even the hotel hop, which is common enough at the hotels along the Swampscott-Marble-

A Yacht Race at Marblehead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

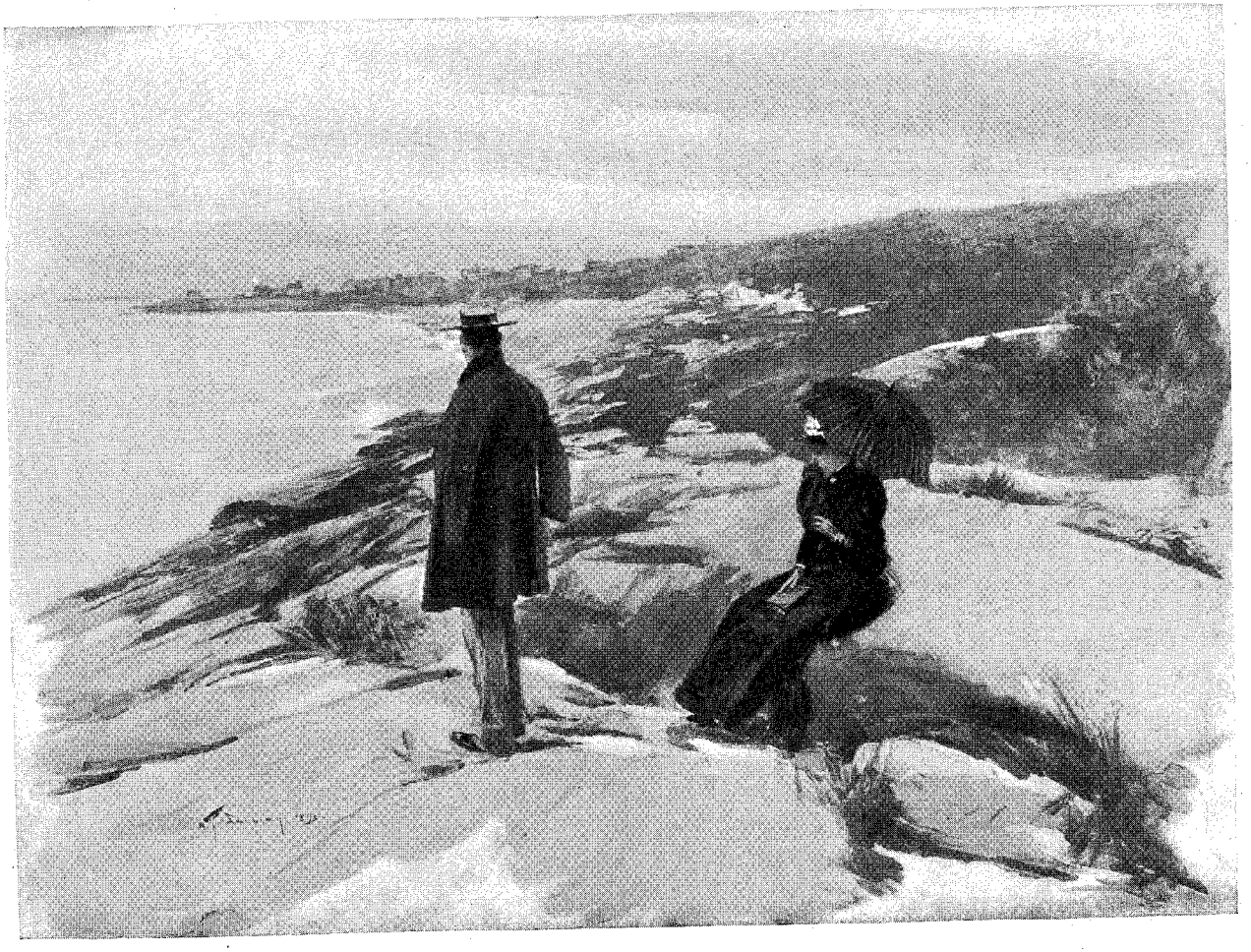


Pavilion at "The Masconomo."

head coast and at the Masconomo, is unheard of on the Beverly shore. Occasionally small parties drive through the woods to Chebacco Lake to sup on broiled chickens, thin fried potatoes and champagne, to dance a gay waltz or polka or two, and drive home by moonlight; but apart from occasional dinner-parties, this is the limit of the social gayety. A few of the younger matrons complain, as a consequence, that the Shore is dull and needs awakening; but the sentiment of the busy men, that rest after a warm summer's day in town is the best form of recreation, appeals to most wives and daughters, who indeed on their own account are delighted to make the most of the out-of-door life, to look after their lawns and shrubbery, to drive and walk, to go yachting if there is a yacht in the family, and in general to break away from the social diversions of life in town. There is some calling, and women invite other women from Nahant and elsewhere to stay with them in order to give them women luncheons—sometimes rather elaborate luncheons—where the conversation may be about art and literature, or may be about yachts and hunting, according to the aspirations of the hostess. Three afternoons a week, during July, August, and September, there is the opportunity, of which many avail themselves, to see the members of the Myopia Hunt Club play polo on the club grounds at Wenham, four or five miles inland to the north from Beverly. This is a favorite meeting-ground. To reach it you enjoy a delightful drive, and while there you are afforded a panorama of the toilettes and equipages of the Shore while watching the antics of the players. During the summer of 1893 the Essex County Club, a casino situated a little inland from Manchester, has been completed. This will doubtless prove a convenient uniting point for those who crave greater social activity, though, owing to the fact that its patrons are scattered along ten miles of shore, it is likely to be occasionally empty. A cynic might be disposed to suggest that the success of the Club at Nahant was the controlling reason why it was built.

The New England gentleman of fifty years ago, if he could see the way we live now, would open his eyes at the importance which the horse and his accoutrements have acquired in the eye of the present generation, and undoubtedly would come to the conclusion, on the whole, that our ancestors were bigoted in their association of a semblance of sin with a free use of the quadruped in question. Certainly the gay vehicles, bright harnesses, and sleek, stylish animals which are to be

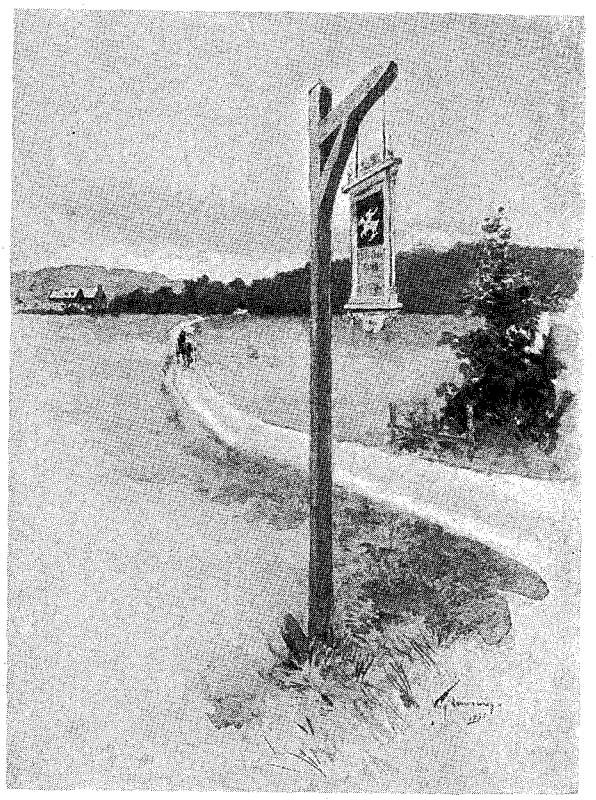
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

Magnolia, from Norman's Woe Point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Entrance to the Grounds of the Essex County Club.

encountered nowadays along the country roads of the strict old county of Essex, are a vast improvement, from an æsthetic point of view, over the sombre chaises and inelegant nags by means of which our forefathers endangered their chances of salvation. The charms of out-door life on the North Shore have fostered a taste for riding and driving which has proved, alike in a hygienic and a liberalizing sense, of great benefit to both the sexes. Riding, at which most young ladies and many men in the North used to shy, has become, in several sections of the country, and conspicuously on the Beverly shore, a favorite form of exercise and recreation. Under the conduct of the Myopia Hunt Club, fox-hunts after the English pattern engage the enthusiastic attention of a considerable number of young and middle-aged people during the early autumn months. The beautiful inland country about Wenham, Hamilton, and Topsfield has become a race-course for this hunting element, many of whom do not hesitate to risk life and limb in their almost hysterical enjoyment of the transplanted ancient sport. The Hunt Club has a modest club-house at Hamilton, where a pack of hounds are kept, and in the course of the last five years a colony of horse-loving spirits has absorbed and settled upon the most attractive of the surrounding farms, some of which possess an old-fashioned picturesqueness which suggests brass andirons and gilly-flowers. These hunting men and women have succeeded in maintaining friendly relations with the Essex County yeomanry, over whose corn-fields they dash in pursuit of a real or imaginary reynard, and who were inclined at first to resent this new invasion of red-coats as undemocratic impertinence and a legal trespass. But well-mannered tact, especially if it go hand-and-glove with liberal indemnity, will mollify the wounded pride even of a New England farmer. By degrees the hard-headed countrymen, who sniffed at fox-hunting as mere Anglomania, have become genuinely, though grimly, enthralled by the pomp and excitement of the show, and take almost as much interest in following the fortunes of the riders as though they themselves were booted and spurred and swathed in pink. To cement mutual good feeling a ball is given every autumn, at which the wives and daughters of the country-side dance with the master of the hounds and his splendid company, who valiantly, if vainly, endeavor to cut pigeon-wings in emulation of the country swains.

If the temper of the Beverly-Manchester shore is equine, no less is it nautical. The telescopes on every piazza command the entrance to Marblehead Harbor, and the womenkind unable to distinguish a cutter from a

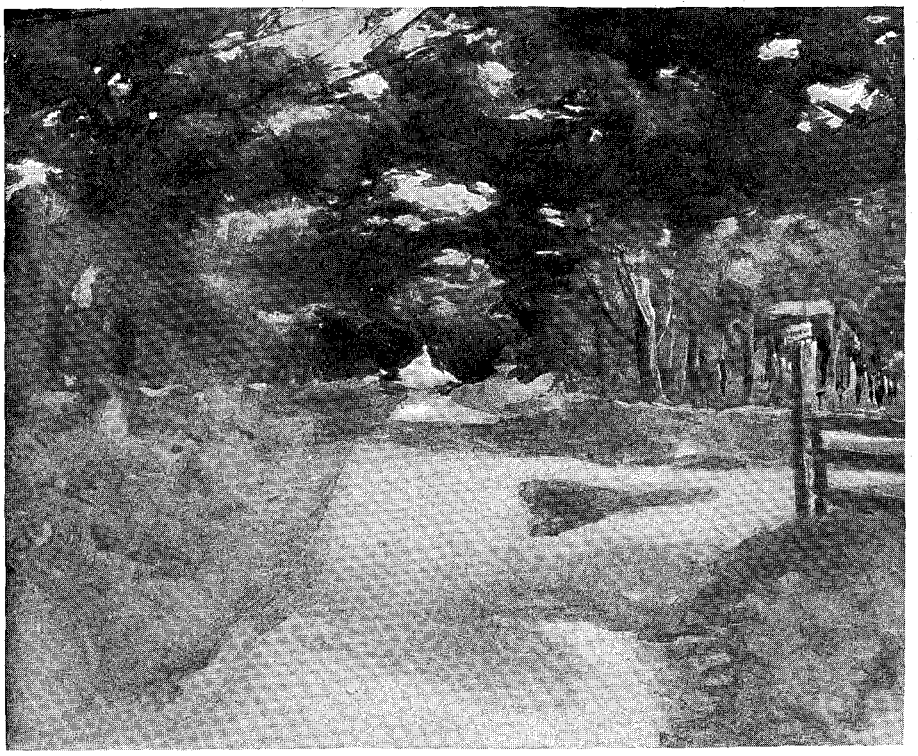
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stone sloop or fishing schooner are in the minority. On fine sailing days a bevy of yachts, of every cut and length, is to be seen on the broad sweep of the horizon, and often so close to land that you would seem to be able to toss the traditional biscuit aboard until you made the attempt. And yet the number of vessels owned by the actual owners of the Shore is not so large as might be expected. Not everybody by any means keeps a yacht, and only an intermittent chain of moorings follows the coast. Now and again some cottager of means buys a steam-yacht for a season or two, in which he runs to town when he is not pressed for time, and invites his friends to make the return trip with him at the close of the business day. Others keep a comfortable full-fledged schooner, with a trusty sailing-master, at their doors as a family convenience, to be enjoyed whenever the spirit moves and the elements invite conjointly—which sometimes is not for days at a time, such are the caprices of women and children, the contrariety of weather, and the business obligations of man. There is, too, a moderate number of small craft—catboats and sloops—in which yachtsmen of sixteen and some of maturer years, who deem the pleasure of handling the tiller superior to that of following the dictates of a sailing-master, tempt the deep. But whether it is that the coast is an exposed one, so that yachts cannot lie there safely in a southeaster, or that the responsibilities of maintaining a white-winged racer seem to the average business man analogous to those of maintaining a white elephant, there is rather a dearth of yachts actually owned along the Beverly shore, in spite of the fact that in the racing season the coast is fairly gay with them. There are few more beautiful spectacles than the series of races annually conducted under the auspices of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the grand flotilla of visiting New York yachts, in all their high-priced majesty and gracefulness, join the united craft of the New England coast, and spread their wings under a deep blue sky before a rattling breeze. Only second to this display is the captivating spectacle of Marblehead Harbor viewed from the piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the yachts, great and little, lie packed together at night, their wings folded and their sides and rigging aglow with electric lights and lanterns which make them seem like huge fireflies afloat on the dark waters of the basin. Hither to Marblehead Neck come crowds from Boston and the surrounding towns to see the Mayflower, the Volunteer, and the huge steam-yachts in which some of the conspicuously rich men of Gotham take their summer outings.

A casual observer might suppose that the only live issues on the North Shore were horses and yachts. The wave of the discovery that there are many ways of amusing one's self profitably and harmlessly in our vale of tears, the very idea of which was an abomination to those who laid the foundations of the Republic, has not spared this delightful region in its sweep across the country. But surface indications are apt to be deceitful, and it may truthfully be said that, even in the way of surface indications, the life along the North Shore has but few of the purely volatile features which distinguish many of the doings at Newport, for instance. And just as at New-

The Hounds—Myopia Hunt Club.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Avenue of Pines, near Manchester-by-the-Sea.

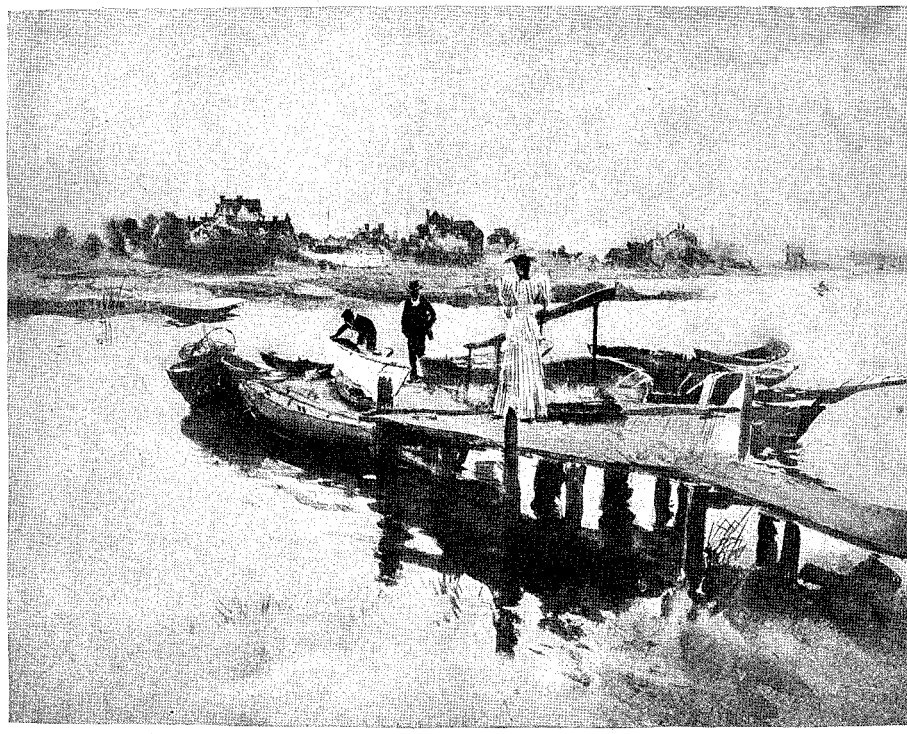
port and Bar Harbor there are hundreds of delightful people who live apart from the fashionable rout, because it bores them to jump and change feet all the year round, so this class along the North Shore is even larger, partly because of the more conservative spirit of the population, and partly for the reason already referred to, that the cottagers are chiefly active business or professional men who go to Boston every day. The North Shore is essentially a Paradise for men of comfortable means, who do not wish to be separated from their wives and children in summer, and who wish at the same time to give their families a thorough change of scene and atmosphere. Neither his interest in horses nor yachts, nor the desire to be socially rampant, induces the well-to-do Bostonian to settle along the North Shore. He thinks rather of the comparative ease with which he can exchange the parboiled pavements and the scent of tepid watermelon for the delicious breeze from the sea which greets him on his own piazza, where he can sit through the afternoon on a long cushioned chair and watch the yachts sail by, waxing proud in his belief that he is able to distinguish one from another. He thinks of the delightful and numerous drives in every direction, and of the safe beaches and shaded groves in the enjoyment of which the hue of health will be deepened in the faces of his children and of his wife and grown-up daughters, provided they do not wear veils. He thinks, in short, that he will be delightfully comfortable; that his household can be kept amiable by out-of-door amusements, while he enjoys the rest which middle-aged human nature ought to enjoy in the sweltering season, and that if he chances to feel frisky, he can drive over to dine at the Marblehead Club-House, or feast his eyes on the pink-coated pageantry of an aniseseed hunt. And, not to leave the finer sensibilities out in the cold—you may be sure he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

The Pleasure of Handling the Tiller.

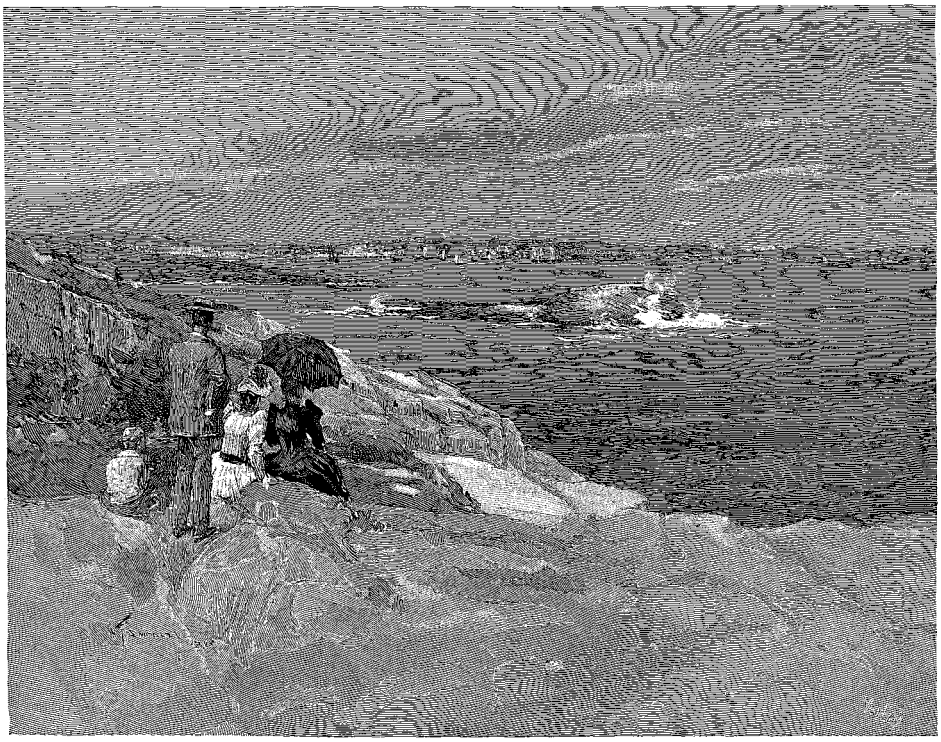
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Residences on the Point at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

bears them quietly in mind, this Bostonian cottager—there are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled effects of sky and water, and winds and woods, and sunset and moon-glory, continuously appealing to his love of nature with endless variety. The ocean on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay possesses a wider range of expression than on the other side, where it begins to woo the sands of Cape Cod and to yield to the milder moods of the Gulf Stream. It is a veritable lion here, and the rugged, rock-bound coast seems to be a necessary bulwark to stay the fury of the elements. The very temperature of the water, and the fresh, bracing vigor of the winds, suggest a strength and majesty which is sometimes trying to human constitutions which lack vitality. But though a lion when roused, this northern sea has a nobleness of disposition which makes you forget its cruelty on the very morrow after it has strewn the beach with salvage, and dashed in gorgeous spray well-nigh up to your chamber window. Then there is a depth of blue in the sky and water, and a life-giving, life-stirring warmth in the sun which fills the soul with gladness; and when at nightfall the breeze dies away, and the pink and saffron clouds paint themselves upon the peaceful deep and the silent landscape, what a joy it is to sit and watch the twilight fade into night, the stars appear, and the light-house beacons come out like other stars along the horizon. How still, refreshing, and soothing is the night! You only just catch the refrain of the automatic buoy-whistle guarding the Graves, appropriately known as the Melancholy Bull, telling, from across the Bay, that the storm has been; and once and again a cool, salty puff announces the advent of the night-breeze. Now rides the moon, and far away across her glittering wake glides some coaster like a phantom ship. Can this be the ocean which yesterday seemed so cold and cruel and revengeful, as you listened to the roar of the wind upon the roof? Even the "Reef of Norman's Woe," that poetic sorrow of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Reef of Norman's Woe.

the coast, the Mecca of the tourist who visits Gloucester, has lost its treacherous leer, and suggests for a moment to the ever-hopeful soul that nature has become the slave of man. Such days, such nights are the frequent recurring boon of the dweller by the North Shore.

Those who regard the continued individual ownership of large tracts of land, or even of an acreage sufficient to keep one's neighbor at a respectful distance, as inconsistent with true democratic development, will be likely to look askance at the beautiful estates along the North Shore. It may be that in a few generations we shall all live cheek by jowl with one another in houses built and painted after a stereotyped model, with exactly the same number of square feet of land in our front-yards, and under limitations as to the number of flowers we may grow in our pitiful little gardens, for fear of seeming to outstrip the luxury of those who are too indolent to grow any. Such a period may become necessary in the process of giving all men an opportunity to enjoy equally the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof. But whatever the dim future may bring to pass in this regard by dint of positive law or ethical argument, there is no doubt that, at present, the beautiful sea-side estates which have been cut out of the coast-line from farthest Maine to the limits of the shore of Buzzard's Bay, during the last twenty years, are among the most precious of human possessions, and that the class of people seeking for them is increasing in direct ratio to the growth of refined civilization over the country. More and more do we realize that a residence at a summer watering-place hotel is apt to leave soul, mind, and body jaded, and that to bang about in the hot weather at fashionable beaches and promiscuous springs may amuse for a fortnight, but suggests by the close

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a season the atmosphere of the *corps de ballet* or a circus. We are learning as a nation to rest in summer, instead of to gad, and those who have been the fortunate pioneers in the movement are indeed to be envied, for though the sands of the sea are said to be unnumbered, the coast of New England has its limitations. *Beati possidentes!*

BY THE SEA

By Anne Mayo Maclean

The hoary sea, that through a thousand years,
To all the burdens of the hurrying streams
Doth bare her heart, ofttimes in troubled dreams
Murmurs her secrets to unheeding ears.
Such weight of knowledge beyond price her breast
Doth hide, of sins undreamed and voiceless woe—
A child's glad laugh beside the river's flow,
And all the love at countless brooks confessed.
Who waits alone beside her, as oppressed
She stirs from some deep calm, and to and fro
Ceaselessly tosses in her long unrest—
Who waits with heart intent perchance shall be
Listener to things no mortal heart hath guessed,
And steal her secret from the whispering sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GETTYSBURG WEEK

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

[The following reminiscences are taken from a special journal kept by Dr. Schaff during several weeks in July, 1863, and are given in the exact form in which he wrote them. Dr. Schaff was at that time a professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, in Southern Pennsylvania and within a few miles of the Maryland line. It witnessed several Confederate raids and Lee's invasion. The battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg are forty miles away. Within three miles is Stony Battery, a wild gorge in the mountains, where President James Buchanan was born. Dr. Schaff was prominently identified with the Union cause, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Confederates for the public speeches he had made in its support.—D. S. S.]

Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1863.—This is the third time within less than a year that the horrible civil war, now raging through this great and beautiful country, has been brought to our very doors and firesides. First, during the Rebel invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, when forty thousand Rebel troops occupied Hagerstown [Maryland, eighteen miles away], and sent their pickets to within five miles of this place, and kept us in hourly fear of their advance into Pennsylvania, until they were defeated at Antietam. In October followed the bold and sudden Rebel raid of Stuart's cavalry to Mercersburg and Chambersburg, in the rear of our immense army then lying along the upper Potomac. At that time they took about eight prominent citizens of this place prisoners to Richmond (released since, except Mr. P. A. Rice, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal*, who died in Richmond), and deprived the country of hundreds of horses. Now we have the most serious danger, an actual invasion of this whole southern region of Pennsylvania by a large portion of the Rebel army of Lee, formerly under command of the formidable Stonewall Jackson, now under that of General Ewell. The darkest hour of the American Republic and of the cause of the Union seems to be approaching. As the military authorities of the State and the United States have concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave Southern Pennsylvania to the tender mercies of the advancing enemy, we are now fairly, though reluctantly, in the Southern Confederacy, cut off from all newspapers and letters and other reliable information, and so isolated that there is no way of safe escape, even if horses and carriages could be had for the purpose. I will endeavor on this gloomy and rainy day to fix upon paper the principal events and impressions of the last few days.

Sunday, June 14th.—While attending the funeral of old Mrs. McClelland, near Upton, whose husband died a few weeks ago, in his eighty-seventh year—having been born in the year 1776, in the same month with the birth of the American Union—rumors reached us of the ad-

41779

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vance of the Rebels upon our force at Winchester, Va., and of the probable defeat of General Milroy.

Monday, the 15th.—On my way to my morning lecture to complete the chapter on the conversion of the Germanic races to Christianity, I heard that the advance of the Rebels had reached Hagerstown and taken possession of that town. Rumors accumulated during the day, and fugitive soldiers from Milroy's command at Winchester and at Martinsburg, most of them drunk, made it certain that our force in the valley of Virginia was sadly defeated, and that the Rebels were approaching the Potomac in strong force. On the same evening, their cavalry reached Greencastle and Chambersburg [nine and eighteen miles distant], endeavoring to capture Milroy's large baggage-train, which fled before them in the greatest confusion, but reached Harrisburg in safety.

Tuesday, the 16th.—We felt it necessary to suspend the exercises of the Seminary, partly because it was impossible to study under the growing excitement of a community stricken with the panic of invasion, partly because we have no right to retain the students when their State calls them to its defence. We invited them all to enlist at the next recruiting station. For what are seminaries, colleges, and churches if we have no country and home? We closed solemnly at noon with singing and the use of the Litany.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 16th–18th.—Passed under continued and growing excitement of conflicting rumors. Removal of goods by the merchants, of the horses by the farmers; hiding and burying of valuables, packing of books; flight of the poor contraband negroes to the mountains from fear of being captured by the Rebels and dragged to the South. Arrests of suspicious persons by some individual unknown to us, yet claiming authority as a sort of marshal. One of these persons, from Loudon County, Va., was shut up for a while in the smoke-house of the Seminary, under my protest. I concluded to stay with my family at the post of danger, trusting in God till these calamities be passed. There is now no way of escape, and no horses and carriages are within reach. All communication cut off.

These "rumors of war" are worse than "war" itself. I now understand better than ever before the difference of these two words as made by the Lord, Matt. xxiv. 6. The *sight* of the Rebels was an actual relief from painful anxiety.

Friday, the 19th.—Actual arrival of the Rebel cavalry, a part of General Jenkins's guerilla force, which occupied Chambersburg as the advance of the Rebel army. They were under command of Colonel Ferguson, about two hundred strong. They had passed through town the night previous on their way to McConnelsburg [nine miles away], and returned to-day after dinner with a drove of about two hundred head of cattle captured at McConnelsburg, and valued at $11,000, and about one hundred and twenty stolen horses of the best kind, and two or three negro boys. They rode into town with pointed pistols and drawn sabres, their captain (Crawford) loudly repeating: "We hear there is to be some resistance made. We do not wish to disturb private citizens; but, if you wish a fight, you can have it to your heart's content. Come out and try." Long conversation with Col. Ferguson. He said in substance: "I care nothing about the right of secession, but I believe in the right of revolution. You invaded our rights, and we would not be worthy the name of men if we had not the courage to defend them. A cowardly race is only fit for contempt. You call us Rebels; why do you not treat us as such? Because you dare not and cannot. You live under a despotism; in the South the *Habeas Corpus* is as sacredly guarded as ever. You had the army, the navy, superiority of numbers, means, and a government in full operation; we had to create all that with great difficulty; yet you have not been able to subdue us, and can never do it. You will have to continue the war until you either must acknowledge our Confederacy, or until nobody is left to fight. For we will never yield. Good-by, I hope when we meet again we will meet in peace."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The colonel spoke with great decision, yet courteously. The Rebels remained on their horses, and then rode on with their booty towards Hagerstown. The whole town turned out on the street to see them. I felt deeply humbled and ashamed in the name of the government. The Rebels were very poorly and miscellaneously dressed, and equipped with pistols, rifles, and sabres, hard-looking and full of fight, some noble, but also some stupid and semi-savage faces. Some fell asleep on their horses. The officers are quite intelligent and courteous, but full of hatred for the Yankees.

Saturday, the 20th.—Appearance of about eighty of Milroy's cavalry, who had made their escape from Winchester in charge of the baggage-train, and returned from Harrisburg under Captain Boyd, of Philadelphia. They were received with great rejoicing by the community, took breakfast, fed their horses, and then divided into two parties in pursuit of some Rebels, but all in vain. They then went to Shippensburg, I believe, and left us without protection.

Sunday, the 21st.—Received mail for the first time during a week, in consequence of the temporary withdrawal of the Rebel advance from Chambersburg. But on Monday all changed again for the worse.

Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d.—Squads of Rebel cavalry stealing horses and cattle from the defenceless community. No star of hope from our army or the State government. Harrisburg in confusion. The authorities concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave all Southern Pennsylvania exposed to plunder and devastation, instead of defending the line and disputing every inch of ground. No forces of any account this side of Harrisburg, and the Rebels pouring into the State with infantry and artillery. The government seems paralyzed for the moment. We fairly, though reluctantly, belong to the Southern Confederacy, and are completely isolated. The majority of the students have gradually disappeared, mostly on foot. Mr. Reily left on Saturday. Dr. Wolf [Prof. in the Theological Seminary] remains, but his wife is in Lancester.

Wednesday, the 24th.—An eventful day, never to be forgotten. As we sat down to dinner the children ran in with the report, "The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming!" The advance pickets had already occupied the lane and dismounted before the gate of the Seminary. In a few minutes the drum and fife announced the arri val of a whole brigade of seven regiments of infantry, most of them incomplete—one only two hundred strong—with a large force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, nearly all with the mark "U. S.," and wagons captured from Milroy and in other engagements. Their muskets, too, were in part captured from us at the surrender of Harper's Ferry in October last, and had the mark of "Springfield." The brigade was commanded by Gen. Stewart, of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point (not to be confounded with the famous cavalry Stuart, who made the raid to Mercersburg and Chambersburg last Oct.). The major of the brigade, Mr. Goldsborough, from Baltimore, acts as marshal and rode up to the Seminary. He is distantly related to my wife. I had some conversation with him, as with many other officers and privates. This brigade belongs to the late Stonewall Jackson's, now to Ewell's, command, and has been in fifteen battles, as they say. They are evidently among the best troops of the South, and flushed with victory. They made a most motley appearance, roughly dressed, yet better than during their Maryland campaign last fall; all provided with shoes, and to a great extent with fresh and splendid horses, and with U. S. equipments. Uncle Sam has to supply both armies. They seem to be accustomed to every hardship and in excellent fighting condition. The whole force was estimated at from three thousand to five thousand men. General Stewart and staff called a few of the remaining leading citizens together and had a proclamation of Lee read, dated June 21st, to the effect that the advancing army should take supplies and pay in Confederate money, or give a receipt, but not violate private property. They demanded that all the stores be opened. Some of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them were almost stripped of the remaining goods, for which payment was made in Confederate money. They emptied Mr. Fitzgerald's cellar of sugar, molasses, hams, etc., and enjoyed the candies, nuts, cigars, etc., at Mr. Shannon's. Towards evening they proceeded towards McConnelsburg, but left a strong guard in town. They hurt no person, and upon the whole we had to feel thankful that they behaved no worse.

Thursday, the 25th—Saturday, the 27th.—The town was occupied by an independent guerilla band of cavalry, who steal horses, cattle, sheep, store-goods, negroes, and whatever else they can make use of, without ceremony, and in evident violation of Lee's proclamation read yesterday. They are about fifty or eighty in number, and are encamped on a farm about a mile from town. They are mostly Marylanders and Virginians, and look brave, defiant, and bold. On Thursday evening their captain, with a red and bloated face, threatened at the Mansion House [the chief hotel] to lay the town in ashes as soon as the first gun should be fired on one of his men. He had heard that there were firearms in town, and that resistance was threatened. He gave us fair warning that the least attempt to disturb them would be our ruin. We assured him that we knew nothing of such intention, that it was unjust to hold a peaceful community responsible for the unguarded remarks of a few individuals, that we were non-combatants and left the fighting to our army and the militia, which was called out, and would in due time meet them in open combat. They burned the barn of a farmer in the country who was reported to have fired a gun, and robbed his house of all valuables. On Friday this guerilla band came to town on a regular slave-hunt, which presented the worst spectacle I ever saw in this war. They proclaimed, first, that they would burn down every house which harbored a fugitive slave, and did not deliver him up within twenty minutes. And then commenced the search upon all the houses on which suspicion rested. It was a rainy afternoon. They succeeded in capturing several contrabands, among them a woman with two little children. A most pitiful sight, sufficient to settle the slavery question for every humane mind.

Saturday, the 27th. — Early in the morning the guerilla band returned from their camping-ground, and, drove their booty, horses, cattle, about five hundred sheep, and two wagons full of store goods, with twenty-one negroes, through town and towards Greencastle or Hagerstown. It was a sight as sad and mournful as the slave-hunt of yesterday. They claimed all these negroes as Virginia slaves, but I was positively assured that two or three were born and raised in this neighborhood. One, Sam Brooks, split many a cord of wood for me. There were among them women and young children, sitting with sad countenances on the stolen store-boxes. I asked one of the riders guarding the wagons: "Do you not feel bad and mean in such an occupation?" He boldly replied that "he felt very comfortable. They were only reclaiming their property which we had stolen and harbored." Mrs. McFarland, a Presbyterian woman, who had about three hundred sheep taken by the guerillas, said boldly to one: "So the Southern chivalry have come down to sheep-stealing. I want you to know that we regard sheep thieves the meanest of fellows. I am too proud to ask any of them back, but if I were a man I would shoot you with a pistol." The Rebel offered her his pistol, upon which she asked him to give it to her boy, standing close by her. Among the goods stolen was the hardware of Mr. Shirts, which they found concealed in a barn about a mile from town. They allowed him to take his papers out of one box, and offered to return the goods for $1,200 good federal money, remarking that they were worth to them $5,000, as hardware was very scarce in Virginia. He let them have all, and took his loss very philosophically. Mr. McKinstry estimates his loss in silks and shawls and other dry goods, which the guerillas discovered in a hiding-place in the country, at $3,000. The worst feature is that there are men in this community who will betray their own neighbors! In the Gap [half a mile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Prest. Buchanan's birthplace] they took from Mrs. Unger a large number of whiskey-barrels, and impressed teams to haul them off. They say they will bring $40 per gallon in the South. I pity Mrs. Unger, but am glad the whiskey is gone; would be glad if some one had taken an axe and knocked the barrels to pieces. From a man by the name of Patterson, in the Cove, they took, it is said, $5,000 worth of goods, and broke all his chinaware. From Mr. Johnson they took all the meat from the smoke-house. Other persons suffered more or less heavily. I expect these guerillas will not rest until they have stripped the country and taken all the contraband negroes who are still in the neighborhood, fleeing about like deer. My family is kept in constant danger, on account of poor old Eliza, our servant, and her little boy, who hide in the grain-fields during the day, and return under cover of the night to get something to eat. Her daughter Jane, with her two children, were captured and taken back to Virginia. Her pretended master, Dr. Hammel, from Martinsburg, was after her, but the guerillas would not let him have her, claiming the booty for themselves. I saw him walk after her with the party.

These guerillas are far worse than the regular army, who behaved in an orderly and decent way, considering their mission. One of the guerillas said to me, "We are independent, and come and go where and when we please." It is to the credit of our government that it does not tolerate such outlaws.

Already the scarcity of food is beginning to be felt. No fresh meat to be had; scarcely any flour or groceries; no wood. The harvest is ripe for cutting, but no one to cut it. And who is to eat it? The loss to the farmers in hay and grain which will rot on the fields is incalculable. This evening (Saturday the 27th) I hear from a drover that the Rebel army has been passing all day from Hagerstown to Chambersburg in great force. Perhaps their advance-guard is in Harrisburg by this time, for we can hear of no sufficient force this side of Harrisburg to check them. Hooker is said to be behind them in Frederick, Md.

Sunday, the 28th.—Thanks be to God we had a comparatively quiet Sunday. Dr. Creigh preached in our church. Small congregation, few country people, all on foot. In the evening a number of Rebels rode through town to remind us of their presence. We see camp-fires in the Gap [three miles off].

Monday, the 29th.—Imboden's brigade encamped between here and the Gap. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They came from Western Virginia, Cumberland, and Hancock. They clean out all the surrounding farm-houses. They have discovered most of the hiding-places of the horses in the mountains, and secured to-day at least three hundred horses.

Tuesday, the 30th.—This morning Gen. Imboden, with staff, rode to town and made a requisition upon this small place of five thousand pounds of bacon, thirty barrels of flour, shoes, hats, etc., to be furnished by eleven o'clock; if not complied with, his soldiers will be quartered upon the citizens. If they go on this way for a week or two we will have nothing to eat ourselves. They say as long as Yankees have something, they will have something. Gen. Imboden, who is a large, commanding, and handsome officer, said within my hearing, "You have only a little taste of what you have done to our people in the South. Your army destroyed all the fences, burnt towns, turned poor women out of house and home, broke pianos, furniture, old family pictures, and committed every act of vandalism. I thank God that the hour has come when this war will be fought out on Pennsylvania soil." This is the general story. Every one has his tale of outrage committed by our soldiers upon their homes and friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Some of our soldiers admit it, and our own newspaper reports unfortunately confirm it. If this charge is true, I must confess we deserve punishment in the North. The raid of Montgomery in South Carolina, the destruction of Jacksonville in Florida, of Jackson in Miss., and the devastation of all Eastern Va., by our troops are sad facts.

A large part of the provision demanded was given. Imboden made no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

payment, but gave a sort of receipt which nobody will respect.

In the afternoon Imboden's brigade broke up their camp a little beyond the toll-gate, and marched through town on the way to Greencastle. They numbered in all only about eleven hundred men, including three hundred cavalry, six pieces of cannon, fifty wagons, mostly marked "U. S.," and a large number of stolen horses from the neighborhood. Late in the evening another troop passed through with one hundred horses. Imboden remarked to a citizen in town, that if he had the power he would burn every town and lay waste every farm in Pa.! He told Mrs. Skinner, who wanted her horses back, that his mother had been robbed of everything by Yankee soldiers, and was now begging her bread. Mrs. S. replied, "A much more honorable occupation than the one her son is now engaged in; you are stealing it."

Wednesday, July 1st.—We hoped to be delivered from the Rebels for awhile, but after dinner a lawless band of guerillas rode to town stealing negroes and breaking into Fitz-gerald's and Shannon's stores on the Diamond, taking what they wanted and wantonly destroying a good deal. This was the boldest and most impudent highway robbery I ever saw. Such acts I should have thought impossible in America after our boast of superior civilization and Christianity in this nineteenth century. Judge Carson asked one of these guerillas whether they took free negroes, to which the ruffian replied: "Yes, and we will take you, too, if you do not shut up!" How long shall this lawless tyranny last? But God rules, and rules justly.

To-day I saw three Richmond papers, the last of June 24th, half sheets, shabby and mean, full of information from Northern papers of the Rebel invasion of Maryland and Pa., and full of hatred and bitterness for the North, urging their Southern army on to unmitigated plunder and merciless retaliation.

Dr. Seibert walked from Chambersburg. So did Mr. Stine. They say that terrible outrages are committed by the soldiers on private citizens. One was shot to get his money, another was stripped naked and then allowed to run. . . . Hats are stolen off the head in the street and replaced by Rebel hats. Dr. Schneck, walking to his lots, just out of Chambersburg, was asked for the time by a soldier. He pulled out his old gold watch, inherited from father and grandfather. The Rebel instantly pointed his bayonet at the Dr.'s breast and said, "Your watch is mine." Another soldier, apparently coming to his relief, touched his pocket, pointing his bayonet from behind, and forced him to give up his pocket-book with $57, all he had. This comes from Dr. S. himself, through Dr. Seibert. A similar case occured here this afternoon. I am told that one of these lawless guerillas seeing a watch-chain on one of Dr. Kimball's boarders, who stood on the pavement, rode up to him and tore the watch from his vest pocket.

In the evening and during the night this party drove all the remaining cows away from the neighborhood towards the Potomac.

This reminds one of the worst times of the Dark Ages (the *Faustrecht*), where might was right, and right had no might (*wo die Macht das Recht ist und das Recht keine Macht hat*).

Thursday, July 2d.—Was comparatively quiet, Miss Bertha Falk, who has been with us for four weeks, left this morning for Hagerstown with Dr. Seibert, on foot, this being the only kind, of locomotion now left to this neighborhood, I accompanied them as far as Dr. Hiester's [three miles]. I hope they may arrive safely at Hagerstown.

Friday, July 3d.—At eight o'clock the first united prayer-meeting in the Method. Church, called forth by the peculiar condition of the country. Dr. Wolf presided. Dr. Creigh, Rev. Mr. Agnew, Rev. Is. Brown, Judge Carson, and myself offered short prayers. After dinner great excitement in town. Two Rebel cavalry officers were waiting on their horses at the curbstone of the Mansion House to have their canteens filled with whiskey; a shot was heard. A straggling Union soldier hiding behind a tree had taken such good aim that the bullet passed through one horse's head, and pierced the Rebel on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other horse through the heart. The poor fellow fell back, died in a few minutes, and was hastily buried in his clothes, spur, and equipments at the edge of town. His money, $33 in Greenbacks, was handed to his companion for his wife and children. His companion was arrested, and his dead horse pulled by the living one to the edge of town, and covered with a few inches of earth. A third member of the party had halted at the head of the street, and after the shot galloped off to tell the tale, so that if the Rebels are in force in the neighborhood they may eke out revenge and burn the town.

Saturday, July 4th.—Prayer-meeting in the morning. Heavy rain all day. The gloomiest fourth of July which this country ever saw. Perhaps the battle is now raging which may decide the fate of the Union. Or something equally important may take place.

Boan dispatched to McConnelsburg, asking Col. Pierce for a guard to protect us against the ravages of guerillas.

Sunday, July 5th.—Morning service was interrupted by Mr. Hoke bringing a message to Rev. Mr. Brown to be announced forthwith, viz., that about two hundred of our cavalry would be here at noon from McConnelsburg, requiring rations for men and horses. They arrived, Capt. Jones, of New York, commanding, a N. Y. and a Pa. company, a great many of them Germans, well mounted, part of Milroy's force which had made their escape from Winchester, and have spent their time since in Bloody Run and McConnelsburg. They came in consequence of the request alluded to above. Capt. Jones is a fine officer. The citizens provided for them most liberally. They then proceeded on the Hagerstown road. At Cunningham's tavern, about eleven miles from here, they encountered an immense train of ambulances with wounded rebels on their retreat to Williamsport and Virginia. The train was several miles long, and attested the fact of a very bloody battle at Gettysburg. Our cavalry pitched right into the middle of the train, captured three pieces of artillery, about one hundred wagons and three buggies, with four hundred mules, one hundred horses and 747 prisoners, mostly wounded. In the evening we heard of their capture and approach. The whole town turned out to see the sight. After dark they began to arrive and pass through town. A most exciting spectacle never to be forgotten! The wounded Rebels brought the tale of the terrible battles fought around Gettysburg on Wed., Thurs., and Friday last (July 3d). They left the battle-field on Saturday the 4th of July, when the battle was still going on, though with less violence.

The last of the train passed through town towards the Gap after eleven o'clock at night. I then went to bed. But I was hardly undressed, when Mr. Murray and Beecher Wolf rang the bell and asked me whether the Seminary could be had for the temporary occupation of those prisoners who were too severely wounded or exhausted to be transported further that night. I gave my consent most cheerfully, subject to the approval of Dr. Wolf. I got up and assisted in unloading and accommodating the wounded prisoners. Several citizens assisted. I thought we would have to provide for a few dozen. But behold the whole train of ambulances was ordered back, and about six hundred were unloaded on the Seminary, the rest in the basement of the Methodist Church, and in Dr. King's barn. The whole night was consumed in the process.

Monday, July 6th.—The Seminary is now fairly turned into a military hospital. A novel chapter in its history, and one full of sad interest. The cavalry force and two regiments of infantry, Col. Pierce commanding, and acting brigadier-general in the absence of Milroy, arrived for the protection of the captured prisoners, and drained the town of available provisions. The prisoners were paroled, those who could walk were marched off to McConnelsburg, together with all the ambulances, baggage wagons, horses, and mules. The rest, between two and three hundred, were left upon our shoulders. The Col. appointed Capt. McCulloch provost-marshal, who would not serve, and Dr. Elliot, acting medical director, entrusted the medical care to two Rebel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

surgeons, who turned out to be worthless, and skedaddled without paying any attention to their own wounded.

In the meantime charity and curiosity were busy in providing for the prisoners an abundance of food and attention, which seemed to fill them with delight and gratitude. One colonel from N. Carolina remarked: "Your kindness makes it almost a luxury to be prisoner here." This speaks well for this place, which has suffered such heavy losses during the last few weeks from Rebel guerillas, and now turns round without a murmur to nurse their sick and wounded.

But we know well enough that we could not rely upon private exertions for any length of time, and needed a proper hospital organization. Some of the leading citizens dispatched a letter to Major-General Couch, at Harrisburg, and one to Colonel Pierce, at Loudon, requesting him to make proper arrangements for the military and medical care of his own prisoners left in our midst. This letter had a desired effect.

Tuesday, July 7th.—The filth and foul odors accumulated in the Seminary within the last day and night, already almost beyond endurance. Contagious disease looms up before us. We succeed in getting the building swept, the wounds dressed, and the animal wants attended to. Acted the nurse as well as I could in distributing food all day. In the afternoon fortunately Col. Pierce sent Lieut. Watson & Dr. Elliot to make some arrangements and to appoint persons with proper authority, as requested. So we hope to get the hospital properly organized by and bye. It is certainly the duty of Col. Pierce to take care of his own prisoners. But these poor fellows are providentially thrown upon us, and we must do the best we can.

I spent a good deal of time with the prisoners, privates and officers. The privates, generally speaking, look most wretched—ragged, torn, bruised, mutilated, dirty. Their dress represents every style and color, butternut cloth, half uniforms, no uniforms, full of mud from the heavy rains. Many of them are miserably ignorant and unable to read or write. They represent almost all the Southern States, including Maryland, and belong to Hill's and Longstreet's divisions. They were wounded in the Gettysburg battles and agree that they were among the bloodiest, if not the bloodiest, in the war, and that the Yankees never fought better. Some of them are intelligent, simple-hearted, trustful, confiding, susceptible of religious impressions. All seemed to be well pleased and thankful for all the kind attentions shown them by men and women of the place and the surrounding country. Many admit that the South was too hasty in seceding, and lost more than she could gain. Among the officers are a Colonel Leventhorpe of the Eleventh N. Carolina Infantry, an Englishman by birth, and formerly an English captain—a communicant member of the Episc. Church, very intelligent, courteous, and hopeful of Confederate success; a Lieut. Hand, Co. A, Eleventh North C. Infantry; Capt. Archer (brother of Gen. Archer), chief of his staff; Capt. G. A. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain C. E. Chambers, Thirteenth Alabama; Capt. J. H. Buchanon, Second Mississippi, & other officers of Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee & Mississippi, all intelligent, but unanimous in intense hostility to the North, and determined to fight to the last man. An excellent chaplain, Mr. Frierson, of Miss., Presbyterian. They all agree with other Rebels in declaring McClellan to be the best general on the Federal side. Detailed description of the Gettysburg fight, discussion about the national question and war. All sick of the war, but determined to fight it out. They say there never was harder fighting in the world than at Gettysburg.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Dr. Negley, appointed Medical Superintendent, and Mr. Hornbaker, appointed Provost-Marshal, concluded, with the consent of the people down town, to move all the sick of the town up to the Seminary, and to throw the whole burden and offence of this trouble upon the Seminary circle. I protested, with Dr. Wolf, against it as well as I could, but in vain. So the building is taken possession of by mili-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary force, and the students who remain will be turned out. My conscience is clear; I did my best to save the private rooms and the furniture.

Towards noon, under a heavy rain, a great many farmers from Clear Spring and St. Paul's Church, and the Maryland line, passed through this town with their horses and cattle, in flight from the retreating Rebel army, which is said to be passing towards the river and take all horses and cattle on the way, even in Maryland. Portions of them may come here. The Potomac must be impassable now in consequence of the heavy rains of the last days, and especially last night. Hope our army will be able to prevent their escape, and finish up this terrible war as far as Lee's army is concerned. If our militia now would move up from Harrisburg they could materially assist Meade in capturing the Rebel force, which must have lost at least 25,000 killed, wounded, and missing. What a sudden change in the aspect of affairs! A few days ago the enemy, so haughty, defiant, and confident, and now broken down, disappointed, foiled, and retreating! Man proposes, God disposes.

Most exaggerated reports are afloat of the capture of 25,000 Rebels and 118 pieces of cannon, which now turns out to be one of the many lies which this war is breeding in such superabundance. Lee seems to be able to retreat in order, but the height of the river at present seems to be his main difficulty.

Thursday, July 9th.—Another day of excitement. About 2,000 Union troops, Pa. militia, from Mt. Union, passed through towards Clearspring. Many Rebel ambulances captured on Sunday were returned, with mules, to carry away all the wounded Rebels fit for transportation. About 150 left. Prisoners were sent to Mt. Union to be transp. to Harrisburg on the Central Pa. R.R. Many left with evident regret, and deeply thankful for the kind treatment they had received from this community. Fifty remained, nearly all in the Seminary.

Natural kindness, Christian charity, and curiosity combined to pay every attention to the Rebel prisoners. The Seminary continues to be the centre of attraction and the resort of all sorts of people in the neighborhood. One poor fellow from Georgia suffers intensely from his wound, and is expected to die of lockjaw to-night.

A strong militia guard from Chester Co. was left here to watch the prisoners. They pitched their tents in the Sem. yard, and we prevailed on them to move behind the German Reformed Church, where they are now encamped.

The news arrived to-night of the fall of Vicksburg on the 4th of July. A mortal blow to the Confederacy—the Mississippi in our hands; also more detailed accounts of the terrible three days' battle in Gettysburg, from July 1–3. It seems on Wednesday we were repulsed and driven out of G. to the strong position on Cemetery Hill. On Thursday both parties held their own, with a little advantage on our side. On Friday, the 3d, the Rebels were decidedly repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

Lee is said to be in Hagerstown, and another bloody conflict is expected there. The Potomac has been unfordable for several days.

Friday, July 10th.—This morning we were treated to the luxury of a mail, the first for the last three weeks. Letters and papers kept me busy reading nearly all day. The rest was spent with the Rebel officers reading to them and conversing with them, etc. The prospects of the Union are brightening in every direction.

Saturday, July 11th.—Rev. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, took supper with me, and had a long conversation. He studied under the late Dr. Thornwell in S. Carolina, can hope for no reunion on any terms, but admits the severity of the blow in the repulse of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. He says Lee's army was never as well clad, fed, and in as high spirits and good condition as when they invaded Pa.

Sunday, July 12th. — Dr. Wolff preached in our church a Thanksgiving sermon. I preached in the Seminary chapel in the afternoon, on prayer, to as many of the wounded soldiers as could be moved. Several of our own soldiers were in, together with citizens and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

students. The soldiers were quite attentive. Rev. Mr. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, closed with a good prayer.

At night I was to preach again in the church. But I prevailed on Chaplain Colburn to preach, who returned from Clearspring with the N. Y. & Pa. militia force, which passed through here on Sat. and were relieved by Gen. Kelley's force coming down.

Monday, July 13th.—The whole of what remains of Gen. Milroy's force, about two or three thousand infantry & cavalry, passed through here, under command of Col. Pierce, from Loudon towards Greencastle. They remained in town about two hours, & caused considerable stir. We are still without positive information about the army movements, but hear more or less cannonading all day. The Rebel advance are at eleven miles from here. The river is still unfordable, and it is raining again.

Tuesday, July 14th.—This evening persons from Williamsport [twenty miles off] brought the news that the Rebel army recrossed the Potomac yesterday and last night, and is once more safely on the sacred soil of Virginia, without leaving a horse or wagon behind, after effectually deceiving our army by various feint movements on Sunday and Monday. A sad disappointment for all who looked for nothing less than the complete destruction or capture of the Rebel invaders in their own trap. But our army retreated from the Peninsula and twice recrossed the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, so that it seems to be almost an impossibility to bag a big army. Meade is reported to have followed Lee closely over the river.

Sad news to-night of a fearful riot in N. York City to resist the draft. The N. Y. militia company, stationed here as a guard, was ordered to leave to-night to assist in quelling the rebellion at home.

The remainder of the week passed off without special excitement. The newspapers brought us the particulars of Gettysburg battles, of Lee's retreat to Virginia, of the fall of Vicksburg, also the surrender of Port Hudson, and the new attack on Charleston, Morris Island being in our hands. The rebellion seems to receive blow upon blow just after it had lifted its head most boldly and confidently.

I studied Church History. Commenced an essay on the American Sabbath, attended to the wounded. On Sunday afternoon I heard Mr. Frierson, on Affliction, in the Seminary hospice, and assisted him.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Two regiments of Penn.'s Infantry (Colonel Frick) and six pieces of N. York artillery, which were encamped near the town in the woods, left early this morning for Chambersburg on their return home.

Six ambulances were sent here to take away nearly all the officers from the Rebel prisoners, although some of them are hardly fit for removal. It was quite a sad scene. I had become attached to some of them, especially Col. Leventhrope, a very intelligent, religious gentleman. He was very fond of reading sermons and history, and seemed quite grateful for our attentions. When his tall form, with a broken arm and pale face, supported by Chaplain Frierson, walked down the steps and into the ambulance I felt quite badly. Capts. Chambers, Betts, Archer, Williams, Buchanon, etc., also left for Chambersburg. Mrs. Williams and Miss Archer, together with some physicians, had come from Baltimore to nurse their husband, brother, and friends.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE TARAHUMARIS

THE AMERICAN CAVE-DWELLERS

By Carl Lumholtz

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

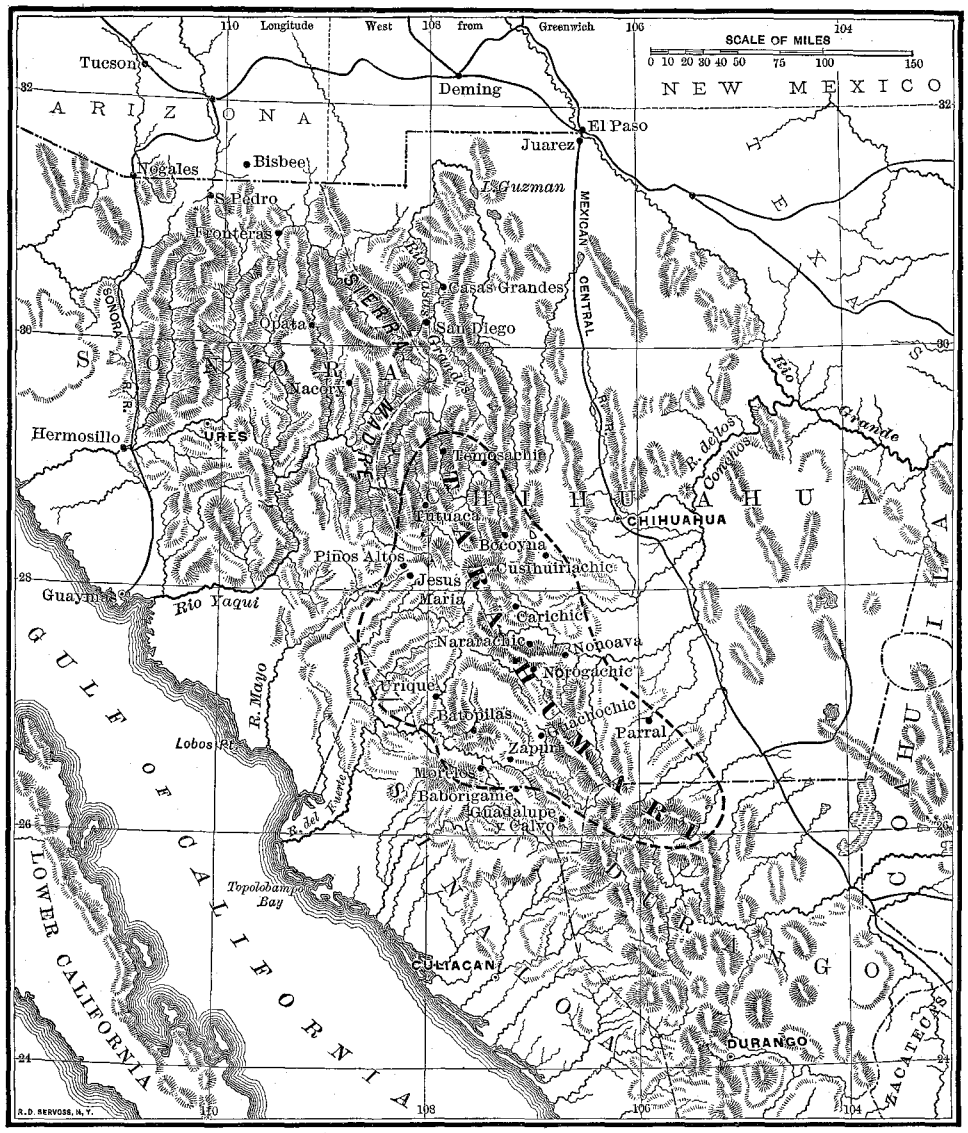
IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1891, I gave an account of an expedition which I made with eight scientists and assistants to the northern region of the Sierra Madre Mountains, the range which extends through the whole of Mexico and may be considered as the southern prolongation of the Rockies. That expedition began in the autumn of 1890, and during the best part of the following winter we pursued our studies in this district, having the sanction of President Diaz and of the governors of the States. I found, as I expected, from preliminary investigations, that the ignorance of even intelligent Mexicans concerning the curious people who inhabit the plateaus and the barrancas or cañons of the Sierra Madre region is almost incredible. According to my most careful estimate these Tarahumari Indians number about thirty thousand. They are scattered throughout a mountainous, and, to the outside world, but little known district, many thousand square miles in area, and it is very rare that more than eight or ten families may be found living in one place. Many of them live in hillside caves.

My first expedition gave me a pretty fair notion of the physical outlines of the country and of the work to be done, should it seem wise to devote the necessary time to acquiring, by personal intercourse with the Tarahumaris, an accurate and scientific knowledge of their character and customs. For the last two years I have carried on my studies chiefly without associates, and for the last year entirely alone.

The wonderful cliff-dwellings of the Southwest, brought to notice during the last fifty years, have of late become of absorbing interest to the intelligent American public. Amateurs as well as scientists have explored, more or less thoroughly, the cañons of the southwestern part of the United States, and have brought to light fine collections of implements used by the former inhabitants of these curious dwellings. Many excellent photographs have also been obtained. It was easy to observe, at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, how attractive the various sections devoted to the Cliff-Dwellers' Exhibits were to the visitors. I have, however, since my recent return from Mexico, had occasion to notice how vague and confused is the idea conveyed to the public mind by the words "cliff-dwellers," and how commonly it is believed that these abodes, of which such admirable reproductions exist, are still inhabited. Perhaps the reckless writings of a traveller, lately deceased, who made living cliff-dwellers to suit the imagined want of the public, may have left some strange impressions in the minds of his readers. Whatever the reason of these wrong impressions, I will now endeavor to give here the truth about the cave-dwellers, for I have spent the best part of the last three years in exploring northern Mexico, with the cave- and cliff-dwellers especially in view. Let me say at once that I did find cave-dwellers; but they are fundamentally different from certain living cliff-dwellers sketched from hearsay and imagination. Before entering upon a description of the cave-dwellers I met with in the Sierra Madre, I must therefore ask the reader, for the sake of a better understanding, to forget all that he may have heard or read about living cliff-dwellers.

Cave-dwellers are found among the following tribes, counting from the north: The southern Pimas, the Tarahumaris, and the allied tribe of Huaro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Map showing the Tarahumari Region of Mexico.

gios, and the Tepehuanes. All these tribes inhabit the State of Chihuahua, and are more or less mountaineers, living almost entirely in the great Sierra Madre range. Of these people the Tarahumaris are most attached to caves, the Tepehuanes the least. All are linguistically related. In some of their customs and manners they also greatly resemble each other, while in others, as well as in character, they are strikingly different. Very little that may be called accurate was known of these tribes. The Tarahumaris, the most primitive of them and the least affected by Mexican civilization, are the most interesting, and I shall confine myself in the following paper almost exclusively to this ancient people, who may justly be termed the living cave-dwellers of the American continent.

In the first article already mentioned I described some interesting cave-dwellings which I met with during the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early part of my explorations. Since that time, on our march southward, we found several more of those ancient communal cave-dwellings, as well as other remains of early habitations, in the form of small, square, stone houses, fortresses on the top of the mountains, etc. Ancient remains are nowhere numerous in northern Mexico, and as soon as one enters the regions inhabited by Indians, they almost disappear. Thus it is a rare thing to meet with old cave-houses; those found are always very simple and wretchedly small, and the number of houses in each cave is very limited. The caves are generally merely walled in, and the houses are one or two stories, according to the height of the cave. The building material is grit. No implements used by the builders could be discovered, but a few stone axes have been found lying on the ground, not near the caves, on the highlands, most of them of a clumsy and coarse shape.

The Indians of to-day do not take much interest in these old cave-dwellings. They attribute them to a mysterious people, the Cocoyomes, who were small of stature, did not till the soil, but ate each other and the Tarahumaris, or green herbs, and had other characteristics of the brute. At the head-waters of the Rio Fuerte I photographed several old caves, with houses that seemed of more recent origin, which the Tarahumaris told me had been built by the Tubares, a tribe now nearly extinct, with which they were constantly at war. While I have found corpses buried inside of these Tubare houses, the dead are commonly found in special caves, quite numerous throughout the Sierras, and frequently disturbed by roaming Mexican treasure-seekers, who leave few caves untouched. The people who used these burial caves seem in most cases to have been different from the present inhabitants of the country, judging from their mode of burial and their dress.

Permit me first to try to give some idea of the physical geography of the country, its vegetation, fauna, etc. The Sierra Madre of northern Mexico, the home of the Tarahumaris and the other Indians just named, is a broad, high plateau, from six to nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, falling rapidly down toward the west, while toward the east it gradually sinks down into the extensive lowlands of eastern Chihuahua. A few summits rise to 10,000 feet, while one of them, Cerro de Muinora, near the State of Durango, I found to be 10,450 feet, thus, no doubt, the highest in Chihuahua. There are a few llaños, but they are small. The general character of the landscape is one of small hills and valleys, sparingly watered and covered with forests of pine and oak. Along the streamlets (arroyos) which may be found in these numerous small valleys, we meet with the slender ash-trees, the young shoots and leaves of which are cooked and eaten by the Indians; farther, alders, shrubs of *evonymus* with its brilliant red capsules, willows, etc. Very conspicuous in the landscape everywhere is the madroña (*arbutus*) with its blood-red stem and branches, and its pretty, strawberrylike, edible, berries.

The Tarahumaris have names for six kinds of pine. One of these, which was first met with near Tutuaca, has a very ornamental form, on account of its slender, whiplike, hanging branches and its hanging needles, from eight to ten inches long. It grows here and there in groups at high altitudes on barren ground, and is probably a new species. The big-leaved oak-trees should also be mentioned; the leaves, which may be over ten inches long, and equally broad, are sometimes used as temporary drinking-vessels by the Indians.

Nobody can fail to observe the astonishing number of parasites and epiphytes on the trees. The yellow, round clusters growing on the branches of the oak-trees sometimes make the forests appear of a yellow hue. Lower down on the slopes of the Sierra Madre I have seen some Mexican hanging parasites, their straight, limber branches, of a fresh, dark-green color, hanging in bunches over twenty feet long. Some epiphytes, which most of the year to a casual observer look like as many tufts of hay attached to the branches, produce, during the season, extremely pretty flowers.

But flowers are not abundant in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sierra. The modest, yellow *mimulus* along the water-courses is the first to appear and the last to go. Also various forms of columbine (*aquilegia*) and meadow rue (*thalictrum*) should be remembered, but, above all, the Mexican carmine-red *amaryllis*. Like the *crocus* and snow-drops of northern climates they appear before the grass gets green, and it is a perfect treat to the eye now and then to meet with this exquisitely beautiful flower, such an apparent stranger in this dry and sandy country, and at such a chilly elevation, appreciated only by the humming-birds. It could hardly be expected of the inhabitant of this rugged country that he should have an open eye for the beauties of nature, but his practical sense has taught him the use of a closely allied species as a strong glue in the making of his rattles used in dancing and his violins. Edible plants, for instance a species of *mentha*, *chenopodium circium*, and the common watercress, are at a certain time of the year numerous, while fruits and berries are rare, blackberries being the most common ones. Also three species of palatable fungus are eaten by the Indians in July and August.

No description of the country of the Tarahumaris would, however, be complete without mentioning the exceedingly characteristic barrancas (or cañons), which, like huge cracks traverse the mighty mass of the Sierra Madre, generally running in an easterly and westerly direction. I have heard some of these, like the Barranca de Urique, compared in magnitude to the Grand Cañon of Colorado; but, as I have not seen the latter, I am unable to express an opinion on this point. Only rarely are the sides of these great chasms perpendicular, and then never in their entire length, but their angle of inclination is seldom very small.

At the bottom a running river is always found, flowing between narrow banks, which in some places disappear altogether, the waters rushing between abruptly ascending mountain-sides. The traveller, as he stands at the edge of gaps four to five thousand feet deep, wonders whether it is possible to get across them; there are barrancas into which tradition says that not even the enterprising missionary fathers found it possible to descend, but they can at a few places be crossed, even with animals, if these are lightly loaded. It is a task hard upon flesh and blood.

Nearly the whole country of the Tarahumaris is drained by the River Fuerte, which, with its numerous tributaries, forms as many barrancas, at first very shallow, but suddenly assuming an inspiring grandeur, their yawning abysses winding along as far as the eye can reach. Although the actual distance of the main barranca, San Carlo, from the source of the river to a little below the village or pueblo of Santa Ana, below which it parts from the main Sierra, is not very great, and, were the ground level, could be covered in less than three days, a man would probably have to devote a fortnight in order to follow the bottom of this barranca throughout its entire length.

Travelling on the pine-clad highlands there is nothing to remind the traveller that he is in southern latitudes except an occasional glimpse of an agave between the rocks, and the fantastic *cacti*, which, although so characteristic of Mexican vegetation, are comparatively scarce in the high Sierra. A species of *opuntia*, the nopal, whose flat, leaf-like joints are an important article of food to the Indian, is found here and there, and is often planted near the houses of the natives. There are also a few species of *echinocactus* and *mammilaria*, but the *cacti* form no prominent feature in the flora of the landscape.

How different when you descend into the warm barrancas! *Opuntia* and the small globular-crowned *cacti*, covered with different-colored spines, become plentiful. And in the deepest barrancas is found the remarkable *cereus pithaya*, which, shaped like a candelabra, raises its dark-green, spine-covered and grooved branches to a height of from twenty to thirty-five feet and gives the landscape a very peculiar aspect. Its leafless, towering columns, never affected by drought, form a strong contrast to the light and pinnate leaves of the numerous leguminous shrubs, the *acaccia*, *sophronis*, etc., that predominate on the mountain-slopes in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these barrancas. The fruits of this cactus are the best to be found in that part of the country, and the Tarahumaris have for one month a veritable Christmas feast on them.

The barrel-shaped cactus and many other kinds are eaten by the cattle, whose stomachs become so filled with spines that the Mexicans cannot make their favorite dish "menudo" (tripe) from them, but throw them away. But the Indians clean them by roasting and eat them. Fig-trees, *magnoliacæ*, the silk cotton-tree—whose roots are eaten by the natives—the *chilicote* (coral-tree), with its scarlet flowers, are common. Many other trees and shrubs grow luxuriantly along the river-banks or cover the rocky mountain-slopes, some of them remarkable for medicinal properties. I must mention two species of agave that grow at a considerable elevation above the bottoms of the barrancas, namely, the *tsja-wee* and the *amole*. The first is a low, ordinary-looking agave, but remarkable as being the most important of several kinds used in making an intoxicating wine. According to Indian tradition it was the first plant that God made. The other agave is called by the Mexicans amole, and is used for the same purpose as soap, its leaves, when broken and rubbed together, producing a cleansing lather. It is also employed for poisoning fish to be eaten, this poison, like so many others, having no effect upon the person who eats the fish. We are familiar with the big, flower-spikes all these agaves have. I know of nothing so astonishing as the gigantic spike that shoots upward from the comparatively small plant. Last May I came across one that I measured. It was by no means the tallest to be found, but the spike itself, without the stalk, measured 15 feet 8 inches in height. It was 70 inches in circumference at its thickest part. It seemed a pity to cut so magnificent a specimen down, but as I wanted to count the flowers, I had one of my men fell it with a few powerful blows of an axe. Counting the number of flowers, each one half as big as a man's fist, and of a brilliant yellow, upon a piece of the spine 3½ inches long, I estimated the total at 24,120. As this piece was cut out, however, from the middle and thickest part of the spike, some allowance must be made for the upper end of the plant, where the flowers were not so thick, and surely twenty thousand would be within the truth. It required two men to carry it, and as they walked they were followed by humming-birds, which fearlessly remained at work among the flowers of what they evidently considered their private garden. They might have to fly miles before finding such another.

So far as animal life goes, tracks of coons are seen everywhere at the bottom of the barrancas, while peccary, a species of pig, may be met with. Otter and fish are plentiful in the rivers, while herons, fish-hawks, and ducks are the noticeable birds. Animal life is not rich either here or on the highlands, where deer, lions, bears, rats, and many kinds of squirrels are fairly common. We found also turkeys, blackbirds, crows, green parrots, goat-suckers, and now and then the brilliant trogon. There are also many species of woodpeckers, all familiar to, and named by, the Tarahumaris.

The natives rightly count only three seasons, namely, the dry, the rainy, and the winter. The first lasts from March till June, and is very warm and windy. The rains set in as soon as the winds cease, and throughout July and August one can generally count on early thunder-storms and heavy rains in the afternoon, while the mornings are very bright. The rains do not, however, extend over a large territory, being local in character, which is very annoying to the agricultural inhabitants, who often see dark clouds rolling up, apparently full of moisture, but resulting in nothing but gusts of wind. The Tarahumari himself is not often to be deceived, for he is a remarkable prognosticator of the weather and is often consulted by the Mexicans on this point. Easterly winds bring the rain. In the winter season there are constant winds from the southeast or north, somewhat trying until you get used to them. Snow-falls in winter are by no means unknown. In Guadalupe-y-Calvo, which lies about seven thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, in latitude twenty-six,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communication with the outer world may sometimes be entirely stopped by the snow, which is more than three feet deep. The Indians when intoxicated have been known to freeze to death in the snow.

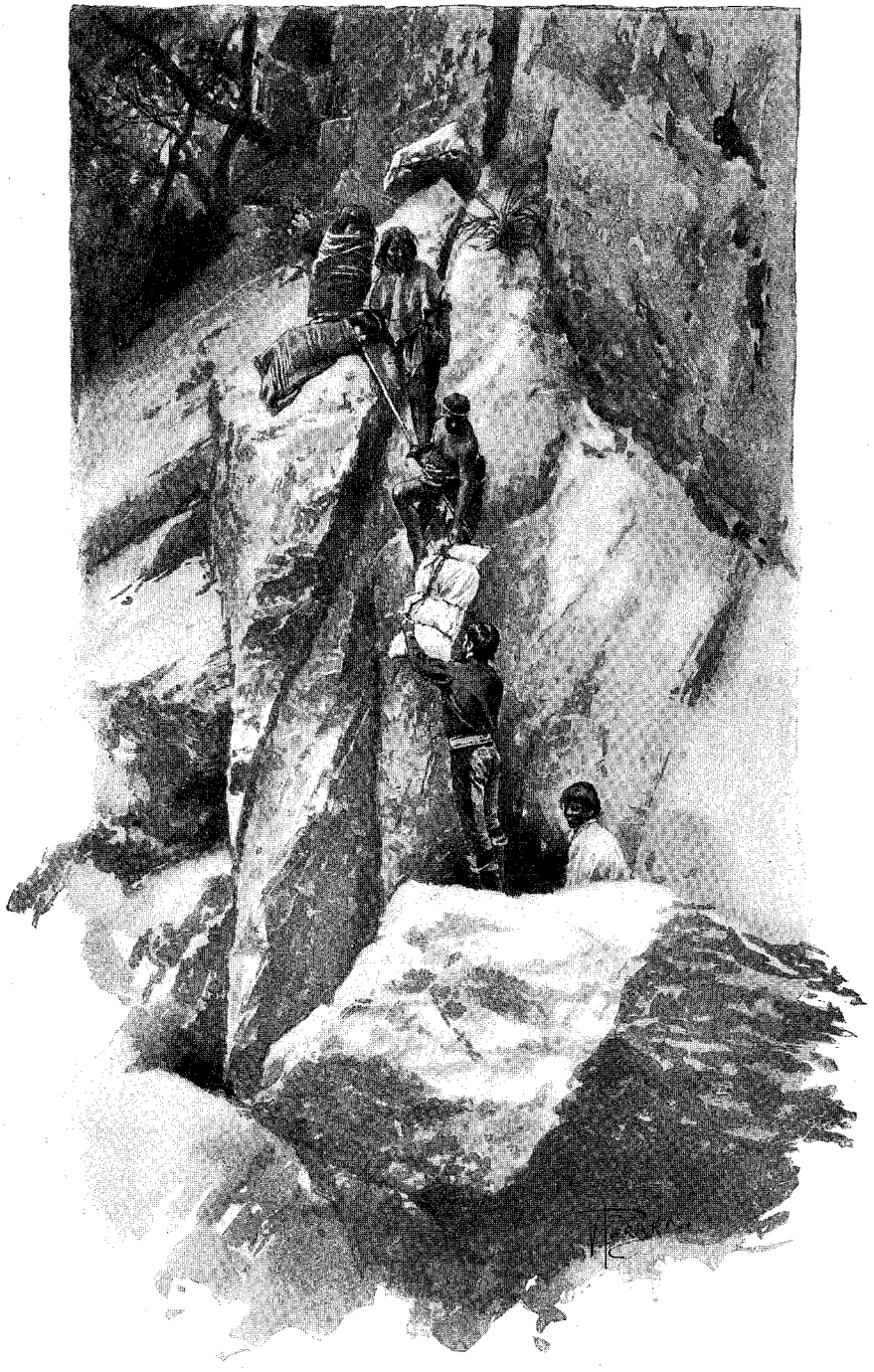
The climate of the Sierra, although not so very pleasant on account of the winds, is extremely salubrious, the heat never becoming enervating, as it does not exceed 90° F., while the nights are deliciously cool. Lung diseases are unknown, and the sanitary condition of the Sierra may perhaps be inferred from the reply of an old American doctor, who lives in the now almost abandoned mining place, Guadalupe-y-Calvo. When I asked him to give his experience as to the health of the people, he said: "Well, here in the mountains, it is distressingly healthy. Despite a complete defiance of every hygienic arrangement; with the graveyard, a tannery, and the sewers at the river's edge, no diseases originate here. When cholera reached the mountains, some years ago, nobody died from it. People simply took a bath in Mexican fashion—a cure for all diseases—and recovered." Down in the barranca, where the heat becomes at times excessive, the climate is very far from salubrious, and I have seen even Indians ill with fever and ague, contracted generally in the rainy season.

Between these two extremes I have never experienced a more delightful climate than upon the slopes of the Sierra, down toward the warm country. The air is pure and the temperature remarkably even. There is a story to the effect that a Mexican woman who settled in that part of the country broke her thermometer because the mercury never seemed to move, and she thought that it must be out of order. When, in May, I descended, after a long stay in the invigorating and windy climate of the higher Sierra, down into the mountain valleys where the heathen live, I felt as if I had reached the land of dreams, although there was nothing suggestive of tropical luxuriance or romance in this landscape, which impresses one chiefly with its towering mountains and vast slopes. Grass was plentiful among the stones and rocks, and groups of shrubs and groves of fresh green trees indicated where the ground was moist and water was to be found. The river Fuerte was still two thousand feet below; but what an air! So balmy and full of health! I had caught a slight cold the night before and was not feeling very well as I dozed on the back of my sure-footed mule as he worked his way down the valley; but the sleep and that delightful air made me feel well again. We found water in a small dug-out made by the Indians, and camped under a magnificent fig-tree. The weather was not hot even during the afternoon, as a soft breeze was blowing. About sunset it died out. We managed to get a meal, partly of figs, that night, and I rolled myself in my blanket and fell asleep, with nothing to disturb me but the bits of figs thrown down upon us by the bats, who were gorging themselves upon the fruit just as we had done.

The climate of the country as a whole is remarkably dry, and for the last two years there has been an unusual drought, even the flat stems of the nopal having shrivelled up. It is astonishing to see trees like the *pithaya*, or plants like the *aloë*, apparently quite unaffected by the drought. The last-named plant is found on the sides of the barrancas, and is always so full of yellow juice that it drips when you break the leaves. It smells like ham, and also tastes like it. This kind of aloë is just as good as the ordinary medicinal one.

This country thus comprises the highlands, the barrancas, and the wild slopes toward the west, and is inhabited by the Tarahumaris, of whom the greater part live in the pine-clad plateaus. These people formerly had a large territory, reaching north toward Casas Grandes, and east toward Chihuahua. At present they are, speaking generally, found between the latitudes of 25½° and 29°, from the pueblo of Temosachic south toward the border of the State of Durango. Mexican civilization has long ago encroached upon their territory, and even in the Sierra Mexican ranches have absorbed the best part of the soil. In the central part, however, these Indians still have absolute dominion, and no white man dares to interfere with the natives' right to the soil. The tribe is one of the least affected by advancing civiliza-

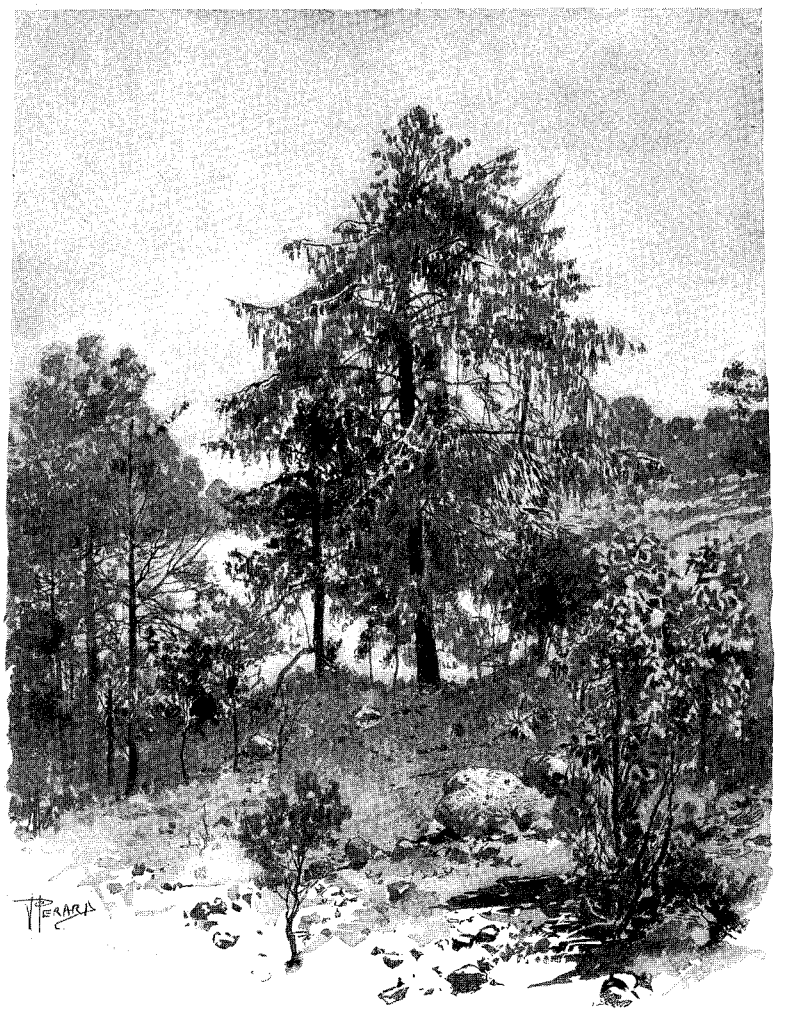
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

In the Barranca (Cañon) on a Tarahumari Trail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Species of Pine with Hanging Needles.

tion. Fire-arms are virtually unknown among them. Nominally the majority are Christians, but they also cling to their old beliefs, their ancient ceremonies and dances. Generally some of them meet on Sundays at the church to hear one of the old men among them say prayers, and on feast-days they mingle their heathen dances with their semi-Christian ceremonial and sacrifice to the four corners of the world. It is evident that they are all relapsing into heathenism. Their churches are in ruins, and there is only one padre for the whole Tarahumari country.

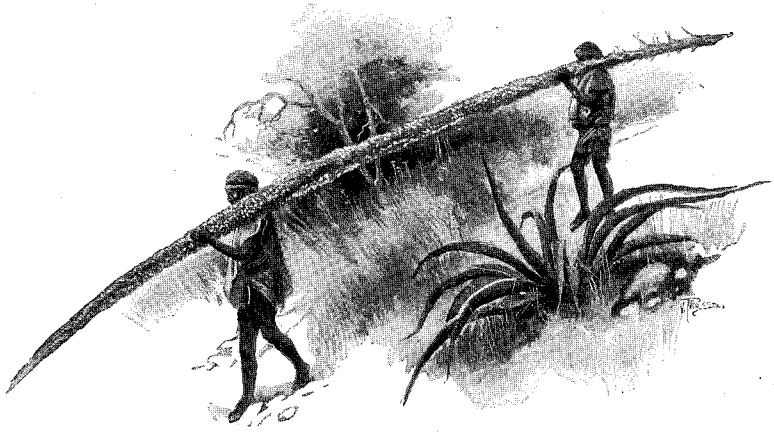
At their church ceremonies they may sometimes stand silent, the men on one side, women on the other, and remain so for a long time, because there is no one among them who can say the rosary. Christian teaching and pagan worship go hand in hand. A few of the Indians speak a little Spanish, but the majority do not; and in the most remote parts of the barrancas are found several thousand genuine pagans, called Gentiles by the Mexicans, who do not associate with the so-called Christians, and who do not understand any other language than their own. Viewing the country as a whole, there are a few trails leading from the places of com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merce on the lowlands to the mining towns of the Sierra Madre; one can also travel on the more or less desolate trails along the broad, pine-clad highlands from north to south, the only serious obstacles in the way being the mighty barrancas, which generally force the traveller to hold to the east, where, at their beginning, they are easily crossed.

I selected as the basis of my operations a ranch called Guachochic, an Indian name that means "many herons." Several settlers, belonging nearly all to the same family, live here at the end of the largest mesa (plateau), in the northern Sierra, it being about twelve miles long by three miles wide, and bordered on both sides by stately pine forests. Many Indian families live on the mesa, or rather in small valleys adjoining it, near some little water-hole. They are all "civilized" here, being mostly the servants of the Mexicans.

I brought a letter of introduction to the principal man in Guachochic, Don Miguel, who enjoys the rare reputation of being just and helpful toward the Indians, and, as a large land-owner, is a man of considerable influence among his fellow-countrymen. To those of them that are in need he lends money on liberal terms from out of the piles of silver dollars buried under the floor of his house. Robbers know from sad experience that he is not to be trifled with. Once when a band of marauders had taken up their head-quarters in the old adobe church, and were helping themselves to the buried cash of the inhabitants, he rallied the terrorized people, gave the robbers battle, and routed them effectually. He upholds authority against lawlessness and wants justice to have its course, except when some of his own relatives have done the shooting. I was sorry to learn that in this regard he probably was not blameless, but his good deeds to the needy and oppressed, whether Mexican or Indian, should make us bear with his failings. Three Mexicans, who had no authority to do so, went to the house of a well-to-do Indian, recently deceased, and told the mourners that they must brew beer and kill an ox, for they had come to divide the property left among the heirs, and had to have good things to eat and drink while thus occupied. Their orders were promptly obeyed; but on their departure they charged the heirs, as their fee, three oxen, one bushel of corn, and some silver money. This struck the simple and patient Indians as being rather excessive; for, what would then be left to divide between themselves? So they went to Don Miguel and told him their grievance. I do not know of anybody else who would have gone off on a long journey for the sake of putting poor Indians right with the wily white man; but Don Miguel did it.



Flower Spike of a Species of Agave.—The plant from which it grows in the foreground.

On my arrival in Guachochic I did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not find Don Miguel at home, but I met one of his two sons, who also lives here. "I am the postmaster," he said, proudly, stepping forward and showing me at the same time his credentials, which he evidently always carried in his pocket. The mail from the lowlands to the mining towns passes over this place, and the mail-carrier sleeps at his house, bringing also, in the course of the year, a few letters to the inhabitants of this part of the country. We soon entered into conversation about postal matters, which naturally interested me greatly, as I was anxious to hear as often as possible from the outside world. I afterward learned that he had some very original ideas about his duties as postmaster. Letters are rare in that remote part of the country, and being desirous of knowing what was going on among his neighbors, he was in the habit of satisfying his curiosity by opening letters. Not that he destroyed them; he always very coolly handed them over opened, which naturally was thought rather high-handed on his part and not altogether looked upon with favor.

Tarahumari Ploughman.

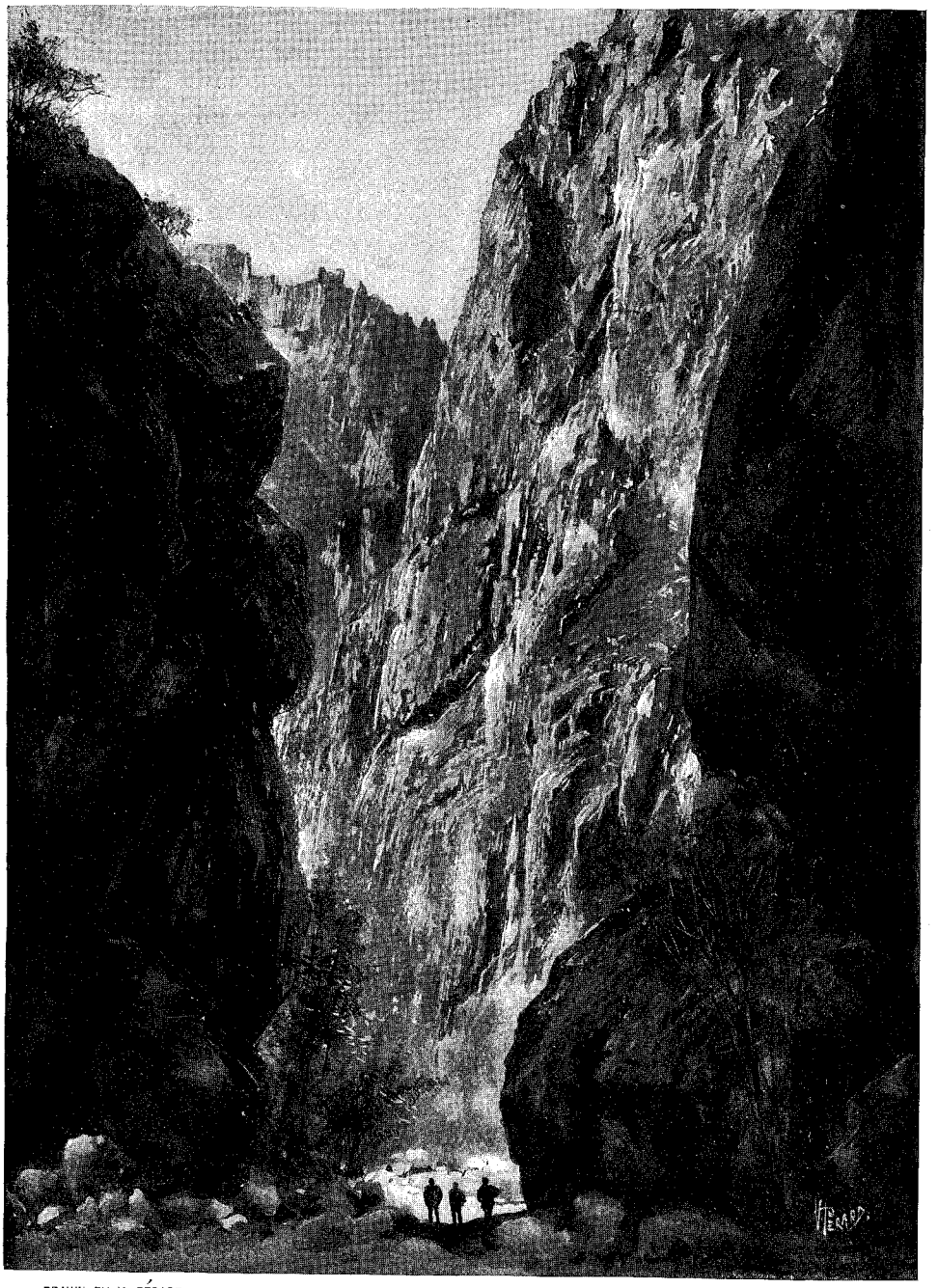
He said he had heard that I could cure people. To be a doctor means to the Mexican peasantry a comprehension of all useful knowledge in this world. He looked at me for a moment, and, with a queer, hesitating expression in his face, blurted out: "Can you cut out trousers?" For some time he had had a piece of cloth in his house, and he would pay me well if I could help him to have it made into trousers. I have frequently been asked to mend watches or sewing-machines, and to make prognostications of the weather. One of my companions deeply offended a man by saying that he did not know how to make apple-jack. "It is only because you do not want to tell," he said. The good people are astonished and hurt at one's confession of inability to help in such matters. It is the old belief in the medicine-man that still survives in the minds of these people, and they, therefore, also look upon doctors with much greater respect than upon other persons.

When, next day, I visited him at his office, this healthy-looking, rosy-cheeked man suddenly, without saying a word, took hold of my hand and pressed it against his head for a little while. He then, all the time in silence, carried my hand backward and brought my fingers in contact with a small protuberance on his back; now was the chance of finding out whatever was the matter with him!

By the kind arrangement of Don Miguel I installed the greater part of my baggage in one of his houses, and as Guachochic is very centrally located for excursions in different directions, I considered this ranch as a kind of headquarters where, on coming back from tours lasting from two to five months, I would store the collections made, and where I also kept a small stock of trading material. Besides the Indians I have generally had one or two Mexicans with me, who took care of the mules and also acted as interpreters. On two occasions I took only Indians because two of them understood some Spanish. During the later months of my stay I found it difficult to secure even corn enough to support myself and my men. As I have already said, the country has suffered from drought for three consecutive years, the crops failing or proving insufficient. In many places the Indians border upon a state of starvation. It would sometimes cost me a whole day's work to secure as much as one almud of maize, that is, exactly enough for four men to eat in one day.

These Indians are difficult to study, as they are very shy and timid, and, with a true Indian trait of character, extremely distrustful of strangers. In Cusarare,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



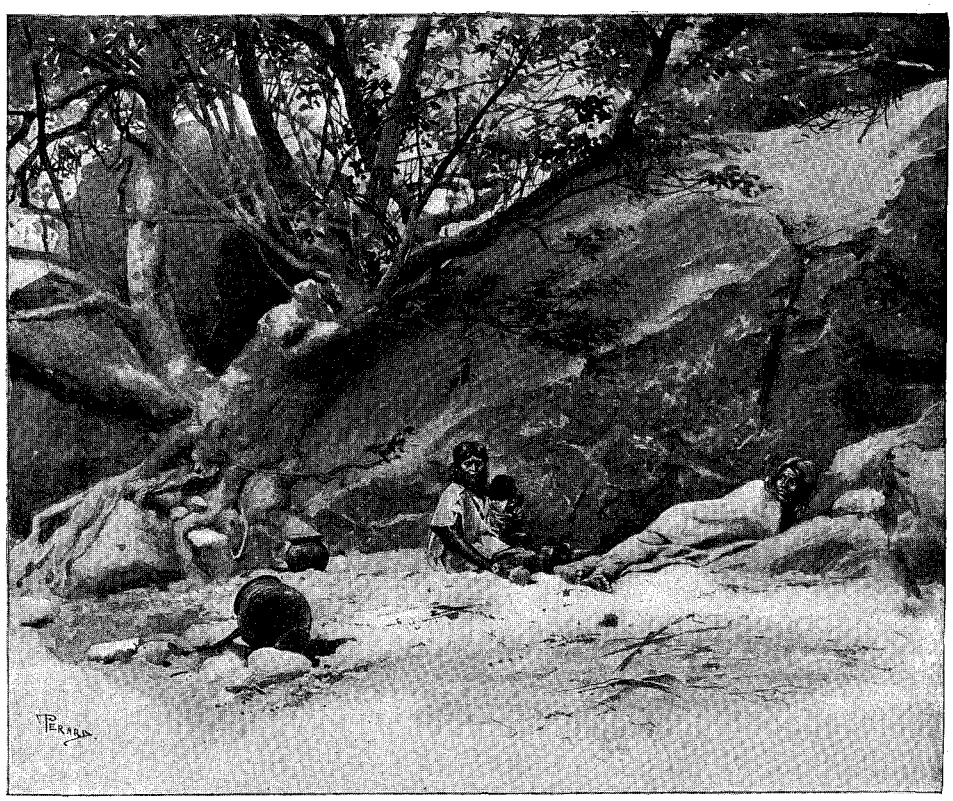
DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Narrow Gorge in the Barranca de San Carlos.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

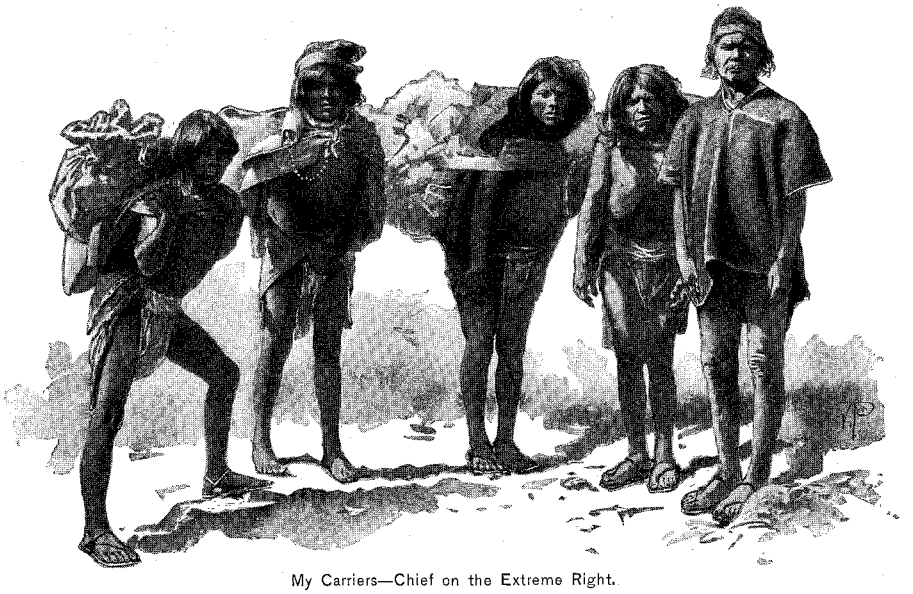
in the month of March, when we were photographing them during the process of their peculiar administration of justice by flogging, they submitted to be gazed at and to have their pictures taken, without, of course, understanding what it all meant. Our interpreter spoke well for us, and we separated apparently friends. Their minds had, however, become uneasy, and messengers were sent in every direction with words of warning against some white people behaving in a strange manner, and probably bent upon taking their country, as there was a great number of them.

Later on, in May, we were staying in Yoquibo, a good way farther south, and we had one day taken out from a cave four skulls, which had been left lying near my tent. The Indians did not trust us very far, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that a guide could be secured. At last an elderly man had been found willing to go with us. At dusk he was sitting quietly eating his supper, when the tall figure of our Swedish friend, Mr. Hartmann, the botanist of our expedition, appeared on the scene, coming down from his tent in the chilly evening wrapped up in a United States military overcoat. He had neglected to have, as we others had done, the gilt buttons exchanged for ordinary ones, and he probably, to the Indian, looked very martial and threatening as he approached us in the dim light of the moon. His appearance had, at any rate, a most unexpected effect upon our Indian guide, who suddenly jumped to his feet, dropped his blanket, and started off, swiftly as a deer, splashing through the water and disappearing among the hills. That was the last we ever saw of him. This man imagined that a soldier was coming to seize him and kill him, and that the meat pot in which he was going to be cooked was already on the fire ready for him, while the skulls of other un-



Common Way of Living in the Shelter of a Stone (Barranca de San Carlos).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



My Carriers—Chief on the Extreme Right.

fortunates that had been eaten were lying around. He had, besides, a bad conscience in the presence of soldiers, as he had, while drunk, killed his wife, father, and brother, and had been imprisoned in Batopilas, whence he had succeeded in making his escape, the bullets sent after him by the soldiers having missed their mark.

After this unfortunate occurrence the Indians sent messengers all over the Sierra, warning everybody against the man-eaters who were coming, and I was seriously impeded by their foolish belief, finding, on our farther march, their ranches deserted before our arrival—women and children screaming and hiding themselves as soon as they caught a glimpse of us. Several months after this incident, when the Indians were becoming quite reconciled to me, I was taken to task for having dug out the skulls from the caves, which, the Indians reasoned, could only have been done for the purpose of bewitching them. My Mexican companion, whom I on this occasion sent to negotiate with them, informed them, of his own accord, that it had been done in order to ascertain if the people to whom the skulls belonged had been properly baptized, an explanation, no doubt, equally satisfactory to himself as to the Indians. I knew I should do better travelling alone among them, and I felt sure that some day I should gain their confidence. Certainly, at first, wherever I came, they feared me as the man who ate pregnant women and babies and green corn—no other food; but, gradually, my difficulties subsided.

The latter part of the dry season, which lasts from April to June, is a most trying time for travelling, both for man and beast, as the Indians every year at that time set the grass on fire, and the whole country seems enveloped in smoke; only accidentally may some grass be left, and travelling is made almost an impossibility. But all this smoke is necessary, the Indians think, in order to produce rain. I had, for some time, been waiting in vain in Guachochic for the rain to begin; for after a few rainy days the new grass comes up very quickly. At last I made up my mind to start, under any circumstances, on a long excursion toward the southeast. In the end of June I therefore selected a few of my animals that had suffered the least, and had the good fortune to get several hours of heavy rain on the very day of my start. For a couple of months afterward the rain seemed, as it were, to pursue me wherever I went, which was not always pleasant to me, but decidedly so to the Indians, whose whole life is one prayer for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tarahumari Woman Carrying Water.

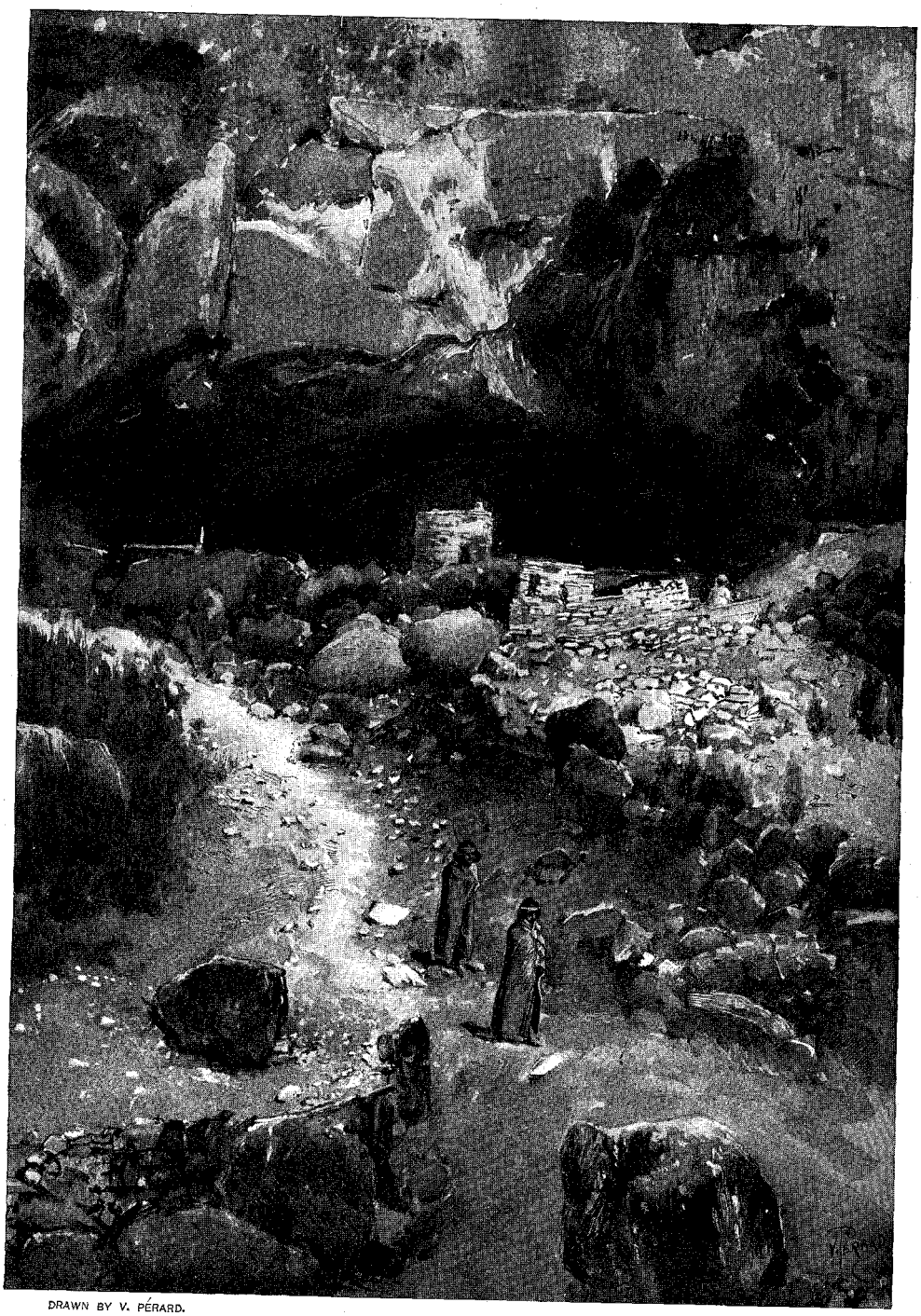
rain in this dry country. They associated my movements with the rain, and, owing to this belief, were sorry when I parted with them. They began to take a delight in posing before the mysterious camera, which, they imagined, had, after all, turned out to be so powerful a rain-maker. I heard no more of their excuses for not wanting to be photographed, that it would cause their death; that their god would be angry; or any general unwillingness, as expressed in the words of an Indian, who told me that he did not owe me anything, and therefore did not care to do it.

After thus succeeding in doing away with their foolish fears and convincing them that my inclinations were not cannibalistic, I established relations of confidence, and got on splendidly with them. In some places I was looked upon as a kind of demi-god, powerful in securing benefits—rain, crops, health, etc.—which cost them so much effort in the way of prayers and dances. I always gave visitors something to eat—my invariable rule—and that went a great way with them in making friends. The Indian loses shyness at once when well fed, and a gift of corn I found more eloquent than long speeches. Thanks to my pack- and riding-mules, which carried my tent, bedding, camera, collections, etc., I was enabled to take along some trading material in the shape of corn, cotton-cloth, glass beads, etc. But whenever I went into the barrancas I left my mules and cargo at a safe place in the highlands, and took only necessary stores which could be carried on the backs of three or four Indians. We slept under a stone, or a tree, or wherever chance guided us, depending for food chiefly upon the Indians. My staple food for the last fourteen months has been Indian corn, maize in all kinds of Indian fashion, from corn-cakes (*tortillas*) to the grains simply roasted upon a piece of broken crockery over the fire. Having the happy faculty of liking most aboriginal dishes, I have often resorted to the herbs and roots eaten by the Indians, in a cooked or crude state, and have found some of them very palatable. Any one who wants to make researches among the Indians of the Sierra Madre will have to depend upon the produce of the country, and must be able to make the best of what Mexicans and Indians can furnish, unless provisions have been carried out from the start. Preserved goods may be carried, but they are heavy, and it is a matter of months to get a new supply, besides which the Indians are not willing carriers.

This tribe lives in many different kinds of habitations, the variety of which is very remarkable. The majority use a kind of house consisting of a framework of four poles, on which rests a roof made of a double layer of pine-boards. Toward this framework lean the slanting walls of loose boards. To get in and out, the Indian simply removes a few of the boards, which thus constitute a sort of door. In more perfect houses a crude stone-wall is found between the

Usual Crouching Position of Tarahumaris.

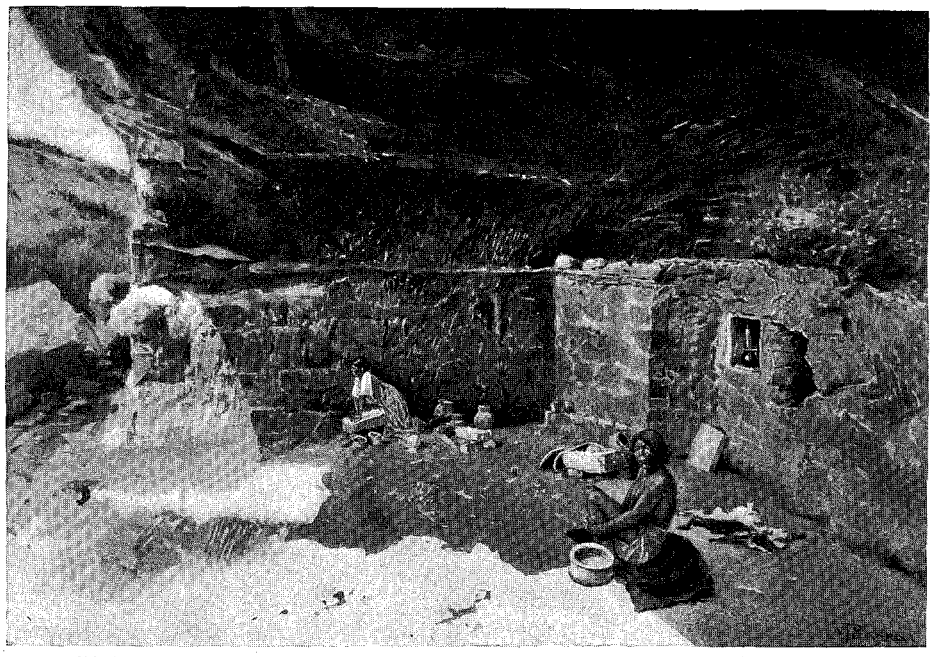
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Large Inhabited Cave near Cusarare, showing Storehouses and Parapet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Side View of a Permanently Inhabited Tarahumari Cave near Nararachic.—Storehouses in background.

four posts, and sometimes logs or a stockade of posts are used as walls, in which case there is a doorway left, rarely fitted with a door. In some of these houses there is found a species of vestibule, consisting of rough boards leaning toward the door side of the house; this as a protection from the wind.

There are also regular log-houses with doors, but no door-jambs. Where the climate is genial, are found mere "lean-tos" of thatched grass, the sides consisting of grass or palm leaves. Sometimes their houses consist simply of a roof of boards or thatch, or even earth, resting on four poles. Again they are merely sheds, consisting of a roof of thatch running down to the ground. Such habitations, without walls, are used as temporary abodes, particularly while watching the corn, in order to keep away domestic and wild dogs, bears, and crows. In the pueblos the Tarahumaris live in houses made with stones and adobe.

But in this country of weathered porphyry and interstratified sandstone, where natural caves and shelters are numerous, the Tarahumaris also make a free use of such habitations to such an extent that they may properly be termed the living cave-dwellers of the American continent.

Some of them are permanent cave-dwellers, for there are barrancas and arroyos where cave-dwellers may always be found; but most of the Tarahumaris are only temporarily so. The so-called Christian Tarahumari on the highlands lives during the winter in the villages or pueblos, while he spends the rest of the year at his ranch in the mountains, living in wooden or stone hovels, described above, or in caves. Many Indians do not come to the villages at all, as the missionaries taught them to do, but go into caves in the winter, *se encuevan*, as the Mexicans say. Thus in the neighborhood of Nararachic many Christians are cave-dwellers during the winter, but in summer most of them leave the caves for fear of the scorpions, tarantulas, "vinagrones" (*telyphonus*), which in the warm weather frequent the rocks. Within the memory of man many caves have been abandoned for good, owing to the encroachment of the Mexicans upon the land of the Tarahumaris, the latter disliking the neighborhood of white men. As regards the pagans (Gentiles), who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

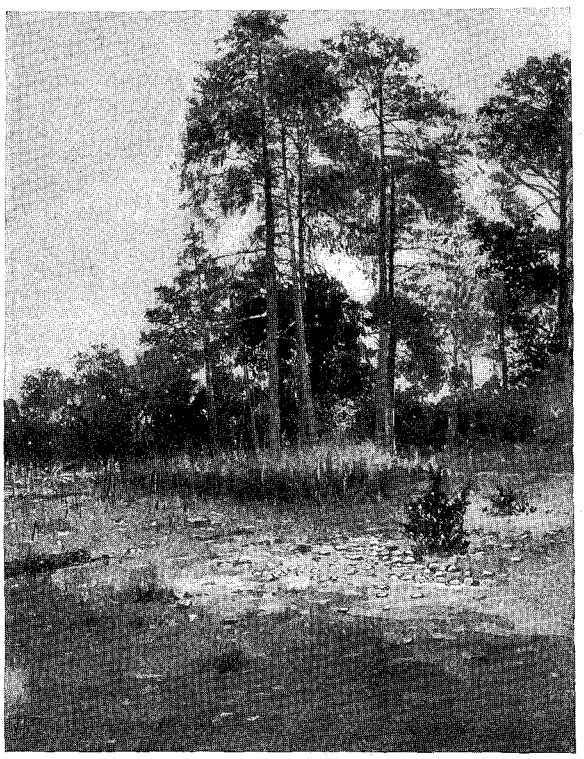
still in considerable numbers are found in the remote barrancas very difficult of access, they all love caves, but their mode of life is shifting. They plant corn high upon the crests of the barrancas in March, and when the rain begins in June and July they descend into the cañon to plant corn there. Subsequently they harvest, first upon the high ridges, then in the barrancas, where they retire for the winter to enjoy the warm temperature, living on the crest —often in wooden shelters, and down in the cañons mostly in caves, or under a big stone or a tree, as the case may be.

I have seen heathens living in wooden shelters near their corn-fields, while only five hundred feet lower down they had a large cave where they found it more pleasant to spend the winter; but generally the caves used as winter-resorts are found much farther from the high ridges. Heat is no drawback to a Tarahumari, and therefore permanent cave-dwellers may be found even down in the hot barrancas.

The heathen in the barrancas cultivates corn, beans, and tobacco, but upon a small scale, owing to the fact that the soil is scarce and he has to build stone-walls in order to retain his scanty supply and add to it whatever the rains rushing down the mountain-sides may bring. In that way small terraces are formed, exactly of the same kind to be seen so often farther north in the Sierra and in the Southwest of the United States, abandoned ages and ages ago.

The greatest number of inhabited caves is found in the western part of the Sierra toward Sinaloa. It is seldom indeed that the caves are improved. I have, in a few cases, seen partitions of stone and adobe in them, but they never reach the top of the cave. The most common improvement is a loose stone-wall in front of the cave, as high as a man's breast, as a shelter against the wind. The caves are rarely found in inaccessible places, like some in the United States; if they are difficult of access, they are made accessible by one or two wooden ladders, or rather notched trunks of trees. The caves are always found apart, at a distance of from one hundred yards to a mile or more. I heard of one arroyo where six can be seen at the same time, only from thirty to fifty yards apart, but this is a rare case. It is also rare to find more than one family living in the same cave; if so, the people are always near relatives.

When the caves are permanently inhabited they are fitted up, as are their houses, with the same utensils, the grinding-stones, baskets, and jars. The fire is in the middle of the cave, and the floor is often cemented with adobe. I once saw a species of parapet built of stone gravel, terraced, on a level with the floor of the cave, so as to extend the cave's area. The storehouses, so necessary to



On the Highlands—Sierra Madre.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the household life of the Tarahumaris for storing corn and clothing, are never missing in the caves. They are built of stone and adobe along the inner walls, and serve as big closets. The largest inhabited cave I have seen, was nearly one hundred feet in width, and from twenty to forty feet in depth. If the caves are very deep, the Indian lives near the mouth. Never do they excavate caves or holes for habitation.

Although the Tarahumari is not nomadic, his life is shifting. He removes his domestic animals according to season, and plants corn in different localities, moving accordingly. On the highlands the Tarahumari is certainly more permanent, and here the best wooden houses are found. Here they may even be found living in ranches of from five to six families. One ranch had twenty-five families, but even here on the highlands, a Tarahumari never lives all his life in the same house; if any one dies the house is pulled down and removed. Sometimes the Tarahumari moves his house away because the site is a good one for planting corn, the earth having been enriched by habitation. A man who had built quite a good house left it, because he found that the sun did not shine sufficiently upon it. There may be also other reasons, known only to themselves, for moving, because in some parts families have been known to move their habitations ten times a year. A peculiar custom among the Tarahumaris is that at night the father and mother will leave the house or cave to be taken care of by the children, while they go to sleep under a tree, in the shelter of the storehouse, or in some other cave, according to convenience.

Are these cave-dwellers related to the ancient cliff-dwellers of the southwestern part of the United States and northern Mexico? Decidedly not. Their very aversion to living more than one family in a cave, and their lack of sociability marks a strong contrast with the ancient cliff-dwellers who were by nature gregarious. The fact that people live in caves is in itself extremely interesting, but this alone does not prove any connection between them and the ancient cliff-dwellers. Although the Tarahumari is very intelligent, he is backward in the arts and industries. His pottery is exceedingly crude, as compared with the work found in the old cliff-dwellings, and its decoration is infantile as contrasted with the cliff-dwellers' work. The cliff-dwellers brought the art of decoration to a comparatively high state, as shown in the relics found in their dwellings. But the cave-dweller of to-day shows no suggestion of such skill. Moreover, he is utterly devoid of the architectural gift, which resulted in the remarkable rock structures of the early cliff-dwellers. These people, so far as concerns their cave-dwelling habits, cannot be ranked above troglodytes.

When, in the next articles, I shall treat of their life, it will be seen that there survive among this ancient people, who were probably cave-dwellers long before the races in Arizona and New Mexico took to the cliffs, customs which go far to explain practices found among other Indian tribes in obsolete or less intelligible forms.

Tarahumari Woman Grinding Corn.

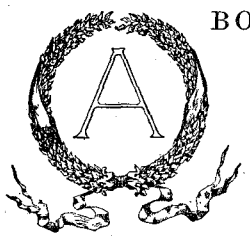
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

XLIII

RUBBING AGAINST MEN



BOUT three in the afternoon on the last day of the year John March was in the saddle loping down from Widewood.

He was thinking of one of the most serious obstacles to the furtherance of his enterprise: the stubborn hostility of the Sandstone County mountaineers. To the gentlest of them it meant changes that would make game scarcer and circumscribe and belittle their consciously small and circumscribed lives; to the wilder sort it meant an invasion of aliens who had never come before for other purpose than to break up their stills and drag them to jail. As he came out into the Susie and Pussie pike he met a frowsy pinewoodsman astride a mule, returning into the hills.

"Howdy, Enos." They halted.

"Howdy, Johnnie. Well, ef you ain't been a-swappin' critters ag'in, to be sho'! Looks mighty much like you a-chawed this time, less'n this critter an' the one you had both deceives they looks a pow'ful sight."

John expressed himself unalarmed and asked the news.

"I ain't pick up much news in the Susie," said Enos. "Jeff-Jack's house beginnin' to look mos' done. Scan'lous fine house! Mawnstus hayndy, havin' it jined'n' right on, sawt o', to old Halliday's that a way. Johnnie, why don't *you* marry? You kin do it; the gal fools ain't all peg out yit."

"No," laughed John, "nor they ain't the worst kind, either."

"Thass so; the wuss kine is the fellers 'at don't marry 'em. Why, ef I was you, I'd have a wife as pooty as a speckle' hound pup, an' yit one 'at could build biscuits an' cook coffee, too! An' I'd jess quile down at home in my sock feet an' never git up, lessen it wus to eat aw to go to bed. I wouldn't be a cavortin' an' a projeckin' aroun' tryin' to settle up laynds which they got too many settlehs on 'em now, an' ef you bring niggehs we'll kill 'em, an' ef you bring white folks we'll make 'em wish they was dead."

The two men smiled good-naturedly. March knew every word bespoke the general spirit of Enos's neighbors and kin; men who believed the world was flat and would trust no man who didn't; who, in their own forests, would shoot on sight any stranger in store clothes; who ate with their boots off and died with them on.

"Reckon I got to risk it," said John; "can't always tell how things 'll go."

"Thass so," drawled Enos. "An' yit women folks seem like evm they think they kin. I hear Grannie Sugg, a-ridin' home fum church, 'llow ef Johnnie March bring air railroad 'ithin ten mile' o' her, he better leave his medjer 'ith the coffin man."

"Tell her howdy for me, will you, Enos?" said John; and Enos said he would.

Deeply absorbed, but clear in bloody resolve, March walked his horse down the turnpike in the cold sunshine and blustering air. He heard his name and looked back; had he first recognized the kindly voice he would not have turned, but fled, like a partlet at sight of the hawk, from Parson Tombs.

"Howdy, John! Ought to call you Mister March, I reckon, but you know I never baptized you Mister." They moved on together. "How's yo' maw?"

John said she was about as usual and asked after the parson's folks.

"O they all up, thank the Lawd. Mr. March, this is the Lawd's doin' an' mahvellous in ow eyes, meetin' up with you this way. I was prayin' faw it as I turned the bend in the road! He's sent me to you, Mr. March, I feel it!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March showed distress, but the parson continued bright.

"I jest been up to get Brotheh Garnet to come he'p us in ow protracted meet'n' an' to arrange to let the college boys come when they begin school ag'in, day after to-morrow. Mr. March, I wish you'd come, won't you? to-night!"

"I couldn't very well come to-night, Mr. Tombs. I—I approve of such meetings. I think it's a very pleasant way to pass—" he reddened. "But I'm too busy——"

"This is business, Mr. March! The urgentest kind! It's the spirit's call! It may never call again, brotheh! What if in some more convenient season Gawd should mawk when yo' fear cometh?"

The young man drooped like a horse in the rain, and the pastor, mistaking endurance for contrition, pressed his plea. "You know, the holy book says, Come, faw *all* things ah *now* ready; it don't say *all* things will ever be ready again! The p'esumption is they won't! O my dear young brotheh, there's a wrath to come—real—awful—everlasting—O flee from it! Come to the flowing fountain! One plunge an' yo' saved! Johnnie—do I make too free? I've been prayin' faw you by name faw years!"

"O you hadn't ought to have done that, sir! I wa'n't worth it."

"Ah! yes you air! Johnnie, I've watched yo' ev'y step an' stumble all yo' days. I've had faith faw you when many a one was sayin' you was jess bound to go to the bad—which you know it did look that way, brotheh. But, s' I, Satan's a-siftin' of him! He's in the gall o' bitterness jess as I was at his age!"

"You! Ha-ha! Why, my dear Mr. Tombs, you don't know who you're talking about!"

"Yes, I do, brotheh. I was jess so! An', s' I, he'll pull through! His motheh's prayers 'll prevail, evm if mine don't! An' now, when ev'ybody sees you a-changin' faw the better——"

"Better! Great Sc——"

"Yes, an' yet 'ithout the least sign o' conversion—I say, s' I, it's restrainin' grace! Ah! don't I know? Next 'll come savin' grace, an' then repentance unto life. Straight is the way an' I can see right up it!"

"Why, Mr. Tombs, you're utterly wrong! I've only learned a little manners and a little sense. All that's ever restrained me, sir, was lack of sand. The few bad things I've kept out of, I kept out of simply because I knew if I went into 'em I'd bog down. It's not a half hour since I'd have liked first-rate to be worse than I am, but I didn't have the sand for that, either. Why, sir, I'm worse to-day than I ever was, only it's deeper hid. If men went to convict camps for what they are, instead of what they do, I'd be in one now."

"Conviction of sin! Praise Gawd, brotheh, you've got it! O bring it to-night to the inquirer's seat!"

But the convicted sinner interrupted, with a superior smile: "I've no inquiries to offer, Mr. Tombs. I know the plan of salvation, sir, perfectly! We're all totally depraved, and would be damned on Adam's account if we wa'n't, for we've lost communion with God and are liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself and the pains of hell forever; but God out of his mere good pleasure having elected some to everlasting life, the rest of us—O I know it like a-b-c! Mother taught it to me before I could read. Yes, I must, with grief and hatred of my sin, turn from it unto God—certainly—because God having first treated the innocent as if he were guilty, is willing now to treat the guilty as if he were innocent, which is all right because of God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath for his own worship—O——

"But, Mr. Tombs, what's the use, sir? Some things I can repent of, but some I can't. I'm expecting a letter to-day tha'll almost certainly be a favorable answer to an extensive proposition I've made for opening up my whole tract of land. Now, I've just been told by one of my squatters that if I bring settlers up there he'll kill 'em. Well, d' you s'pose I won't kill him the minute he lifts a hand to try it?" The speaker's eyes widened pleasantly. He resumed:

"There's another man down here. He's set his worm-eaten heart on something—perfect right to do it. I've no right to say he sha'n't. But I do. I'm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just *honing* to see him to tell him that if he values his health he'll drop that scheme, at the close of the year which closes to-day."

"O John, is that what yo' father—I don't evm say yo' pious mother—taught you to be?"

"No, sir, my father begged me to be like my mother. And I tried, sir, I tried hard! No use; I had to quit. Strange part is I've got along better ever since. But now, s'pose I should repent these things. 'Twouldn't do any good, sir. For, let me tell you, Mr. Tombs, underneath them all there's another matter—you can't guess it—please don't try or ask anybody else—a matter that I can't repent, and wouldn't if I could! Well, good-day, sir, I'm sure I reciprocate your——"

"Come to the meeting, my brotheh. You love yo' motheh. Do it to please her."

"I don't know; I'll see," replied John, with no intention of seeing, but reflecting with amused self-censure that if anything he did should visibly please his mother, such a result would be, at any rate, unique.

XLIV

SAME AFTERNOON

SUEZ had never seen so busy a winter. Never before in the same number of weeks had so much cotton been hauled into town or shipped from it. Goods had never been so cheap, gross sales so large, or Blackland darkeys and Sandstone crackers so flush.

And naturally the prosperity that worked downward had worked upward all the more. Rosemont had a few more students than in any earlier year; Montrose gave her young ladies better molasses; the white professors in the colored "university," and their wives, looked less starved; and General Halliday, in spite of the fact that he was part owner of a steamboat, had at last dropped the title of "Agent." Even John March had somehow made something.

Barbara, in black, was shopping for Fannie. Johanna was at her side. The day was brisk. Ox-wagons from Clearwater, mule-teams from Blackland, bull-carts from Sandstone, were everywhere. Cotton bales were being tumbled, torn, sampled, and weighed; products of the truck-patch and door-yard, and spoils of the forest, were changing hands. Flakes of cotton blew about under the wheels and among the reclining oxen. In the cold upper blue the buzzards circled, breasted the wind, or turned and scudded down it. From chimney tops the smoke darted hither and yon and went to shreds in the cedars and evergreen oaks. On one small space of sidewalk which was quiet, Johanna found breath and utterance.

"Umph! dis-yeh town is busy. Look like jess ev'ybody a-makin' money. 'Jawn Mawch, Gen'lemun!'—k-he-he!—dass a new kine o' business. An' yit, Miss Barb, I heah Gen'l Halliday tell Miss Fannie 'istiddy dat Mr. Mawch done come out ahade on dem-ah telegraph pole' what de contractors done git sicken' on an' th'ow up. He mus' be pow'ful smart, dat Mr. Mawch; ain't he, Miss Barb?"

"I don't know," murmured Barbara; "anybody can make money when everybody's making it." She bent her gaze into a milliner's window.

The maid eyed her anxiously. There were growing signs that Barbara's shopping was not for the bride-elect only, but for herself also, and for a long journey and a longer absence.

"Miss Barb, yondeh Mr. Mawch. Miss Barb, he de hayn'somess mayn in de three counties!"

"Ridiculous! Come, make haste." Haste was a thing they were beginning to make large quantities of in Suez. It has some resemblance to speed.

"Miss Garnet, pardon me." March gave the Rosemont bow, she gave the Montrose. "Don't let me stop you, please." He caught step.

"Is General Halliday in town? I suppose, of course, you've seen Miss Fannie this morning?" His boyish eyes looked hungry for a little teasing. She stopped in a store doorway. Her black garb heightened the charm of her red-brown hair, and of the countenance ready enough for laughter, yet well content without it.

"Yes. I'm shopping for her now."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her smiling lip implied the coming bridal, but her eyes told him teasing was no longer in order. General Halliday was in Blackland, she said, but would be back by noon. March gave the Rosemont bow, she gave the Montrose, Johanna unconsciously courtesied.

In the post-office John found two letters. One, he saw instantly, was from Leggett. He started for his office opening the other, which was postmarked Boston. It ran:

"My Dear Mr. March.—My father has carefully considered your very clear and elaborate plan, and, while he freely admits his judgment may be wrong, he deems it but just to be perfectly frank with you."

The reader's step ceased. A maker of haste jostled him. He did not know it. His heart sank; he lost the place on the page. He leaned against an awning-post and read on:

"He feels bound to admire a certain masterly inventiveness and courage in your plan, but is convinced it will cost more than you estimate and cannot be made at the same time safe and commercially remunerative."

There was plenty more, but the wind so ruffled the missive that, with uplifted eyes, he folded it. He looked across the corner of the court-house square at his office, whose second month's rent was due and the first month's not yet paid. He saw his bright blue sign with the uncommercial title, which he had hoped to pay the painter for to-day. For, had his proposition been accepted, the letter was to have contained a small remittance. A gust of wind came scurrying round the post-office corner. Dust, leaves, and flakes of cotton rose on its wave, and—ah!—his hat went with them.

Johanna's teeth flashed in soft laughter as she waited in a doorway. "Run," she whispered, "run, Mr. Jawn Mawch, Gen'lemun. You so long gitt'n' to de awffice, hat cayn't wait. Yass, betteh give it up. Bresh de ha'r out'n yo' eyes an let dat-ah niggeh-felleh ketch it. K-he! I 'clare, dat's de mos' migracious hat I eveh see! Niggeh got it! Dass right, Mr. Mawch, give de naysty niggeh a dime. Po' niggeh! now run tu'n yo' dime into cawn-juice."

At his desk March read again:

"We appreciate the latent value of your lands. Time must bring changes which will liberate that value and make it commercial; but it was more a desire to promote these changes than any belief in their nearness which prompted my father's gifts to Rosemont College and Suez University. Not that he shares the current opinion that you are having too much politics. Progress and thrift may go side by side with political storms, and I know he thinks your State would be worse off to-day if it could secure a mere political calm.

"In reply to your generous invitation to suggest changes in your plan, I will myself venture one or two questions.

"First—Is not the elaborateness of your plan an argument against it? Dixie is not a new, wild country; and therefore does not your scheme—to establish not only mines, mills, and roads, but stores, banks, schools, and churches under the patronage and control of the company—imply that as a community and commonwealth you are, in Dixie, in a state of arrested development?

"Else why propose to do through a private commercial corporation what is everywhere else done through public government—by legislation, taxation, education, and courts? Cannot—or will not—your lawmakers and taxpayers give you their co-operation?

"The spirit of your plan is certainly beyond criticism. It seeks a common welfare. It does not offer swift enrichment to the moneyed few through the use of ignorant labor unlifted from destitution and degradation, but rather the remuneration of capital through the social betterment of all the factors of a complete community. But will the plan itself pay? Have not the things around you which paid been those which cared little if savings-bank, church, or school lived or died, or whether laws or customs favored them?

"Suppose that on your own lands your colony should seem for a time to succeed, would you not be an island in an ocean of misunderstanding and indifference? If you should need an act of county or township legislation, could you get it? Is this not why capital

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seeks wilder and more distant regions when it would rather be in Dixie?

"I make these points not for their own sake, but to introduce a practical suggestion which my father is tempted to submit to you. And this, it may surprise you to find, is based upon the contents of the paper handed you as I was leaving Suez by the colored man, Leggett, whose peculiar station doubtless makes it easy for him to see relations and necessities which better or wiser men, from other points of view, might easily overlook.

"This man would make your scheme as public as you would make it private, and my father is inclined to think that if public interest, action, and credit could be enlisted as suggested in Leggett's memorandum, your problem would have new attractions much beyond its present merely problematic interest, and might find financial backers. Alliance with Leggett is, of course, out of the question; but if you can consent and undertake to exploit your lands on the line of operation sketched by him we can guarantee the pecuniary support necessary to the effort, and you may at once draw on us at sight for the small sum mentioned in your letter, if your need is still urgent. With cordial regard,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY FAIR."

March started up, but sat again and gazed at the missive.

"Well, I will swear!" He smiled, held it at arm's length and read again facetiously. "'Alliance with Leggett is, of course, out of the question; but if you can consent and undertake to exploit your lands on the line of operation sketched by him——'

"Now, where's that nigger's letter? —I wonder if I—" a knock at the door —"come in!—could have dropped it when my hat—O come in—ha! ha!—this isn't a private bedroom; I'm dressed."

XLV

ROUGH GOING

"AH! Mr. Pettigrew, why'n't you walk right in, sir? I wasn't at prayer."

Mr. Pettigrew, his voice made more than usually ghostly by the wind and a cold, whispered that he thought he had heard conversation.

"O no, sir, I was only blowing up my assistant for losing a letter. Why, well, I'll be dog— You picked it up in the street, didn't you? Well, Mr. Pettigrew, I'm obliged to you, sir. Will you draw up a chair. Take the other one, sir; I threw that one at a friend the other day and broke it."

As the school-teacher sat down John dragged a chair close and threw himself into it loungingly but with tightly folded arms. Dinwiddie hitched back as if unpleasantly near big machinery. John smiled.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Pettigrew. I've been wanting a chance to say something to you for some time, sir."

Pettigrew whispered a similar desire.

"Yes, sir," said John, and was silent. Then: "It's about my mother, sir. Your last call was your fourth, I believe." He frowned and waited while the pipe-clay of Mr. Pettigrew's complexion slowly took the tint of old red sandstone. Then he resumed: "You used to tell us boys it was our part not so much to accept the protection of the laws as to protect them—from their own mistakes no less than from the mistakes of those who owe them reverence—much as it becomes the part of a man to protect his mother. Wasn't that it?"

The school-master gave a husky assent.

"Well, Mr. Pettigrew, I'm a man, now, at least bodily—I think. Now, I'm satisfied, sir, that you hold my mother in high esteem—yes, sir, I'm sure of that—don't try to talk, sir, you only irritate your throat. I know you think as I do, sir, that one finger of her little, faded hand is worth more than the whole bad lot of you and me, head, heart, and heels."

The listener's sub-acid smile protested, but John—

"I believe she thinks fairly well of you, sir, but she doesn't really know you. With me it's just the reverse. Hm! Yes, sir. You know, Mr. Pettigrew, my dear mother is of a highly wrought, imaginative temperament. Now, I'm not. She often complains

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that I've got no more romance in my nature than my dear father had. She idealizes people. I can't. But the result is I can protect her against the mistakes such a tendency might even at this stage of life lead her into, for they say the poet's heart never grows old. You understand."

The school-master bowed majestically.

"My mother, Mr. Pettigrew, can never love where she can't idealize, nor marry where she can't love; she's too true a woman for that. I expect you to consider this talk confidential, of course. Now, I don't know, sir, that she could ever idealize you, but against the bare possibility that she might, I must ask you not to call again. Hm! That's all, sir."

Mr. Pettigrew rose up ashen and as mad as an adder. His hair puffed out, his eyes glistened. John rose more leisurely, stepped to the hearth, picked up a piece of box stuff and knocked a nail out of one end.

"I'll only add this, sir: If you don't like the terms, you can have whatever satisfaction you want. But I remember"—he produced a large spring-back dirk-knife, sprung it open and began curling off long parings from the pine stick—"that in college, when any one of us vexed you, you took your spite out on us, and generally on me, in words. That's all right. We were boys and couldn't hold malice. But once or twice your venomous contempt came near including my father's name. Still that's past, let it go. But now, if you do take your spite out in words be careful to let them be entirely foreign to the real subject, and be dead sure not to involve any name but mine. Or else don't begin till you've packed your trunk and bought your railroad ticket; and you'd better have a transatlantic steamer ticket, too."

Mr. Pettigrew had drawn near the door. With his hand on it he hissed, "You'll find this is not the last of this, sir."

"I reckon it is," drawled John, with his eyes on his whittling. As the door opened and shut he put away his knife and was taking his hat when his eye fell upon Cornelius's letter. He opened and read it.

The writing was Leggett's, but between the lines could be caught a whisper that was plainly not the mulatto's.

He was ready, he wrote, "to interjuce an suppote that bill to create the Three Counties Colonization Company, Limited—which I has fo shawten its name an takened out the tucks. The sed company will buy yo whole Immense Track, payin for the same one third ⅓ its own stock—another one third ⅓ to be subscribened by private parties—an the res to be takened by the three counties and paid for in Cash to the sed Company Limited—which the sed cash to be raised by a special tax to be voted by the People. This money shell be used by the sed Company Limited to construc damns an sich eloquent an discomojus impertinences which then they kin sell the sed lans an impertinences to immigraters factorians an minors an in that means pay divies on the Stock an so evvybody get mo or less molasses on his finger an his vote Skewered. Thattle fetch white immigration an thattle ketch the white-liner's vote. But wheresomedever an as soon as any six miles square shell contain twenty white childen of school Age the sed Company Limited shell be boun to bill an equip for them a free school house. An faw evvy school house so billden sed Company Limited shell be likewise boun to bill another sommers in the three Counties where a equal or greater number of collared childen are without one. Thattle skewer the white squatter an Nigger vote."

The next clause—there was only a line or two besides—brought an audible exclamation from the reader: "Lassly faw evvy sich school house so bilt the sed Co. Limited shell pay a sum not less than its cost to some white male college in the three counties older than the sed Company Limited."

John marvelled. What was Garnet doing or promising, that Leggett should thus single out Rosemont for subsidies? And who was this in the letter's closing line—certainly not Garnet—who would "buy both fists full" of stock as soon as the bill should pass? He stepped out and walked along the windy street immersed in thought.

"John!"—General Halliday beckoned to him. The General and Proudfit were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pushing into the lattice doors of a fragrant place whose bulletin announced "Mock Turtle Soup and Venison for Lunch To-day." March joined them. "Had your lunch, John? I heard you were looking for me."

"Well, yes, but there's no hurry." The three stood and ate, talking over incidents of war times, with John at a manifest disadvantage, and presently they passed from the luncheon trestles to the bar.

"No, Proudfit, if Garnet hadn't come in on our left just then and charged the moment he did we'd have lost the whole battery. Garnet was a poor soldier in camp, you're right; but on the field you'd only to tease him and he'd fight like a wild bull."

They drank, lighted cigars and sauntered out toward the General's office. "John, I've read what you wrote me. I can't see it. We'll never colonize any lands in Dixie, my boy, till we've changed the whole system of laws under which we rent land and raise crops. You might as well try to farm swamp lands without draining them."

"Why, General, my scheme doesn't include plantations at all."

"Yes, it does; Dixie's a plantation State, and you can't make your little patch of it prosper till our planting prospers—can he, Proudfit?"

The Colonel laughed. "No go, General. I'm not going to side with you. Our prosperity, all around, hangs on the question whether you and the darky may tax us and spend the taxes as you please, or we shall tax ourselves and spend the taxes as we please."

"Ah, Proudfit, you mean whether you may keep the taxes low enough to hold the darky down or let them be raised high enough to lift him up. Walk in, gentlemen. Proudfit, take the rocking chair."

But the Colonel stood trying to return the General's last thrust, and John was bored. "General, all I want to see you about is to say that I'm going down into Blackland in a day or two to get as many darkies as I can to settle on my lands, and if you'll tell me the ones that are in your debt, I'll have nothing to do with them unless it is to tell them they've got to stay where they are."

Proudfit whirled and stared. The General gave a low laugh.

"Why, John, that sounds mighty funny to come from you. Would you do such a thing as that?—run off with another man's niggers?"

John bit his lip and looked at his cigar. "Are they yours, General?"

"By Jove! my son, they're not yours! O! of course, you've got the legal—pshaw! I'm not going to dispute an abstraction with you. Go and amuse yourself; you can't get 'em; the niggers that don't owe won't go; that's the poetry of it. I'd rather you'd take the fellows that owe than the ones that don't; but you won't get either kind."

"I can try, General."

"No, sir, you can't!" exclaimed Proudfit. His cigar went into the fireplace with a vicious spat, and his eyes snapped. "Ow niggehs ah res'less an' discontented enough, now, and whether you'll succeed aw not you sha'n't come 'round amongst them tryin' to steal them away! Damned if we don't run you out of the three counties! So long, General!" He went by March to the door.

John stood straight, his jaws set, chin up, eyes down. Halliday, by grimaces, was adjuring him to forbear, but—"Colonel Proudfit," he said—Proudfit paused—"you'll not insist on the word 'steal'?"

"You can call it what you damn please, sir, but you mustn't do it." The speaker passed out, leaving the door invitingly ajar.

The General caught John's arm—"Wait, I want to see you."

"I'll be back in a minute, General."

"My boy, the ground's full of nice fellows going to be back in a minute. Son John, there's only one thing I'm thoroughly ashamed of you for——"

"I can see you half a dozen better, General; let me go."

"You've no need to go; Proudfit's coming right back; he's only gone for his horse. There's plenty of time to hear the little I've got to say. John March, I'm ashamed of this reputation you've got for being quick on the trigger. O, you're much admired for it—by both sexes! Ye gods! John, isn't it pitiful to see a fellow like you not able to keep a kindly contempt for the opin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ion of fools! My dear boy—my dear boy! you'll never be worth powder enough to blow you to the devil till you've learned to let the sun go down on your wrath!"

John smiled and dropped his eyes, and the General, with an imperative gesture detaining someone at the young man's back, spoke on. "John, the old year's dying. For God's sake let it die in peace. Yes, and for your own sake, and for the sake of us old murderers of the years long dead, let as many old things as will die with it. I don't say bury anything alive—that's not my prescription; but ease their righteous death and give them a grave they'll stay in."

"General, all right! the Colonel may go for the present, but I'll tell you now, and I'll soon show him, that whatever the laws of my State give me leave to do I'll do if I choose, even if it's to help black men do what white men say sha'n't be done." John reached behind him for the latch.

His mentor smiled queerly. "Yes, even if it's to float a scheme drawing twice as much water as we've got on our political sandbar. Ah! John March, don't you know that the law's permission is never enough? Better get all the permissions you can, and turn your 'I' into the most multitudinous 'we' you can possibly make it. Seven legislatures can't dig you too much channel."

March's reply was cut short by a voice behind him, which said:

"You can have the *Courier's* permission."

As John wheeled about, Jeff-Jack came a step forward and Barbara Garnet shrank against a window.

"Well, Miss Garnet," laughed March, as Ravenel conversed with Halliday, "I *was* absorbed, wa'n't I? You and Miss Fannie going to watch the old year out and the new year in to-night?"

"No, sir, we're only going to the revival meeting," replied Barbara, with mellow gravity. "All bad people are cordially invited, you know. I reckon I've got to be there."

"Why, Miss Garnet, my name's Legion, too. I didn't know we were such close kin." He said good-day and departed, mildly wondering what the next incident would be. The retiring year seemed to be rushing him through a great deal of unfinished business.

XLVI

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY

It was really a daring stroke, so to time the revival that the first culmination of interest should be looked for on New Year's eve. On that day business, the dry sorts, would be apt to decline faster than the sun, and the nearness of New Year would make men—country buyers and horsemen in particular—social, thirsty, and adventurous.

In fact, by the middle of the afternoon the streets around the court-house square were wholly given up to the white male sex. One man had, by accident, shot his own horse. Another had smashed a window, also by accident and clearly the fault of the bar-keeper, who shouldn't have dodged. Men, and youths of men's stature, were laying arms about each other's necks, advising one another, with profanely affectionate assumptions of superiority, to come along home, promising on triple oath to do so after one more drink, and breaking forth at unlooked-for moments in blood-curdling yells. Three or four would take a fifth or seventh stirrup cup, mount, start home, ride round the square and come tearing up to the spot they had started from, as if they knew and were showing how they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, though beyond a prefatory catamount shriek, the only news any of them brought was that he could whip anything of his size, weight, and age in the three counties. The Jews closed their stores.

Proudfit had gone home. Enos had met a brother and a cousin and come back with them. John March, with his hat on, sat alone at his desk with Fair's and Leggett's letters pinned under one elbow, his map under the other, and the verbal counsels of Enos, General Halliday, and Proudfit droning in his ears. He sank back with a baffled laugh.

He couldn't change a whole people's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

habit of thought, he reflected. Even the *Courier* followed the popular whim by miles and led it only by inches. So it seemed, at least. And yet if one should try to make his scheme a public one and leave the *Courier* out—imagine it!

And must the *Courier*, then, be invited in? Must everybody and his nigger "pass their plates?" Ah! how had a few years—a few months—twisted and tangled the path to mastership! Through what thickets of contradiction, what morasses of bafflement, what unimperial acceptance of help and counsel did that path now lead! And this was no merely personal fate of his. It was all Dixie's. He would never change his politics; O no! But how if men's politics, asking no leave of their owners, change themselves, and he who does not change ceases to be steadfast?

Behold! All the way down the Swanee River, spite of what big levees of prevention and draining wheels of antiquated cure, how invincibly were the waters of a new order sweeping in upon the old plantation.

And still the old plantation slumbered on below the level of the world's great risen floods of emancipations and enfranchisements whereon party platforms, measures, triumphs, and defeats only floated and eddied, mere drift-logs of a current from which they might be cast up, but could not turn back.

He bent over the desk. "Jove!" was all he said, but it stood for the realization of the mighty difference between the map under his eyes and what he was under oath to himself to make it. What "lots" of men had got to change their notions—notions stuck as fast in their belief as his mountains were stuck in the ground—before that map could suit him. To think harder, he covered his face with his hands. The gale rattled his window. He failed to hear Enos just outside his door, alone and very drunk, prying off the tin sign of John March, Gentleman. He did not hear even the soft click of the latch or the yet softer footsteps that brought the drunkard close before his desk; but at the first word he glanced up and found himself covered by a revolver.

"Set still," drawled Enos. In his left hand was the tin sign. "This yeh trick looked ti-ud a-tellin' lies, so I fetch it in."

Without change of color—for despair stood too close for fear to come between—John fixed his eyes on the drunken man's and began to rise. The weapon followed his face up.

"Enos, point that thing another way or I'll kill you." He took a slow step outward from the desk, the pistol following with a drunken waver more terrible than steady aim. Enos spoke along its barrel, still holding up the sign.

"Is this little trick gwine to stay fetch in? Say, yass, mawsteh, aw I blow yo' head off."

But John still held the drunkard's eye. As he took up from his desk a large piece of ore, he said, "Enos, when a man like you leaves a gentleman's door open, the gentleman goes and shuts it himself."

"Yass, you bet! So do a niggah. Shell I shoot, aw does you 'llow——"

"I'm going to shut the door, Enos. If you shoot me in the back I swear I'll kill you so quick you'll never know what hurt you." With the hand that held the stone, while word followed word, the speaker made a slow upward gesture. But at the last word the stone dropped, the pistol was in March's hand, it flashed up and then down, and the drunkard, blinded and sinking from a frightful blow of the weapon's butt, was dragging his foe with him to the floor. Down they went, the pistol flying out of reach, March's knuckles at Enos's throat and a knee on his breast.

"'Nough," gasped the mountaineer, "'nough!"

"Not yet! I know you too well! Not till one of us is dead!" John pressed the throat tighter with one hand, plunged the other into his pocket and drew and sprung his dirk. The choking man gurgled for mercy, but March pushed back his falling locks with his wrist and lifted the blade. There it hung while he cried,

"O if you'd only done this sober I'd end you! I wish to God you wa'n't drunk!"

"'Nough, Johnnie, 'nough! You air a gentleman, Johnnie, sir."

"Will you nail that sign up again?" The dirk glistened.

"Yass."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The knife was shut and put away, and when Enos gained his feet March had him covered with his magazine rifle. "Pick that pistol up wrong end first and hand it to me! Now my hat! 'Ever mind yours! Now that sign."

The corners of the tin still held two small nails.

"Now stand back again." March thrust a finger into his vest-pocket. "I had a thumb-tack." He found it. "Now, Enos, I'll tack this thing up myself. But you'll stand behind me, sir, so's if anyone shoots, you know, he'll hit you first, and if you try to get away or to uncover me the least bit, or if anybody even cocks a gun, you die right there, sir. Now go on!"

The sun was setting as they stepped out on the sidewalk. The mail hour had passed. The square and the streets around it were lonely. The saloons themselves were half deserted. In one near the *Courier* office there was some roystering, and before it three tipsy horsemen were just mounting and turning to leave town by the pike. They so nearly hid Major Garnet and Parson Tombs coming down the sidewalk on foot some distance beyond, that March did not recognize them. At Weed and Usher's Captain Champion joined the Major and the Parson. But John's eye was on one lone man much nearer by, who came riding leisurely among the trees of the square, looking about as if in search of someone. He had a long, old-fashioned rifle.

"Wait, Enos, there's your brother. Stand still."

John levelled his rifle just in time. "Halt! Drop that gun to the ground! Drop it or I'll drop you!" The rifle fell to the earth. "Now get away! Move!" The horseman wheeled and hurried off under cover of the tree-trunks.

"Gentlemen!" cried Parson Tombs, "there'll be murder yonder!" He ran forward.

"Brother Tombs," cried Garnet, walking majestically after him, "for Heaven's sake, stop! you can't prevent anything that way." But the old man ran on.

Champion, with a curse at himself for having only a knife and a derringer, flew up a stair and into the *Courier* office.

"Lend me something to shoot with, Jeff-Jack, the Yahoos are after John March."

Ravenel handed from a desk-drawer, that stood open close to his hand, a six-shooter. Champion ran downstairs. Ravenel stepped, smiling, to a window.

March had turned his back and was putting up the sign, pressing the nails into their former places with his thumb. Men all about were peeping from windows and doors. Champion ran to the nearest tree in the square and from behind it peered here and there to catch sight of the dismounted horseman, who was stealing back to his gun.

"Keep me well covered, you lean devil," growled John to Enos, "or I'll shoot you without warning!" Working left-handed, he dropped the thumb-tack. With a curse between his teeth he stooped and picked it up, but could not press it firmly into place. He leaned his rifle against the door-post, drew the revolver and used its butt as a hammer. Champion saw an elbow bend back from behind a tree. The mountaineer's brother had recovered his gun and was aiming it. The Captain fired and hit the tree. March whirled upon Enos with the revolver in his face, the drunkard flinched violently when not to have flinched would have saved both lives, and from the tree-trunk that Champion had struck a rifle puffed and cracked. March heard the spat of a bullet, and with a sudden horrid widening of the eyes Enos fell into his bosom.

"Great God! Enos, your brother didn't mean to——"

The only reply was a fixing of the eyes, and Enos slid through his arms and sank to the pavement dead.

Champion had tripped on a root and got a cruel fall, losing his weapon in a drift of leaves; but as the brother of Enos was just capping his swiftly reloaded gun—

"Throw up your hands!" cried Parson Tombs, laying his aged eye along the sights of March's rifle; the hands went up and in a moment were in the clutch of the town marshal, while a growing crowd ran from the prisoner and from Champion to John March,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who knelt with Parson Tombs beside the dead man, moaning,

"O good Lord! good Lord! this needn't 'a' been! O Enos, I'd better 'a' killed you myself! O great God, why didn't I keep this from happening, when I——"

Someone close to him, stooping over the dead under pretence of feeling for signs of life, murmured, "Stop talking." Then to the Parson, "Take him away with you," and then rising spoke across to Garnet, "Howdy, Major," with the old smile that could be no one's but Ravenel's. He and Garnet walked away together.

"Died of a gunshot wound received by accident," the coroner came and found. John March and the minister had gone into March's office, but Captain Champion's word was quite enough. It was nearly tea-time when John and the Parson came out again. The sidewalk was empty. As John locked the door he felt a nail under his boot, picked it up, and seeming not to realize his own action at all, stepped to the sidewalk's edge, found a loose stone and went back to the door, all the time saying,

"No, sir, I've made it perfectly terrible to think of God and a hereafter, but somehow I've never got so low down as to wish there wa'n't any. I—" his thumb pressed the nail into its hole in the corner of his sign—"I do lots of things that are wrong, awfully wrong, though sometimes I feel—" he hammered it home with the stone—"as if I'd rather" —he did the same for the other two and the thumb-tack—"die trying to do right than live,—well,—this way. But—" tossing away the stone and wiping his hands —"that's only sometimes, and that's the very best I can say."

They walked slowly. The wind had ceased. By the *Courier* office John halted.

"Supper! O excuse me, Mr. Tombs! really I—I can't, sir!—I—I'll eat at the hotel. I've got to see a gentleman on business. But I pledge you my word, sir, I'll come to the meeting." They shook hands. "You're mighty kind to me, sir."

The gentleman he saw on business was Ravenel. They supped together in a secluded corner of the Swanee Hotel dining-room, talking of Widewood and colonization, and by the time their cigars were brought—by an obsequious black waiter with soiled cuffs—March felt that he had never despatched so much business at one sitting in his life before.

"John," said Ravenel as they took the first puff, "there's one thing you can do for me if you will: I want you to stand up with me at my wedding."

March stiffened and clenched his chair. "Jeff-Jack, you oughtn't to 've asked me that, sir! And least of all in connection with this Widewood business! It's not fair, sir!"

Ravenel scarcely roused himself from reverie to reply, "You mustn't make any connection. I don't."

"Well, then, I'll not," said March. "I'll even thank you for the honor. But I don't deserve either the honor or the punishment, and I simply can't do it!"

"Can't you hide in your breast every selfish care and flush your pale cheek with wine? Every man has got to eat a good deal of crow. It's not so bad, from the hand of a friend. It shan't compromise you."

With head up and eyes widened John gazed at the friendly, cynical face before him. "It would compromise me; you know it would! Yes, sir, you may laugh, but you knew it when you asked me. You knew it would be unconditional surrender. I don't say you hadn't a right to ask, but—I'm a last ditcher, you know."

"Well," drawled Ravenel, pleasantly, when they rose, "if that's what you prefer——"

"No, I don't prefer it, Jeff-Jack; but if you were me could you help it?"

"I shouldn't try," said Ravenel.

XLVII

JOHN HEADS A PROCESSION

By the afternoon train on this last day of the year there had come into Suez a missionary returning from China on leave of absence, ill from scant fare and overwork.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Halliday, Fannie, and Barbara were at tea when Parson Tombs brought in the returned wanderer. The General sprang to his feet with an energy that overturned his chair. "Why, Sammie Messenger, confound your young hide! Well, upon my soul! I'm outrageous proud to see you! Fan—Barb—come here! This is one of my old boys! Sam, this is the daughter of your old Major, Miss Garnet. Why, confound your young hide!"

Parson Tombs giggled with joy. "Brother Messenger is going to add a word of exhortation to Brother Garnet's discourse," he said with grave elation, and when the General execrated such cruelty to a weary traveller, he laughed again. But being called to the front door for a moment's consultation with the pastor of the other church, he presently returned, much embarrassed, with word that the missionary need not take part, a prior invitation having been accepted by Uncle Jimmie Rankin, of Wildcat Ridge. Fannie, in turn, cried out against this substitution, but the gentle shepherd explained that what mercy could not obtain official etiquette compelled.

"Tell us about John March," interposed the General. "They say you saved his life."

"I reckon I did, sir, humanly speakin'." The Parson told the lurid story, Fannie holding Barbara's hand as they listened. The church's first bell began to ring and the Parson started up.

"If only the right man could talk to John! He's very persuadable to-night and he'd take from a stranger what he wouldn't take fum us." He looked fondly to the missionary, who had risen with him. "I wish you'd try him. You knew him when he was a toddler. He asks about you, freck-wently."

"You'd almost certainly see him downtown somewhere now," said Fannie.

Barbara gave the missionary her most daring smile of persuasion.

March was found only a step or two from Fannie's gate.

"Well, if this ain't a plumb Providence!" laughed the Parson. The three men stopped and talked, and then walked, chatted, and returned. The starlight was cool and still. At the Parson's gate, March, refusing to go in, said, yes, he would be glad of the missionary's company on a longer stroll. The two moved on and were quite out of sight when Fannie and Barbara, with Johanna close behind them, came out on their way to church.

"It would be funny," whispered Fannie, "if such a day as this should end in John March's getting religion, wouldn't it?"

But Barbara would come no nearer to the subject than to say, "I don't like revivals. I can't. I never could." She dropped her voice significantly—"Fannie."

"What, dear?"

"What were you going to say when Johanna rang the tea-bell and your father came in?"

"Was I going to say something? What'd you think it was?"

"I think it was something about Mr. Ravenel."

"O well, then, I reckon it wasn't anything much, was it?"

"I don't know, but—Johanna, you can go on into church." They loitered among the dim, lamp-lit shadows of the church-yard trees. "You said you were not like most engaged girls."

"Well, I'm not, am I?"

"No, but why did you say so?"

"Why, you know, Barb, most girls are distressed with doubts of their own love. I'm not. It's about his that I'm afraid. What do you reckon's the reason I've held him off for years?"

"Just because you could, Fannie."

"No, my dear little goosie, I did it because he never was so he couldn't be held off. I knew, and know yet, that after the wedding I've got to do all the courting. I don't doubt he loves me, but, Barb, love isn't his master. That's what keeps me scared." They went in.

The service began. In this hour for the putting away of vanities the choir was dispensed with and the singing was led by a locally noted precentor, a large, pert, lazy Yankee, who had failed in the raising of small fruits. His zeal was beautiful.

"Trouble! 'Tain't never no trouble for me to do nawthin', an' even if 'twas I'd do it!" He sang each word in an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argumentative staccato, and in high passages you could see his wisdom teeth. Between stanzas he spoke stimulating exhortations: "Louder, brethren and sisters, louder; the fate of immortal souls may be a-hangin' on the amount of noise you make." And the tide of melody rose higher.

As hymn followed hymn the church filled. All sorts—black or yellow being no sort—all sorts came; the town's best and worst, the country's proudest and forlornest; the sipper of wine, the dipper of snuff; acrid pietist, flagrant reprobate, and many a true Christian whose God-forgiven sins, if known to men, neither church nor world could have pardoned; many a soul that under the disguise of flippant smiles or superior frowns, staggered in its darkness or shivered in its cold, trembled under visions of death and judgment or yearned for one right word of guidance or extrication; and many a heart that openly or secretly bled for some other heart's reclaim. And so the numbers grew and the waves of song swelled. The adagios and largos of ancient psalmody were engulfed and the modern "hyme toons," as the mountain people called them, were so "peert an' devilish" that the most heedless grew attentive, and lovers of raw peanuts, and even devotees of tobacco, emptied their mouths of these and filled them with praise.

Garnet had never preached more effectively. For the first time in Barbara's experience he seemed to her to feel, himself, genuinely and deeply the things he said. His text was, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Men marvelled at the life-likeness with which he pictured the torments of a soul torn by hidden and cherished sin. So wonderful, they murmured, are the pure intuitions of oratorical genius! Yet Barbara was longing for a widely different word.

Not for herself. It was not possible that she should ever tremble at any pulpit reasoning of temperance and judgment from the lips of her father. Three things in every soul, he cried, must either be subdued in this life or be forever ground to powder in a fiery hereafter; and these three, if she knew them at all, were the three most utterly unsubdued things that he embodied—will, pride, appetite. The word she vainly longed for was coveted for one whose tardy footfall her waiting ear caught the moment it sounded at the door, and before the turning of a hundred eyes told her John March had come and was sitting in the third seat behind her.

In the course of her father's sermon there was no lack of resonant Amens and soft groanings and moanings of ecstasy. But Suez was neither Wildcat Ridge nor Chalybeate Springs, and the tempering chill of plastered ceiling and social inequalities stayed the wild unrestraint of those who would have held free rule in the log church or under the camp-meeting bower. The academic elegance of the speaker's periods sobered the ardor which his own inspired, and as he closed there rested on the assemblage a silence and an awe as though Sinai smoked but could not thunder.

Barbara hoped against hope. At every enumeration of will, pride, and appetite she saw the Pastor's gaze rest pleadingly on her, and in the stillness of her inmost heart she confessed the evil presence of that unregenerate trinity. Yet when he rose to bid all mourners for sin come forward while the next hymn was being sung, she only mourned that she could not go, and tried in vain not to feel, as in every drop of her blood she still felt, there behind her, that human presence so different from all others on earth. "This call," she secretly cried, "this hour, are not for me. Father in heaven! if only they might be for him."

Before the rising precentor could give out his hymn number Uncle Jimmie Rankin had sprung to his feet and started "Rock of Ages" in one of the wildest minors of the early pioneers. At once the strain was taken up on every side, the notes swelled, Uncle Jimmie clapped hands in time, and at the third line a mountain woman in the gallery, sitting with her sun-bonnet pulled down over her sore eyes, changed a snuff-stick from her mouth to her pocket, burst into a heart-freezing scream, and began to thrash about in her seat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hymn rolled on in stronger volume. The Yankee precentor caught the tune and tried to lead, but Uncle Jimmie's voice soared over him with the rapture of a lark and the shriek of an eagle, two or three more pairs of hands clapped time, the other Suez pastor took a trochee, and the four preachers filed down from the high pulpit, singing as they came. Garnet began to pace to and fro in front of it and to exhort in the midst of the singing.

"Who is on the Lord's side?" he loudly demanded.

"Should my tears forever flow," sang the standing throng.

But no one advanced.

"Should my zeal no respite know," they sang on, and Garnet's "Whosoever will, let him come," and other calls swept across their chant like the crash of falling trees across the roar of a torrent.

"O! my brother, two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left; which one will you be? Come, my weary sister; come, my sin-laden brother. O, come unto the marriage! Now is the accepted time! The clock of God's patience has run down and is standing at Now! Sing the last verse again, Uncle Jimmie! This night thy soul may be required of thee! Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, the other left. O, my sweet sister, come! be the taken one!—flee as a bird! The angel is troubling the pool; who will first come to the waters? O, my unknown, yet beloved brother, whoever you are, don't you know that whosoever comes first to-night will lead a hundred others and will win a crown with that many stars? Come, brethren, sisters, we're losing priceless moments!"

Why does no one move? Because just in the middle of the house, three seats behind that fair girl whose face has sunk into her hands, sits, with every eye on them, the wan missionary from China, pleading with John March.

Parson Tombs saw the chance for a better turn of affairs. "Brethren," he cried, kneeling as he spoke, "let us pray! And as our prayers ascend if any sinner feels the dew o' grace fall into his soul, let him come forward and kneel with the Lord's ministers. Brother Samuel Messenger, lead us in prayer!"

As the whole house turned and sank to its knees, Fannie whispered, "Isn't this all wretched?"

"O," moaned Barbara, "I'm so wretched myself I can't tell."

"Go up, then! If you go I believe he'll follow."

"I can't. I can't!"

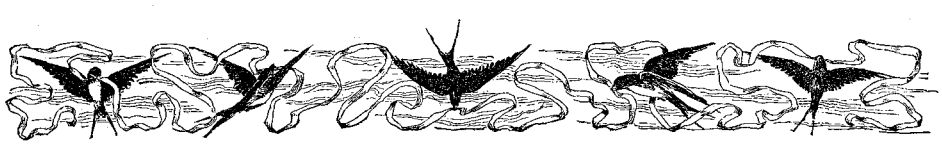
The missionary prayed. But the footfall for which all waited did not sound; the young man who knelt beside the supplicant, with temples clutched in his hands, moved not. While the missionary's amen was yet unspoken, Parson Tombs, still kneeling, began to ask aloud,

"Will Brother Garnet——"

But Garnet was wiser. "Father Tombs," he cried, "the Lord be with you, lead us in prayer yourself!"

"Amen!" cried the other pastor. He was echoed by a dozen of his flock, and the old man lifted his voice in tremulous invocation. The prayer was long. But before there were signs of its ending, the step for which so many an ear was strained had been heard. Men were groaning, "God be praised!" and "Hallelujah!" Fannie's eyes were wet, tears were welling through Barbara's fingers, mourners were coming forward in both aisles, and John March was kneeling in the anxious seat.

(To be continued.)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FRENCH IN HOLLAND*

PAINTED BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

Some readers will remember a little treatise by M. Taine on "The Philosophy of Art," in which he advocated the theory that the artist is the product of his time. Taine had a full belief in this theory himself, and supported it by many arguments and examples. Since then a new opinion has found expression. Artistic genius, it is said, exists independently of everything else, and there has never been an artistic epoch. *Spiritus spirat ubi vult* alike in time and space. The artist appears where he is least expected, and when the most elaborate preparations are made for his reception, the world may wait for him in vain.

Each of the two doctrines contains a portion of the truth. The artist is nothing without a natural gift, and the natural gift is sure to prove abortive unless he is favorably situated for its development. Harmen, the miller, has a son born at Leyden near the beginning of the seventeenth century. The artistic and theological influences of Leyden and Amsterdam operate upon the child, and the result is Rembrandt. The same influences operated upon a child of inferior natural endowment, and the result was only Van Vliet. But if the child Rembrandt had been born in the twelfth century he would have illuminated missals, and if he had had the Shetland Islands for his birthplace he would have learned no fine art whatever.

M. François Flameng is one of the best modern instances of a natural gift placed in the happiest situation for its own culture. For an artistic temperament of his lively and rapidly assimilative nature, there is no place in the world like Paris, and François Flameng had all that Paris could give to him in his youth, besides one incalculable advantage that belonged to himself alone. His father, M. Leopold Flameng, the celebrated etcher and engraver, like most members of his profession, regretted that he had not been a painter, and having been himself debarred from following painting otherwise than as an amateur (with a substantial foundation of learned drawing), became ambitious, in that art, for his son. The boy was thus brought up from his earliest infancy in a house where art was the constant subject of discussion, and as an experienced engraver acquires a closer knowledge of the works of painters than is common among painters themselves, the elder Flameng continually directed his son's attention to the qualities of great masters. The extreme versatility which has marked the son's career as an artist may be due, in great measure, to the catholicity of the father's interest in the fine arts. It was the elder Flameng who gave life to modern engraving in France, by adapting etching to the interpretation of certain kinds of painting with which it is most closely in harmony; and yet it was the same engraver who used the burin for the interpretation of classical painting with a purity and severity that recalled the masters of the sixteenth century. Be-

* See Frontispiece.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween the extremes of apparently free etching and scrupulously accurate burin work, Leopold Flameng employed many intermediate varieties of execution, his only invariable rule being to put his work into harmony with that which he had to translate; and he translated all kinds of painting, both conscientiously and with pleasure, provided only that they were good.

François received the beginnings of a classical literary education at the Lycée Louis le Grand; but this seems to have been interrupted by the siege of Paris, though the classes continued to be held as long as possible, even after the opening of the bombardment, and a schoolfellow of Flameng's remembers how they translated a Greek text to the tune of an incessant cannonade in the cold and gloom of the dreariest of all Parisian Decembers. This is the last glimpse we have of young Flameng as a literary student. Next, we find him at Brussels working hard as a student of the old masters and copying them diligently in the galleries. On returning to Paris he went on exclusively with his artistic education, and after the usual preparatory work became a student at the École des Beaux Arts under Cabanel, who perceived that he had original talent and did what he could to give it a safe direction, not without some rude earnestness of manner. This work at the École may have been necessary to the young painter, but what pleased him more was the incessant work at home, in a studio of his own high up in a house on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, where he studied under his father's guidance. I knew the family in those times and well remember my astonishment at the young man's progress. As I saw his work only at intervals, it seemed to advance "by leaps and bounds." His first picture in the Salon was "Le Lutrin" (a church music-stand with a chorister singing), exhibited in 1875, a cleverly painted picture, full of character, though there was but a single figure. Soon after this good beginning the universal French military service claimed the artist's time and interrupted his career. So far, however, from weakening his powers, it seemed actually to have strengthened them by a restraint analogous to the damming up of waters, for in 1879 he attracted universal attention by "l'Appel des Girondins," a most striking scene in the prison of the Conciergerie on the morning of October 30, 1793, where the Girondins have breakfasted together for the last time, when they were called for execution. There was such strength of conception in this work, so much expression, and such a complete mastery in the representation of all the details of a most impressive scene, that it was immediately recognized as one of the most notable pictures of the year and soon became in one sense the most notable of all, as it gained the *Prix du Salon*. Other historical pictures followed, some on a still larger scale, and I remember being disappointed by what seemed to me a misdirection of energy in the production of the kind of picture known as the *grande machine*, which is often resorted to by rising French artists when they are determined to attract attention at all costs. As it turned out, however, these works on a great scale were of the utmost practical value in the painter's education, since they prepared him for his vast mural compositions. François Flameng is one of the few artists to whom the scale of their works is a matter of complete indifference. He is equally at home in a wall-painting and a tiny canvas or panel that he finishes with the minuteness of a Meissonier. His abundant energy embraces everything that concerns his art. For example, the wall-paintings at the Sorbonne and elsewhere are surrounded by elaborate ornamental borders as a sort of framework, or, at least, decorative margin. Most artists would intrust work of that kind to a subordinate, but Flameng not only designs it, he paints it all with his own hand.

He does not confine himself, as to date, either to this century or any other in particular, but chooses his subjects indifferently in any time from the Middle Ages downward to our own. Still, I think it is easy to see that his strongest and most lively artistic sympathies attach themselves to the life and costume of the eighteenth century, which he has studied perhaps as closely,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

François Flameng.
(From a portrait by John S. Sargent.)

though not so exclusively, as his wonderful contemporary M. Maurice Leloir. The picture reproduced in this number, by the kind permission of the owner, Commandant Hériot, is one of the most characteristic of the artist's representations of the eighteenth century. It gives a glimpse of one of the poorly equipped but vigorous and energetic armies of revolutionary France marching beyond the frontiers in the midst of cold and all kinds of privation, yet with unabated hope and courage. In our times of ultra-perfection in everything that belongs to military organization we are as remote as we can be from those days when soldiers were little better, as to outward appearance, than mendicants, yet marched to death or victory with a dauntless gayety and a firm confidence in the triumph of the modern idea which they believed themselves commissioned to impose upon the world. All

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is so remote from present French notions about the propagandism of republican convictions that it might be a thousand years since instead of a hundred. Even the First Empire seems wonderfully remote from us, and M. Flameng has given us his own version of Napoleon in private life by representing him romping with the ladies of the court in the garden at Malmaison, an idyllic episode between two sanguinary campaigns. For subjects of that nature, M. Flameng has a singularly complete equipment, as he is not only thoroughly acquainted with costume and the life of the world, but has also found time to make himself an excellent landscape-painter by working much out-of-doors and so accumulating a large collection of studies from nature, most of them in oil. I do not know any artist who can get more of nature on a little board or panel in a strictly limited time. Though a most accomplished draughtsman, Flameng does not hesitate to use the *camera lucida* for his first sketch, to get all objects in their proportions and places, and on this sketch he paints so rapidly, yet at the same time with detail so abundant and so exact, that a study done in one sitting by his swift and practised hand looks as if it had taken four. Many of his studies in Italy are rich in architectural detail in the most vivid light and color, and without the slightest executive bravura or affectation of any kind. Indeed, as to the display of execution, M. Flameng's opinion is that the best execution of all, that which may be supposed to be ideally perfect, would not obtrude itself in any way, but simply leave the beauty of forms and colors to charm the spectator by themselves. I may add that although this painter has tried all the varieties of art and has mastered the special difficulties of water-color, he is firmly convinced of the practical superiority of oil, even for the most rapid studies from nature. He believes, indeed, that the old reputation of water-color for superior rapidity is without foundation, that it is essentially a slower and more complex, and especially a more *méticuleux*, process than oil on account of the extreme care required in reservations if the brilliancy and purity of the paper are to be maintained.* As for the mural paintings executed by M. Flameng for the Sorbonne and other public or private buildings, and which are called "frescos," I may say that the word is used to indicate a resemblance only to fresco in deadness of color, not identity of process. In fact, these works are painted with colors ground in oil and diluted with a solution of wax. They are not painted on the walls themselves, but on canvases fastened to the smooth plaster with white lead. The modern French are not fresco-painters at all; they have no practical experience of real fresco, which was a most troublesome process, full of hurry and inconvenience. The breadth of treatment adopted by M. Flameng in his mural paintings is, however, perfectly suited to their association with architecture, and I have observed a strong architectural bent in the painter himself, which is proved not only by his numerous architectural studies, but by the truth and force with which architectural construction is rendered in his pictures. He has, indeed, even too great an interest in construction as a process, for this leads him to a taste for the picturesque of scaffolding and unfinished buildings, such as were often to be seen in the Paris of his boyhood, when it was demolished and rebuilt under the auspices of Baron Haussmann.

That period, indeed, seems to have left a permanent impression on the artist's mind, as he has always been too fond of mere poles and planks and ropes, which are not very rewarding subjects of study and cannot add anything to the beauty of a work of art. The general coloring of Paris is what the French call *blonde*, and I notice that some of the more recent Parisian artists have been educated by it to a delicate perception of the values of

* I give these opinions on a technical point, as they may be equally interesting to professional and non-professional students of the fine arts. I may add that the very accomplished marine painter, M. Paul Jobert, told me he was exactly of Flameng's opinion with regard to the comparative rapidity and convenience of water-color and oil. Perhaps I may add that I have myself made many experiments in practical study with careful reference to time, and am now quite fully persuaded that the only superiorities of water-color are in its cleanliness and in the portability of the studies when made. Oil comes much nearer to the truth of natural tone and color in a much shorter time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

various pale grays, both warm and cool, that are scarcely to be found in the old masters. The effects of this Parisian education of the eye are plainly visible in M. Flameng's work, even when he attempts the scenery of other countries, as when, in one of his backgrounds, he painted Windsor Castle in purely Parisian color, to which the English building bears no resemblance. However, one cannot reproach this painter with staying too exclusively at home, as he delights in visiting foreign countries and has wandered over the greater part of Europe. His head-quarters are in Paris, where he has a large, curious, and picturesque house in an old garden with big trees, in the Rue d'Armaillé. The garden is a sort of oasis surrounded by high houses, as a bit of green land in a Derbyshire valley may be hemmed in by lofty precipices of gray limestone. There is, of course, no view from the house whatever, except that of its own garden, and the sense of privacy is diminished by the multitude of neighboring windows; still, it has a sort of monastic seclusion that one does not expect in a great capital. Besides the usual living-rooms in a large house, there are a vast studio, a library, and a museum of objects useful to a painter of past ages, and all these rooms, either by their architectural construction or their rich and picturesque furniture, are full of artistic interest, so that the painter may find good backgrounds for his figures without stirring from his own house. M. Flameng has also a country house at Septeuil, near Le Mans, where he spends part of the year. Certainly, he is one of the most happily constituted and most favorably circumstanced men of genius I have ever known. What seems to me the most desirable of his gifts is the strength of natural faculty with which he assimilates all that is likely to be necessary or

Flameng.
(From a photograph.)

useful for his work, while at the same time, by an easy process of rejection, he casts aside all the varieties of labor and of knowledge that would burden his spirit uselessly. Too honest and straightforward for the affectations of the hour, he belongs to no clique or sect, and has no object but to do sound work; and never did hard worker bear incessant industry with a lighter or more cheerful temper, or look forward to new undertakings with more courageous anticipation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY

By William Henry Shelton

I

I was so completely at a loss about the points of the compass that while the sun was, perhaps, three hours above the horizon on my right hand, I had no means of judging whether the time were nine o'clock in the morning or four o'clock in the afternoon. I was seated alone in a rickety old buggy, driving, or at least holding the reins over a horse evidently weak with age, whose only possible gait was a walk, except when at the foot of a hill his weakness yielded for a space to the pressure of the wagon and he fell into a listless trot, which presently subsided into the original walk. Where I had come from, or whither I was going, or where or how I had come into possession of the nondescript equipage, were alike unknown to me. The heat of the sun warmed me comfortably. The fields had an agreeable smell, and the oppressive stillness in which one of the wheels of the wagon creaked mournfully, and the hoofs of the old horse paddled the dusty road with shuffling beats, filled me with a vague surprise, as if I had just awakened from a dream of turmoil, and had but half awakened at that, because I seemed to dimly realize that I was not yet in the full possession of my normal faculties.

I was scarcely more ambitious than the horse which was drawing me. A vague idea that mine was a case of suspended animation began to take hold on my mind. How else could I account for my possession of the horse and wagon, and for my mysterious surroundings? The only moving object in sight was a carriage behind me, which I could see contained two men, whose horse was making no better time than my own. The approach of the two men had no interest for me. I was struggling too hard to grasp myself. It was my recollections of the events which seemed to be last past, now growing rapidly more distinct, that were helping me to re-establish my identity. My eye fell on my left shoe, from which the sole was torn away at the toe, and straightway I remembered that the morning before I had struck it on a sharp stone imbedded in the road; but then I had been marching with my companions with a gun on my shoulder, we had just passed at a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swinging step through the long street of a village. I remembered the houses of stone and hewn logs standing close on the road, with closed doors and blinds, the cheering of the men belonging to other divisions who were lounging on the rough flagging behind their stacked muskets as we swung by, the crowds of officers and the ranks of held horses which choked the public square in front of the brick building where army head-quarters had been established.

Then I remembered how, without a moment's rest or refreshment, we had been pushed to the front, to re-establish a yielding line. I could feel again the cold chill that ran through my hair as the first rifle balls whistled with a hot, spiteful sound past my ears, and then the excitement and exaltation when time flew with such unaccountable rapidity that a day, in passing, shrank to the dimensions of an hour; while in recollection it was fraught with incidents sufficient to crowd a week, when, however you may account for it, early morning stumbled over midday without any perceptible interval between, and you suddenly found yourself famished and fell to eating with one hand in your haversack, and the other on your rifle. I remembered that on this morning, which should have been yesterday, I had been doing all these things — fighting, running, shouting, building up small granite ledges into breast-works, dimly conscious of the dead and wounded on every hand. The roar of artillery and musketry had been deafening, and the pungent sulphurous smoke rolled in white clouds along the crests of the fields, and rose like steam from the standing corn, hot and stifling to breathe. How vividly the awful scenes surged up in my mind! Where had I slept since? I remembered that we had rallied and charged across the open; what an intense relief I felt when the regiments had leaped down into a sunken road, and we took refuge behind the opposite bank. I could see the appealing eyes of the wounded boy lying close to the edge of the smoking grass, at whose body the rushing line had parted and closed again. I was panting, grimy and perspiring, against the gravelly bank. A thorn-tree spread its branches above my head, and the earth beneath me was strewn with green boughs, as if a tempest had been raging there. Through the rails of the low fence, I saw a shattered gun limber with one mangled horse leaning against the pole, his mates and masters heaped on the ground about him—the whole group cut sharply against the sky.

I remembered how crowded we were in that narrow lane, and how grateful we felt for the rest and protection it afforded us in our exhaustion, as if we had been a great suffering body suddenly relieved of intense pain; then how the drowsy sense of security was rudely dashed by the awful scream of a shell which came swelling from the front—hissing, rushing, roaring until, as it passed above the fences over our heads, it sounded like the flight of a steam-engine through the air. The cannoneers who were sending us these spiteful compliments from the crest of a distant hill, were beyond the reach of our rifles. If we looked over the bank we could see, at intervals, a puff of white smoke against the rim of the woods, and a hot flash of fire bursting through the small white cloud, followed by a dull report, and then the screaming crescendo of the oncoming shell which culminated above our heads, and then died away behind us. Once a shell burst in front of our position, a cloud of dust floated over us, and a shower of leaves and branches fluttered down from the thorn-tree over my head.

I remembered how we laughed and made light of this grim annoyance, and felt a renewed security in our natural earthwork, and counted with glee the splintered places on the board fence behind us. I remembered the first intimation of the attack of the infantry, coming in the form of a thin skirmish fire puffing from the crest in front—the balls pattering on the fences—then the dark line rising above the ridge, with flags and glittering bayonets—and then the onrush and the wild cheering—and then how we reserved our fire until they were close upon us—and how the line withered and broke under that smoking volley, leaving the wounded scattered on the hill, and how they came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again and again only to be rolled back, covering the hill thicker and thicker with the dead—how we cheered and yelled and leaped on the fences at each bloody repulse—and how some of the wounded almost crawled to the shelter of our fence.

I remembered how steadily they formed for the last charge just beyond the smoking weeds, in full view and in close range from our secure position, and how we laughed and jeered and admired them, and held our fire to give them a fiercer welcome than ever when they should come. Everything I saw and everything I thought in those critical moments seemed to be burned into my memory. The familiar device of the old flag with the red stripes and blue field of stars, on which that broken line was dressing, carried me back to the days when I had cheered it and sang to it, as enthusiastically as I now jeered it and cursed its upholders through the powder-blackened rails of the fence, and across the belt of smoke and fire which smouldered in the dry turf of the bank.

Just as they started with a cheer, a gust of hot air swept the smoke in our faces, and impelled little tongues of flame to leap up and consume solitary dry weeds, and simultaneously we heard a blast of bugles from the right, and saw an awful vision of whirling horses galloping and turning in a cloud of dust at the end of that sunken road. The sunlight flashed on brazen guns and polished tire, and the bobbing heads of the drivers, as they lashed their teams to the rear, passed and repassed each other like figures in a fiendish dance. I remembered that instant of horror which impelled some to spring on the banks and fences, regardless of the charging infantry, and completely paralyzed the faculties of others —the mingled cries of warning and reproach—a glaring burst of flame—a deafening roar, a benumbing concussion which for an instant made my head fill all space, and along with it a sickening sensation of drowning in the air, and then darkness.

In the next instant, as it seemed to me, my eyes opened dimly on a great field hospital. It was chill night, and men with lanterns were moving to and fro along the lines of wounded, and in and out of the lighted farm buildings. Ambulances were unloading, fires were burning, men were moaning, laughing, cursing, cooking—I smelt the fragrant odor of coffee and frying meat. I saw men with pale begrimed faces sitting up in the glare, exchanging canteens and wetting bandages. I heard moaning and talking behind my head and the shifting of restless bodies on the straw. Just before me I saw the active figures of surgeons working over lighted tables. I was dimly conscious of all this, but without the power to speak or move. I could only see those objects which came within the radius of my limited vision, and the firelight shining up into the branches of the tall trees, and the quivering stars in the dark heavens beyond, were more directly before my eyes. The men stretched close about me were utterly silent. I heard the wind soughing in the tree-tops and the tinkling of water in the spring-house sounding through groans and imprecations, and for once I seemed to hear with my parched tongue instead of with my ears. Outside the tantalizing tinkling of that water going to waste, I seemed scarcely interested in what was going on about me, and even to that I became more and more indifferent. A delightful lethargy soothed my limbs and faculties. I was like one conscious of falling asleep.

The attendants from the tables brought another body and laid it down beside me. I knew that I lay in a row of such; I was indifferent. The men retired whence they came, the busy surgeons vanished, the firelight died out in the tree-tops, the twinkling stars paled in the heavens beyond, the tinkling water sounded farther and farther away, as if the spring-house had been retreating up the hill—and darkness enveloped me again.

I had shut my eyes to recall this vision, and presently they reopened on the jogging horse and the sunlit road, and I experienced the sensation of relief that comes to one awaking from a frightful dream. The dry hub was creaking as before, and the jingling bolts and rattling thills had a de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lightfully reassuring, even a musical sound. I alighted and walked around my turnout. It was dilapidated surely, and muddy as country vehicles are apt to be. I had not thought of my gun before, but to my inexpressible relief the barrel of a musket protruded from the boot, lying softly across a coil of blanket. I recognized neither of these properties as my own; even my belt and cartridge-box had a strange look, but these equipments might have been changed in hospital or supplied to me after my recovery. I certainly had recovered. The recollection of the fragment of shell which had struck my head in the sunken road came vividly to mind, and I instinctively plucked off my hat and passed my other hand softly over that part of my scalp where I thought the wound should be. I rather expected to feel a mass of clotted hair, but instead my fingers brushed over a surface as smooth and polished as ivory; but there was indeed a tender place. The surgeons had shaved my head in the process of recovery. I must have been insensible for a considerable time.

The old gray horse was stamping his feet and shaking his headstall at a green fly which was buzzing about his withers, and he had whisked the reins into the road while I had been examining the wagon. The harness had high, rusty hames and a saddle surmounted with square, tarnished german-silver turrets, and was altogether as antiquated as the wagon. It was all beyond my understanding, and the two men following me in the carriage had been halted all this time, in the most exasperating way.

I had but one desire, which was prompted by my sense of duty in the matter of returning promptly to my regiment. In that respect my conscience would be satisfied, if only I used my best endeavor to return; so I gathered up the reins and took my seat in the wagon, and the old horse cheerfully resumed his walk. My late experience with my command had been so terrible, that I was forced to admit to myself the relief I felt in my present peaceful surroundings and comfortable style of marching.

The sun on my right hand was lower than when I had first noticed it. It was certainly declining. That, then, was the west, and I was driving into the south. I preferred to drive south. I felt some surprise at the warmth of the evening, but everything was disjointed and surprising. In front of me was a broad wheat-field where the yellow bundles lay thick in the stubble between the strips of green oats, and at the farther end men and boys were gathering the sheaves into stacks. How could this be, when yesterday had been September? Alongside this field was another field of young corn, its dark-green stalks not yet tassled out. Yesterday the ears had been hard as flint, and long past roasting. I could endure this complication of mysteries no longer. I would stop and consult the men in the carriage behind me. When I stopped, they halted again as before. I started back on foot, leaving my wagon in the road. Seeing this, the carriage came on at a trot until it reached my position, when it slackened to a walk as it reined out to pass me. The two gentlemen stared at me in a most remarkable way, bowed solemnly, and would have passed without a word, if I had not begged them to tell me where the road led to. "The very question we were about to ask you," said the one who held the reins, and then the two exchanged glances. After they had passed me, they threw up the top of the carriage, and I had no doubt they were watching me through the oval window in the back curtain.

I felt a conviction that I must be in the enemy's country. The carriage drove on at a brisk pace, but somehow it never quite disappeared from my view; or if it did sink into a depression or pass behind a clump of trees, it presently reappeared, going on as before. Once I saw the head of the driver thrust outside the leather top, apparently to speak to a friend who was passing in my direction on foot. The man halted a moment and then came on. He was evidently a young farmer returning from work, for he carried a cradle on his left shoulder, his right hand grasping the back of the scythe-blade which swept diagonally around

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his right hip. As he approached nearer, I observed with satisfaction that his face wore a pleasant quizzical smile. "Can you tell me," I said, and at the sound of my voice my horse ceased to walk; "can you tell me where this road leads?"

His smile broadened to a grin; his right hand left the scythe-blade to tilt his wool hat forward, until I could just see his eyes glitter underneath the brim.

"*When, in the name o' Gord,*" he cried, "*did you come to life, Torm Johnson?*"

I was staggered at what the man said, but I was more angered at his insolence.

"You haven't answered my question," I roared, half starting from my seat, at which the old horse resumed his walk as if I had spoken to him, and the man, with the same exasperating smile on his face, shouted "Good-by, Torm. The road leads to the river if you go far enough."

I had not thought of myself as Tom Johnson, and yet that was my name. Strange to say, my mind had not gone back of the absorbing events of the battle. I had thus far only considered myself as a convalescent soldier returning to his regiment, which I seemed to have left but yesterday. A longer time must have elapsed, for the seasons had changed—they had even gone backward in the most perplexing way. I passed my fingers again over the tender spot on my head and across the polished surface above.

Tom Johnson! My name came to me like a revelation, as if its familiar sound had not fallen on my ears for ages, and at the same time it connected me with a past to which I wished to return even more than to my regiment. It brought to me the picture of my young wife, standing at the entrance to the drive which led back to our home, and beside her, little Tom crowing in his old mammy's arms. I had fallen out of the dusty ranks to kiss her tearful face and the rosy mouth of baby Tom, and that had been only the day before the battle. Alec, the third, sat erect on the hammer-cloth, holding the reins over the coach-horses behind, and completing the family group. I remembered his familiar voice calling after me:

"Take keer yo'sef, Marse Torm."

My mind had burrowed back, at last, to the centre of my world—to the mainspring and motive of my patriotic action. Through the dust of the column, to which I was obliged to return hastily, for we were advancing to give battle to the enemy and straggling was only permitted to those who fell from exhaustion—I waved a last farewell to the group of loved ones whose defence made my service a holy crusade. My State was my country, and my country was the sky above and the earth underneath the feet of that sacred life which had given itself to me, and that other wonderful life to which our lives had given being. I was the defender of a hearthstone, the champion of a gentle mother-spirit, whose innermost thoughts I had shared and whose prayers for my courage and safety were constantly ascending like incense—and of a small unconscious life which, even if I fell, would live on to call my memory blessed.

Where was my regiment? I felt a sort of frenzy to regain that post of duty. What victories had my comrades won in my absence? A sense of shame overcame me that I should be crawling along over that peaceful country road, lulled to indifference by the drowsy influences of the evening—I, the Defender and the Champion!

A child was coming across the field in front of me, but before I had approached near enough to speak to her, she fled back as if I had been some dangerous animal. The carriage, with its mysterious occupants, was still crawling into the distance. The moon was rising on my left, for the sun had already gone down over opposite. The stars were appearing overhead, and a ruddy light illumined the window of a small house by the roadside, to which my weary horse was advancing with the old monotonous walk.

The light from the window lay out on a toll-bar which spanned the turnpike. I instinctively put my hand in my pocket and drew out a small roll of bills, which looked quite natural and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blue in the warm firelight from the doorway. I was about to tender one to the woman who appeared, with a scared look, and extended her hand to the cord which hung from the pulley before the door. "There's nothing to pay," she said. The toll-bar was rising for my passage.

"Where does this road lead, Madam?" I exclaimed, bending eagerly forward to catch her reply.

"I am not to tell you," she said, and the door of the toll-house closed with a bang.

The old horse walked on of his own monotonous will, out of the shadow of the house into the moonlight. The dry hub creaked and groaned like a living thing in agony, and the loose bolts and linchpins jingled in harsh counter-notes of derision.

I was on the verge of despair. Was all the world leagued against me? Men, children, and women avoided me as if I was a leper. I was Tom Johnson, a highly respectable citizen, bearing arms in the defence of his country, hopelessly lost in that or some other country, where I had as yet seen no soldiers or any signs of their recent passage or occupancy. The old horse broke into a gentle trot along the descending grade, as if it had some intuition of a camp in advance. Perhaps he was right, for lights were sparkling among the trees beyond. There was something about the road which seemed familiar, and yet in many respects it was unlike any road I had ever seen before. A clump of oaks crowned the knoll before me, and the walls of a building gleamed in the moonlight through the tree-trunks. It was a low, whitewashed church, clean, silent, deserted. At first I was sure I had been standing in the same place before it yesterday; but there was no gaping hole above the door as there had been then, and its walls should be pitted by the iron hail. Even the woods which formed a thick screen behind it had vanished. Was I dreaming? The fields opposite were inclosed with trim, well-kept fences, and the hills were thickly dotted with shocks of newly cut wheat, which perfumed the dewy air with the odor of moist straw. Yes, I must be dreaming. There was a spell of witchery over the land—the stars were not behaving—the moonlight was certainly playing pranks, for above the trees on the highest ground to my left, the gray ghost of a gigantic soldier reared its huge head and shoulders, gleaming and immovable.

I was Tom Johnson, and beyond that everything was disjointed and uncertain. I rubbed my eyes and looked again at the big soldier. There it stood as before, leaning on a gun, and so much as I could see of this figure, or apparition, above the tops of the trees, was as clearly cut against the sky as if it had been carved in stone.

The carriage which had so long preceded me had finally disappeared among the trees where the lights were sparkling. Much as I feared and distrusted its inmates, I felt impelled to follow it as the only moving thing I had to tie to, and the two men, whether friends or enemies, seemed in some way linked to my helplessness.

Presently I came creaking and jingling into a village street flanked with stone houses, where the moonlight broke so fantastically through the trees, gleaming on white dresses peeping out of masses of shadow, and mingling with red lights shining through windows and doors onto other figures, walking, talking, singing, laughing, listening to or not heeding the wheezy notes of a cracked melodeon on one side of the street and a rioting violin on the other side—the moonlight everywhere so uncertain, and so bewildering, and so misleading that the faint sense of familiarity with the street eluded me like a will-o'-the-wisp; and yet, somehow, it seemed that the soldiers had a right to be there—that the violin should be a bugle, and that a respectable drum could give points to that melodeon, and that the long roll might beat at any moment along that shadowy street.

As I came creaking and pondering into the market square, where the line of the houses was forced a little back to the advantage of the sidewalks, or rather the flagged plaza into which those thoroughfares spread out, the moon poured its unobstructed light onto the gable end of the very brick building which I had seen yesterday—(the only yester-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day I knew)—gay with head-quarter flags and glittering uniforms—the turf and flagstones crowded with restless horses, and a great Confederate banner floating above the roof.

I was in Sharpsburg.

I leaped out of the wagon and seized my rifle and coil of blanket. The long tavern stood opposite, and under the buttonwood-tree which overspread the rough flagging, a group of men lounged in chairs and on benches, while a few others could be seen inside at the dimly lighted bar.

"When did General Lee leave here?" I cried, as if I had been summoning the garrison to surrender. The battle spirit had complete possession of me for a moment, and the butt of my gun rang down on the pavement, striking sparks of fire from the flinty stone.

II

The carriage which had followed Tom Johnson's humble outfit out of Hagerstown, passed it on the turnpike, and finally preceded it into Sharpsburg, had contained an eminent surgeon and a physician, well known in western Maryland. The two medical men had alighted at the tavern opposite to the red brick building, which had been Confederate head-quarters, and, after greeting the host, had seated themselves on a bench near the main entrance, and just out of the radiance of the oil-lamp which hung over the bar-room door and shed a ruddy light on the rough flagstones, even out to the feet of the group of loungers under the buttonwood-tree. The horse and carriage had gone around to the stables, and the reserve of the medical gentlemen had been respected to that degree that the only evidence of their presence inhered in two burning stars, which gleamed from the deep shadow thrown from the end of the adjoining building, which stood forward on the line of the street, and in the fragrant odor of the cigars which the aforesaid medical gentlemen were smoking. The tavern-keeper, having for the moment no drinks to mix, stood in his shirt-sleeves in the bar-room door, and stood also in some obscurity, as the bottom of the big lamp over his head was not made of glass, and the light behind him on the bar was of the dimmest radiance, and served only to illumine his back. The cool air of the evening after the heat of the day had the effect of emptying the grim stone houses onto the grim stone flagging outside the doors, under the thick trees where there was sparse light of an artificial sort, outside of the rays of moonlight which found their way here and there through the leafage; and this was the drowsy condition of the sleepy old village when the creaking and jingling outfit of Tom Johnson came at a snail's pace up the street, the white horse showing particularly white as he crossed the occasional patches of moonlight, and finally came to a stand in the full light between the tavern and the red brick building over opposite. The peculiar appearance of this singular visitor sufficiently excited the curiosity of the villagers to bring men, women, and children trooping up the street on both sides to the market square, where they were rapidly assembling when the butt of Tom's rifle rang down on the pavement and he propounded his startling question. The loungers under the buttonwood-tree stood up in silent amazement, and the circling crowd gazed dumbly at this lonely and belated Confederate soldier standing before them in his gray uniform and dusty equipments.

Tom Johnson looked somewhat dazed as he confronted this formidable assemblage, made more formidable to him by the unwonted presence of so many pretty girls, while at the same time he had good reason to be vexed at the staring crowd and at the absence of any reply to his ringing question.

"What ails you all?" said he, in milder tones than he had at first used, and evidently in deference to the presence of ladies, and then turning to survey the crowd which completely encircled him: "Am I such a curiosity that you can't answer a civil question?"

"You ruther took us by surprise," said the tavern-keeper, who stood in the front rank of the crowd directly confronting Tom.

"You keep this hotel, I reckon," said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tom Johnson, looking straight across into the other's eyes.

"That's so," responded the tavern-keeper, "there's no doubt about that."

"Then please to tell me how long it is since General Lee left this town?" and Tom paused impressively for the expected answer.

"Well, I'll have to figure a little," said the tavern-keeper, scratching his head. "Let me see; it's '92 now. Well, I reckon it'll be thirty years next September since he pulled out o' this town."

Tom Johnson was staggered for a moment by the wildness of the tavern-keeper's mendacity, and then his face flushed several shades redder than it had been in the lamplight.

"You are the most monumental—beg your pardon, ladies," said Tom, glancing around, "I won't say what he is. I reckon he's been drinking too much of his own liquor."

"Where did you come from?" said the tavern-keeper, taking Tom's implication in excellent part.

"I came from hospital," said Tom Johnson, with a shade of helplessness in the tones of his voice.

"What hospital?" said the tavern-keeper.

Tom Johnson was forced to admit that he did not know, and, moreover, he didn't know when or how he came in possession of the horse and wagon which still stood in the road where he had left them. He said that he had had some trouble with his head, and with that he took off his hat so that the lamplight focussed on his baldness, and ran his fingers absently over the polished surface in search of the soft spot.

"Take that white horse around to the stable," said the tavern-keeper to the hostler, "and lock him up." And then addressing Tom: "Don't you reckon you'd better come in and have somethin' to eat, comrade?"

Tom Johnson began to feel faint with hunger at the very mention of food, and he was so perplexed and mortified at his inability to account for himself that he was glad of any excuse to escape from the crowd, and so he followed the tavern keeper into the bar-room, while the villagers surged up to the door and the open windows. He walked directly across to the bar and ran his eye over the bottles.

"Hand me that decanter of brandy," he said, as he leaned his gun against the wall, and ran his fingers once more over his bald head. After he had taken a moderate drink of the liquor diluted with water, he put his hand in his trousers' pocket and produced the roll of blue bills he had taken out at the toll-gate, and threw one down on the bar with the evident satisfaction of a man who can at least pay his own way, if he is a little dazed about where he came from.

"What's that?" said the tavern-keeper, picking up the bill and turning it over under the lamp, and then tossing it back. "Is that the kind of money you carry?"

"It's good enough for me," said Tom Johnson, whipping it into his pocket. "I don't carry Federal rags."

The tavern-keeper thrust his hand into his own pocket and drew out a double eagle and rang it down on a copper tray under Tom's nose. "That's the kind o' money we use around here," he said, triumphantly.

Tom Johnson felt of his head, picked up the yellow coin, turned it over in his hand, looked at the face and read the inscription, and then his eye fell on the date. "It's no good," said he. "Look at the date — eighteen hundred and *eighty-three*."

"That's all right," said the tavern-keeper. "It's nine year old, but it's good, and don't you forget it."

"It's brass," cried Tom Johnson, indignantly, as he threw the coin down on the counter. "I may have been out of my head for quite a while—in the hospital—maybe for weeks, but that's no reason why everybody should be in a conspiracy to make game of me. I think you said supper was ready."

Tom Johnson picked up his gun in view of the troublous times and followed the tavern-keeper into the dining-room.

Now, this tavern-keeper had a beautiful young daughter, with large lustrous eyes and a complexion like peaches and cream, and as soon as Tom was comfortably seated at table, he heard the musical voice of this lovely creature behind him:

"Would you wish tea or coffee?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What!" cried Tom. "Why, coffee, of course. I haven't tasted coffee in a year," and then he turned about until his eye fell on the sweet girl-face, which blushed red under his ardent gaze.

"Pardon me, my dear," said Tom, falling back in his chair and raising his hand to his head. "Your daughter," he continued, addressing his host, "reminds me of my young wife. She's an angel, sir, and God forgive me, I haven't thought of her or of the baby since I got out of that wagon. I must leave here early in the morning. I saw her only a few days ago when we came this way. Ah, sir, you should have seen her standing there by the road and that little rascal, Tom. See here, old man, you must call me early. I'll find little Tom or the Thirteenth Virginia before night. That's my regiment, the old Thirteenth, and hurrah for old Jack!"

"Why didn't you say you belonged to the Thirteenth before," exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "We've got a Thirteenth man here in town. Do you happen to remember Pete Snavely?"

"Remember Pete!" cried Tom Johnson, pausing for an instant in his eager feeding, "I know him like a brother. We belong to the same company. Wounded?"

"No," said the tavern-keeper, regarding his mysterious guest with a look of wondering compassion; "there's nothing the matter with Pete. Helen," he continued, turning to his daughter, "send around for Pete Snavely, and tell him there's a friend o' his wants to see him."

Pete Snavely needed no sending for, as he had been in the crowd from the first which had welcomed Tom Johnson, and was prominent in the bar-room at that very moment, awaiting the return and discussing the appearance of our hero; and, I am sorry to say, holding very uncomplimentary opinions touching his sanity, and his property relations to the white horse.

Pete was a grizzled old veteran, who had a museum of relics in the basement of the adjoining house, and who, by virtue of his long service as battle-field guide, affected brass buttons and a nondescript uniform, which might suggest both or neither of the old armies. He was so tall that he had to double himself up like a jack-knife when he descended into his curiosity shop, and so lank and lithe that it cost him no trouble to accomplish that feat. Pete Snavely, who stood head and shoulders above the crowd in the bar-room, was engaged in conversation with the doctor and the surgeon, alongside the bagatelle table in the corner, when the tavern-keeper entered, followed by Tom Johnson, eager to meet his companion in arms.

"There he is," cried the tavern-keeper, indicating Pete, who stepped briskly forward into the centre of the room. "That's Pete Snavely, of the Thirteenth Virginia."

A shade of disappointment passed over Tom Johnson's face, which was followed by a flush of anger. "What! That old codger? He's old enough to be Pete Snavely's grandfather," and he struck the butt of his gun on the floor and looked Peter over with an expression very much akin to disgust. "He's no comrade of mine. The Thirteenth Virginia was never accused of robbing the grave for recruits."

Now, Pete was good-natured and, moreover, he believed Tom to be mildly demented, so he smiled blandly at the uncomplimentary speech and surveyed the speaker with a like insolent coolness.

"Well, now, see here, stranger," drawled Pete, at length, "how young do you allow yourself to be?"

"I'm not ashamed of my age," said Tom Johnson. "I'm twenty-three."

"You're about the maturest infant I ever seen," drawled Pete. "Git out o' the way, boys, and let the young gentleman look at himself in the glass."

At this suggestion the crowd stood aside, and Tom Johnson, who had just taken off his hat to pass his hand over his head, and who was carrying his gun at a trail, walked deliberately over to the looking-glass hanging against the wall. Those who stood nearest to him said that his face turned white, at first, at sight of the grizzled and bald-headed image reflected in the mirror, and then he flushed red to the tips of his ears, as with a curse he dashed the glass to atoms with the muzzle of his rifle and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

staggered back into the arms of Pete Snavely.

"Never mind the looking-glass," said the physician, who, with his friend, the surgeon, had been a deeply interested observer of this strange meeting between Tom Johnson as he was and Tom Johnson as he supposed himself to be. "Our patient is a little over-excited," he continued, stepping promptly forward and relieving Pete Snavely of his burden.

Tom Johnson yielded completely to the influence of these men, although he had no recollection of ever having seen them before, except when they had passed him in the carriage on the road. There was something soothing in the touch of the Doctor, and poor Tom, who had been dazed and puzzled and balked at every turn since he had first discovered himself in the wagon, was completely crushed by this last experience. His physical strength seemed to have undergone a complete collapse, until he was like putty in the hands of this strange doctor, whom he obeyed like a child.

"He must go to bed now," said the Doctor, "and have a good night's rest," and to this quiet decision Tom Johnson made no resistance, except to feebly reach for his gun, which had fallen from his grasp in the reaction which followed his ebullition of passion.

The tavern-keeper lighted a candle and led the way to a chamber, where he remained with the Doctor until Tom was laid safely and comfortably in bed. As the tavern-keeper lingered behind to fetch the candle, Tom rose weakly on his elbow and called after him: "Good-night, old man; don't forget to call me early in the morning. I want to find her and little Tom."

The Doctor slept in a room adjoining and commanding the only entrance to that of his singular patient, and he took good care that no one should disturb him.

Tom Johnson slept heavily after his strange experience, and when he awoke, with a refreshed and clarified brain, he began, at least, to realize that he was no longer a young man, and to adjust some things, albeit lamely, to that established fact; for when the Doctor looked in on his patient at sunrise, he found him seated, half-dressed, before a small mirror which stood on a chair, and if his face was not the picture of satisfaction, he showed no disposition to quarrel with the image the glass revealed.

"What does it all mean?" said Tom, helplessly. "It's a terrible thing to grow old in a single night."

"How old were you on the day you were wounded?" asked the Doctor, laying his soothing hand on Tom's shoulder.

"I was twenty-three a few days ago, when I was killed," replied Tom, looking steadfastly at the image of the old fellow in the glass.

"And what year was that?" continued the Doctor.

"It was '62," said Tom Johnson.

"And it is '92 this morning," remarked the Doctor, keeping a steady eye on his patient.

"'92!" exclaimed Tom Johnson, looking hard at the Doctor and making a mental calculation with the aid of his fingers. "'92," he repeated, looking back at his grizzled image in the glass, "that accounts for that old beggar I have been studying since daylight. But for God's sake, Doctor," he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "where have I been in that interval of thirty years? How old am I now? Not fifty-three?"

"Yes, my friend," said the Doctor, laying his hand on his patient's arm, which had the effect of soothing him. "You are fifty-three, and during that long interval, dating from the day and hour when you received your wound on this field, *you have been a man without a memory.* During all that time your life has been to yourself a blank, and I must tell you at once that you owe your restoration to the skill of that great surgeon whom you saw in my company yesterday. Be calm and listen. But for his skill, which has relieved your brain from the pressure of the misplaced bone, and whose watchful care, through fever and unconscious suffering, has brought you quietly back to this scene of your injury, your life would still be a blank."

Tom Johnson gazed speechless into the Doctor's face as he made this amazing statement, and then his unconscious hand stole softly to his head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Doctor forbore to break the silence, holding his patient under his kindly gaze.

"Praise God!" exclaimed Tom Johnson at last, rising and grasping the Doctor's hands. "You have brought me back to life. You have rescued me from a living grave—Praise God! But where have I been, Doctor, during all these years?"

"With your family at your old home, surrounded with every comfort——"

"Have mercy, Doctor," exclaimed Tom Johnson, staggering. "Don't trifle with me."

"You forget," said the Doctor, waving his patient back into his chair, "*that you were a man without a memory.*"

"And I was really there with her and little Tom? How is that precious baby, Tom? Tell me quick, Doctor," and he was on his feet again, reaching for his old gray uniform coat.

"He is in China just now," replied the Doctor.

"What?" roared Tom Johnson, with one arm in the sleeve of his coat.

"He is Lieutenant-Commander Johnson, of the navy," said the Doctor.

"What! That baby!" cried Tom. "An officer in the navy! Hurrah! I'm glad to hear he is serving his country. How did he get there?"

"In the usual way," said the Doctor. "You sent him to the Naval Academy and paid his bills, or rather your money did."

"Good," said Tom Johnson, who still stood before the Doctor, with his old coat half on. "I believe everything you tell me. Would to God I had another boy to give to the same service."

"You have," said the Doctor, "and he is also in the navy."

Tom Johnson stared at the Doctor without opening his lips, and when he was about to speak he was restrained by a warning finger. "You are about to forget again that you have been a man without a memory."

Tom stood in silence for a moment, the better to grasp the surprising information, his coat still dangling from one shoulder, and then he raised his free arm above his head. "Thank God," he exclaimed, fervently, "that I have two sons in the service of the Confederacy, and she—she——"

He had seized both hands of the Doctor, and was trembling visibly as he breathlessly awaited a reply.

For the first time the Doctor was silent.

"My wife—my darling—where is she?" and as he put these questions passionately, Tom Johnson clung desperately to the strong white hands of the man he trusted, he knew not why.

"God have mercy on him," ejaculated the Doctor, fervently. "*He has been a man without a memory.*"

"Dead! Dead!" groaned Tom Johnson, dropping the Doctor's hands, and seating himself on the bed. "Oh, why did you bring me back to life?"

The Doctor sat down beside his patient and put an arm about his shoulders to soothe him as best he could. "It was years ago, my dear fellow," he began. "She was a good wife to you, and you lived long together in a happy home. She anticipated your every want. You lived a half-conscious life without any recognition of the past. Your infirmity was the only cross she had to bear. You were constantly with her in her last sickness. You closed her eyes with your own hands, and you have often stood by her grave, where the sunset stretches its golden bars under the dark pines. Not that you knew why you were there, but she entreated Tom with her last breath to bring you to her often, and her one hope and prayer was that some day you might come understanding why you came." The Doctor ceased speaking.

"Leave me alone for a while," said his stricken patient, who was overcome by this first knowledge of his bereavement, just as if he were standing by the dead form of his beloved wife, who had at that moment ceased to breathe.

Tom Johnson kept his room and would see no one during that day, even refusing the food that was offered him; but with the dawn of another morning he called for his old comrade in arms, Pete Snavely, of the Thirteenth Virginia. When the latter appeared, towering in the doorway, the two literally fell into each other's arms, with voluble protestations and explanations and apol-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ogies, for Pete had had no idea at the time the looking-glass had been smashed in the bar-room that he had been chaffering little Tom Johnson, of the old Thirteenth.

"Tommy," blubbered Pete, as he held his comrade to his breast, clad in the sacred old uniform which now moved him to tears, "it's all over what we fit for."

Tom Johnson released himself from the embrace of the weeping giant, and looked up at him with a terrified expression. "You mean the war's over, Pete," he said, feebly grasping at this interpretation of his comrade's meaning.

"No, I don't," whimpered Pete, determined to have the worst over with the least delay. "I mean the Confederacy was busted, turned down more'n a quarter of a century ago—snuffed out like you was, Tommy, under that old thorn-tree—the niggers was set free, everybody nigh about was killed—but by G—, Tommy, the way we fit ag'in odds was a thing to be everlastin'ly proud of."

Tom Johnson had fallen back to a sitting position on the edge of the bed, his face of an ashen pallor, which frightened his comrade to see. Pete Snavely partially shut himself up and deposited his knife-ship on a chair over opposite. "Never mind, Tommy," he said, wiping his eyes; "it's all ancient history now, and we did our level best with bibles in our pockets and tooth-brushes in our button-holes. The difference between Blue-bellies and Gray-backs don't count no mo', and the fact is, Tommy, we're all Yankees now, and rather proud of it."

This unwelcome news coming so suddenly was utterly appalling and crushing in its effect on Tom Johnson, particularly when he realized that baby Tom and the son he had no recollection of ever having seen, were actually serving under the despised Yankee flag. It made him angry to think that he himself had been living under its folds for an ordinary life time, unconscious and unprotesting, as if an unfair advantage had been taken of his peculiar condition, which amounted to a personal affront. It was a positive relief to him to learn that his beloved old commander, Stonewall Jackson, had fallen in the fore front of battle, and had thus been spared the humiliation of conscious defeat.

"Don't take it to heart so, Tommy," said Pete, shrugging his shoulders and turning out the palms of his hands. "There ain't so many o' we all left, and the kids that's been born since the war, in one State o' the forty-four, could drive both o' the old armies into the sea. We're back numbers, Tommy, that's what we are."

"I'm afraid so," said Tom Johnson, standing up and readjusting his belt over his old gray coat. "I shan't need this gun any more," he remarked, sadly, as he drew the iron ramrod and rang it down in the empty barrel. "Somebody has drawn the charge."

Peter Snavely, who had some new surprise every hour for his old comrade in arms, took him under his protecting wing, and the latter gradually put off his rusty equipments, exchanging his old uniform for a respectable suit of sober gray cloth, and it was quite refreshing to see him thus transformed by dainty linen and clean shaving, et cetera, into a courtly old gentleman with good money in his pocket, and a gold chronometer on his fob; in short, put back externally in the well-groomed condition his body had been accustomed to before he came under the hands of the surgeon, with the addition of a brain as clear as the tone of a Japanese gong.

The two were always together (the one short and sturdy, and the other lank and tall, as that President Lincoln, of whom Tom had had but a poor opinion), except when Mr. Thomas Johnson disappeared for a few days to look over his property and stand by the grave of that wife who had stood bravely and lovingly beside him during so many years when he had been a man without a memory.

His home had no attraction for him, to be compared with the claims of his old comrade, and so he preferred to surround himself with such comforts as he could at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree over opposite the old head-quarters, where he could enjoy his pipe and his glass with Pete Snavely, of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the old Thirteenth, and walk out at will to the knotted and deformed thorn-tree which still overhung the fenceless gash in the fields known as the bloody lane.

One day in September, namely, the fifteenth, in the year of our Lord, 1892, a letter arrived at the Sharpsburg office addressed to "Thomas Johnson, Esquire," and post-marked "Newport News." Pete Snavely clasped and unclasped himself with more agility than usual, as he descended the stone steps into the basement museum where his old comrade was smoking his pipe, among the glass cases of shells and canteens and buttons and oxidized bullets, in an environment bristling with guns and sabres and rusty lances of the John Brown period. The letter was signed "Baby Tom," who had steamed into port from the Chinese seas, a full Captain in the Navy under orders to report at the navy yard at Washington, whence he was to proceed to New York to take command of the new ram Constitution, where he would be granted leave to come and embrace his dear old father, in his joyful restoration.

Tom Johnson, Sr., wiped the moisture from his eye-glasses, and with a promptness born of his military training ordered Pete Snavely to pack his knapsack forthwith. "Put in your Sunday clothes and plenty of them," cried Tom Johnson, and the tall comrade had come so completely under the control of the short one who carried the check-book that he obeyed without a question, and the two old soldiers were seated under the buttonwood-tree when the carriage came up for the station.

They had a couple of hours at Hagerstown before the night train, and in all probability Captain Johnson, U. S. N., was then at the Washington navy yard. When Pete Snavely's eye fell on a long-distance telephone in the hotel office, he bribed the clerk to call up the Commandant's quarters and, sure enough, Captain Johnson was there, whom Pete informed of the presence of his father and requested him to stop at the instrument.

"Come this way, Tommy," roared Pete; "there's a man outside wants to speak to you on the telephone."

Tom Johnson came, but he had never seen or heard of a telephone, having been quite busy enough during the last two months catching up with other things. It was a sort of new-fangled telegraph, Pete said, and showed him how to put the receiver to his ear. Tom Johnson handled it very much as if it were loaded, and started a little when the bell rang; but he followed Pete's instructions and called "Hello!"

"Why, it echoes back in this thing," exclaimed Tom.

"Now, does it?" said Pete, pushing the receiver back to his ear. "That's the other fellow a hundred miles from here. Tell him you are Tom Johnson and ask him who he is."

The most surprising answer came back, which caused the old man in gray to drop the receiver and feel for the soft spot on the top of his head, after the pleasant way he had of expressing perplexity and surprise.

"He says he's Baby Tom, from China!"

"Well, I reckon he ought to know, Tommy," said Pete Snavely. "He's eatin' fried chicken with the Admiral in Washington this minute, and you better ask him for a drum-stick."

So it fell out that father and son had a meeting at long range, in which everything was fixed, and it is certain that no telephone before or since has ever heard such eager "helloes" and affectionate "good-byes" as passed each other on that happy occasion; and in consequence thereof the Captain's launch with the Captain in it met the two old soldiers at the landing, and Baby Tom looked so tall and bronzed and smart in his glittering uniform that his old daddy was overcome with awe and admiration for a sixth of a minute before the two came to close quarters, to all of which Pete Snavely can testify, for he clasped and unclasped himself during the functions and amenities incident to this meeting between father and son with a rapidity that suggested a dancing-jack.

During all this time the new Constitution, toward which the copper-coated launch was presently dancing over the swells, lay out in the river and in the sunlight, dressed in bunting from stem to stern, with four hundred pairs of canvas trousers and four hundred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shirts fluttering from the stays; and the deck was manned to receive the new Commander and his guests, and the little old man in gray was sufficiently impressed with the dignity and importance of "Baby Tom."

During their stay on board and their peregrinations on shore these two old veterans saw more of the world and the sea than they had ever dreamed of before, and they dined in such state with the Commander that they found themselves drinking bumpers to the flag before they knew it. They looked through the winding, oily bore of the ten-inch rifle which ranged over the nickel-steel prow of the ram, and found the whole wonderful interior of the ship crowded here and there as compactly with delicate machinery as the case of a watch, and when they found themselves back at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree, with the Captain in their company, they couldn't forget the wonders they had seen or divest themselves of the loyalty they had unconsciously put on.

When Tom Johnson asked the Captain, his son, if the Constitution couldn't sink any battle-ship or any other ship afloat, the Captain said he thought it might, but next year every battle-ship would carry sufficient dynamite tubes, for use at short range, to blow him up in a white cloud at just fifty yards short of the fatal impact; and then he confided to his father that the steel monsters of the day were at heart the most arrant hypocrites and missionaries of peace, and that their commanders everywhere had such a profound and growing respect for each other, that he had to laugh into his cocked hat sometimes to think of it. The Captain told them, moreover, as they smoked their pipes under the buttonwood-tree, that in a few years the naval attacks would all be made under water, while the officers of the directing battle-ships were drinking champagne and watching each other through powerful glasses, and that in the end all naval combats would be decided by mathematical computations made by the Admirals on shore, to which the tavern-keeper, who had been born since the battle, said that things were certainly coming to a pretty pass.

In due time, after father and son had stood together by the grave under the pines, and talked much of the absent son and brother, the Captain went away to join his ship, and things settled down to a normal condition at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree. The two old comrades, the long one and the short one, may still be seen wandering about the historic field, and Tom Johnson has a new respect for the countless dead in the Government cemetery, and a positive affection for the big stone soldier standing silent guard above them (which he had mistaken for a ghost in the moonlight as he came crawling back into Sharpsburg in the creaking outfit, behind the old gray horse), and which, leaning on its stone gun, looks complacently out over the tree-tops across the smiling wheat-fields to the whitewashed walls of the low Dunker church and the sunlit strip of turnpike, where the battle raged so fiercely.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEASTS OF BURDEN

By N. S. Shaler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS

IT is not too much to say that the opportunity to go forward on the paths of culture, at least the chance to advance any considerable distance beyond the estate of primitive men, depends upon what the wilderness may offer in the way of domesticable beasts of burden. Where such exist we find that the folk who dwell with them in any land are almost certain to have made great advances. Where the surrounding nature, however rich, denies this boon, we find that men, however great their natural abilities may appear to be, exhibit a retarded development. Thus in North America, where there was no domesticable beast of burden, the Indians, though an able folk, remain savages. So, too, in central and southern Africa, where the mammalian life, though rich, affords no large forms which tolerate captivity, the people have failed to attain any considerable culture. On the other hand, in the great continent of the Old World, where the horse, the ass, the buffalo, the camel, and the elephant existed in the primitive wilds, men rose swiftly toward the civilized station.

The immediate effect arising from the possession of beasts of burden is greatly to enlarge the scope and educative value of human labor. A primitive agriculture, sufficient to provide for the needs of a people, can be carried on by man's labor alone, though the resulting food-supply has generally to be supplemented by the chase. Rarely, if ever, are the products of the soil thus won sufficient in quantity to be made the basis of any commerce. Such conveyance as is necessary among the people who are served by their own hands alone, has to be accomplished by boat transportation or by the backs of men. The immediate effect of using beasts for burden is the introduction of some kind of plough, which spares the labor of men in delving the ground, and in the use of pack-animals, which, employed in the manner of caravans, greatly promote the extension of trade. A great range of secondary influences is found in the development of the arts of war, by which people, who have become provided with pack or saddle animals are able to prevail over their savage neighbors, and thus to extend the realm of a nascent civilization. Yet another influence, arising from the domestication of large beasts, arises from the fact that these creatures are important storehouses of food; their flesh spares men the labor of the chase, and so promotes those regularities of employment which lead men into civilized ways of life. In fact, by making these creatures captive, men unintentionally subjugated themselves from their ancient savagery. They were led into systematic and forethoughtful courses, and thus found a training which they could in no other way have secured.

The first and simplest use made of the animals from which man derives strength, appears to have been brought about by the subjugation of wild cattle —the bulls and buffaloes. Several wild varieties of the bovine tribe were originally widely disseminated in Europe and Asia, and these forms must have been frequent objects of chase by the ancient hunters. Although in their adult state these animals were doubtless originally intractable, the young were mild-mannered, and, as we can readily conceive, must often have been led captive to the abodes of the primitive people. As is common with all gregarious animals which have long acknowledged the authority of their natural herdsmen, the dominant males of their tribe, these creatures lent themselves to domestication. Even the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generation of the captives reared by hand probably showed a disposition to remain with their masters, and in a few generations this native impulse might well have been so far developed that the domestic herd was established, affording perhaps at first only flesh and hides, and leading the people who made them captives to a nomadic life, that constant search for fresh fields and pastures new which characterizes people who are supported by their flocks and herds.

It is probable that the first use which was made of beasts of burden in ways in which their strength became useful to man, was in packing the tents and other valuables of their masters as they moved from place to place. Even to this day, in certain parts of the world bulls and oxen serve for such purposes. In fact the nomadic life, a fashion of society which is enforced wherever people subsist from their cattle alone, leads inevitably to such use of the beasts. In the southern Appalachian district of this country there remain traces of this service rendered by bulls and oxen. These creatures, provided with a kind of pack-saddle, are occasionally used in conveying the dried roots of the ginseng, beeswax, feathers, and the peltries which are gathered by the inhabitants of remote districts, not accessible to carriages, to the markets of the outer world. All the varieties of ordinary cattle could be made to serve as burden-carriers, and they doubtless would be continued to be used for saddle purposes in one way or another but for the wide use of the horse, a creature very much better adapted for carrying weight. The cloven foot of the bulls and buffaloes gives a weakness to the extremities which will quickly lead to disease in case they are forced to carry heavy loads such as the horse or ass may safely bear.

The help which our bovine servants render us by the power which they exert in traction, as in drawing ploughs, sleds, or wagons, appears to have been first rendered long after their introduction to the ways of man. The first of these uses in which the drawing strength of these animals was made serviceable appears to have been in the work of ploughing. In primitive days and with primitive tools, hand delving was a sore task. The inventive genius who first contrived to overturn the earth by means of the forked limb of a tree, shaped in the semblance of a plough and drawn by oxen, began a great revolution in the art of agriculture. To this unknown genius we may award a place among the benefactors of mankind, quite as distinguished as that which is occupied by the equally unknown inventors of the arts of making fire or of smelting ores. After the experience with the strength of oxen had been won from the work of ploughing, it was easy to pass to the other grades of their employment, where they were made to draw carriages.

Next after the contribution which the kindred of the bulls have made by their strength, we must set that which has come from their milk. Although this substance can be obtained in small quantities from several other domesticated animals, the species of the genus Bos alone have yielded it in sufficient quantities greatly to affect the development of man. It is difficult to measure the importance of the addition to the diet, both of savage and civilized peoples, which milk affords. It is a fact well known to physiologists that in its simple form this substance is a complete food, capable when taken alone of sustaining life and insuring a full development of the body. It is indeed a natural contrivance exactly adapted to afford those materials which are required for the development and restoration of creatures essentially akin to our own species. Those races which avail themselves extensively of it in their dietary are the strongest and most enduring the world has known. The Aryan folk are indeed characteristically drinkers of milk and users of its products, cheese and butter. It may well be that their power is in some measure due to this resource.

In our horned cattle man won to domestication creatures which were admirably suited to promote his advancement from savagery to civilization. Indeed, the possession of these animals appears to have been a prime condition of his advancement. With them, how-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, as with the camel, there came little in the way of those sympathetic qualities which have made it possible for our race to establish affectionate relations with other captive forms. Long intercourse with man has, it is true, somewhat diminished the wildness of these creatures, though the males remain the most indomitably ferocious of all our servants. The truth seems to be that the bovine animals have but little intellectual capacity, and it has in no wise served the purposes of man to develop such powers of mind as they have. We have ever been given to asking little of them, save docility. This we have in a high measure won with our milch cows, which of all our domesticated creatures are perhaps the most absolutely submissive; the more highly developed of them being little more than passive producers of milk, almost without a trace of instincts or emotions except such as pertain to reproduction and to feeding. It is a noteworthy fact that in all the great literature of anecdote concerning our domesticated creatures, there is hardly a trace of stories which tend to show the existence of sagacity in our common cattle.

It is evident that the variability of our domesticated bovines, as far as their bodies are concerned, is very great. Between the ancient aurochs and the more highly cultivated of its descendants, the difference is as great as that which separates any other of our captive animals from their wild ancestors. In size, shape, in flesh- and milk-giving qualities, the departure from the old form of the wilderness is remarkable. Moreover, at the present time these diverse breeds of horned cattle are rapidly being multiplied, the distinctive forms probably being twice as numerous as they were at the beginning of the present century. The process of selection has led to some very wide diversifications of the body. The horns, which in the wild state are invariably well developed, and which in the cattle of our western plains attain very great size, have in certain breeds altogether disappeared, and in their place there sometimes comes a remarkable crest of bony matter which does not project beyond the skin which covers the head. If such differences occurred in the wild state they would be regarded as separating the two types of animals widely from each other.

In treating the wool-bearing animals along with beasts of burden, we make a somewhat fanciful classification which yet is not quite without reason. By long training man has brought these species to the state where their covering of wool or hair, once a coating only sufficient to afford protection from the weather, has become a very serious load. In certain of our highly developed varieties the annual coat is so far developed that the creature loses a large part of its bulk after the shearer has done his work. Each year's fleece often amounts in weight to eight to twelve pounds, and in its lifetime the animal may yield a mass of wool far exceeding its weight of flesh and bones in any time of its life. When the fleece is mature the creature is often burdened with a load about as heavy in proportion to his size as is a horse by the weight of its rider and accoutrements.

As a flesh producer, particularly in sterile fields, sheep are more valuable than our horned cattle. They mature more rapidly, attaining their adult size and reproducing their kind in less than two years, so that in many parts of the world it is possible to obtain a larger quantity of flesh from poor pasturages with sheep than with any other of our domesticated animals. Their principal value, however, has been from the means they afforded, whereby men in high latitudes have obtained warm clothing. Before the domestication of these creatures, peoples who had to endure the winter of high latitudes were forced to rely upon hides for covering, a form of clothing which is clumsy, uncleanly, and which the chase could not supply in any considerable quantity. Owing to its peculiar structure, the hair of the sheep makes the strongest and warmest covering, when rendered into cloth, which has ever been devised for the use of man. The value of this contribution is directly related to the conditions of climate. In the intertropical regions, the sheep plays no part of importance. In high latitudes he is of the utmost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Winnowing Grain in Egypt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

value to man. No other of our domesticated creatures, except the camel, are so specially adapted to the needs which our flocks and herds. It yields good milk, the flesh is edible, though in the old animals not savory, and the hair can

Domesticated Buffaloes in Egypt.

peculiarities of climate impose upon their possessors.

The relations of the goat to mankind are in certain ways peculiar. The creature has long been subjugated, probably having come into the human family before the dawn of history. It has been almost as widely disseminated, among barbarian and civilized peoples alike, as the sheep. It readily cleaves to the household, and exhibits much more intelligence than the other members of

Cattle of India.

be made to vary in a larger measure than any of our animals which are shorn. Yet this creature has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it seems entitled. Only here and there is it kept in considerable numbers or made the basis of extensive industries. The reason for this seems to be that these animals cannot readily be kept in flocks in the manner of sheep. They are only partly gregarious, and tend to stray from the owner's keeping. There seems reason also to believe that they cannot easily be made to vary in other characters except their hairy covering at the will of the breeder, and so varieties cannot be formed, as is the case with sheep, to suit each peculiarity of soil and climate. Thus in Europe, where it would be easy to name a score of distinct breeds of sheep, each peculiarly well suited to the conditions of the country where it had been developed, the goats are singularly alike. The original stock of these creatures appears to have been adapted to feeding on the scant herbage which develops in rocky and mountainous countries. They do not seem able to make the perfect use of the resources of a pasture which sheep do. These inher-

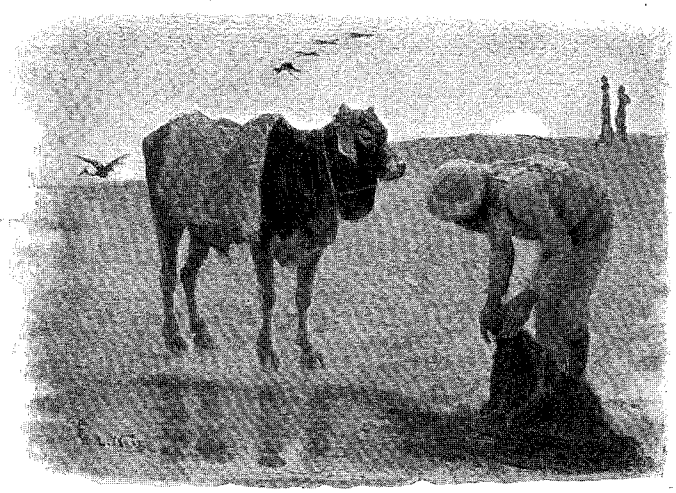
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ited peculiarities in feeding enable them to pick up a subsistence where they may range over a considerable territory, even where it seems to afford no forms of food for the hungriest animal. Thus in that part of the city of New York known as "Shanty town," goats may be seen in fairly good condition, although the sole source of food, besides a few stray weeds, appears to be the paste of the paper advertisements which they pick from the rocks and fences.

Although goats appear to be characterized by invariable bodies, our sheep are, in physical characteristics, among the most flexible of our domesticated animals. They may by selection readily and rapidly be made to vary as regards the character of their wool, the size and proportion of their muscles, and the quantity and placing of the fat. In all these features they may be fairly blown to and fro by the wind of favor. Between the meagre-bodied merino, with its skeleton-like frame and heavily wrinkled skin bearing a vast burden of long wool, and the heavy Hampshire downs or Southdowns, there is really an immense difference in bodily quality; yet these variations represent only a century or two of careful experiment on the part of the breeders. It seems not improbable that in the present state of this developing art it will be possible, in a hundred years, to reverse the conditions of these two varieties.

Sheep and goats, like the other herbivorous species which are the common tenants of our fields and forests, belong to the great class of dull-witted mammals in which the intellectual processes appear to be almost altogether limited to ancient and simple emotions, such as are inspired by fear or hunger. They are characterized by little individuality of mind, and although the needs of men have not led to any experiment in developing their wits, as in the case of dogs, there is no reason to believe that they afford much foundation for such essays. The present rapid variations in the physical characteristics of our sheep which are induced by the breeder's skill, make it evident that we are far from having attained the maximum profit from these creatures. The goats also give promise, when selective work is carefully done upon them, of giving much more than they now afford to the uses of mankind; but from neither of these forms is there reason to hope, at least on our present lines of experiment, for any considerable gain in intellectual qualities.

We have already noted the fact that the sheep is especially adapted to serve man in high latitudes, where he has to provide against the winter's cold. The



Indian Bullock and Water-Carrier.

camel is an even more striking instance in which the value of the creature depends upon climatal peculiarities. It is peculiarly fitted, by its ancestral training and development, for the use of men who dwell in arid countries. In the olden days of the later Tertiary epoch, creatures akin to the camels appear to have been widely distributed, and were probably adapted to consider-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ploughing in Syria.

able variations of environment. Within the time of which we know something by history, these forms have been limited to the arid districts of southwestern Asia and northern Africa. It is not certain that we know the originally wild form of either of the two species, the double-humped or single-humped camels. Wild members of each exist, but they may be the descendants of the domesticated forms. It seems probable that long before the building of the Pyramids the people of the deserts had learned how to profit from the very peculiar qualities of this strangely provided beast, which in several distinct ways is singularly fitted to serve the needs of man in arid lands. The large and well-padded foot of this creature is well adapted for treading a surface unsoftened by vegetation. Its peculiar stomach enables it to store water in such a manner that it can go for days without drink. In the humps upon its back, as in natural pack-saddles, it may harvest a share of the nutriment which it obtains from occasional good pasturages, the store being laid away in the form of fat which may return to the blood when the creature would otherwise starve. So important have these peculiarities been found by men who have domesticated the camel, that on them have rested many of the greatest features of race development in the history of our kind. In the terri-

Egyptian Sheep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bedouin Goat-herd—Palestine.

tories along the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean, and in a large part of southern and central Asia, the camel has done service to man which elsewhere has been performed by sheep, cattle, and horses. In those parts of the world the share which these domesticated animals have had in the development of man has been relatively very small. The camel has given the strength for burdens, hair for clothing, and often flesh to the needy men of the desert.

Although long a captive, and for ages, perhaps, the most serviceable of all the creatures which man has won from the wilds, the camel is still only partly domesticated, having never acquired even the small measure of affection for his master which we find in the other herbivorous animals which have been won to the service of man. The obedience which he renders is but a dull submission to inevitable toil. The intelligence which he shows is very limited, and so far as I can judge from the accounts of those who have observed him, there is but little variation in his mental qualities. As a whole, the creature appears to be innately the dullest and least improvable of all our servitors. The fact is this animal belongs to an ancient and lowly type of mammals characterized by relatively small brains, and therefore of weak intelligence ; but for its singular serviceable-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Caravan Road—Central Asia.

ness in drought-ridden countries, it would probably have been hunted off the earth by the early men, as have been many other remnants of the ancient life.

It is somewhat characteristic of the older forms of animals, those which took shape in the earlier Tertiary periods, that they are less variable than those which acquired their characteristics in times nearer our own. It is a fact well known to the students of paleontology, that species and genera which have been long on the earth are apt to become in a way rigid as regards their qualities of body and mind. It is an interesting fact that, although the camel can readily be transplanted to many other parts of the world, where the physiographic conditions are similar to those of the realm where he has served man so well, he has never been thoroughly successful except in the regions where he has been in use for ages. In the desert regions of the Cordilleras of America, in South Africa, and in Australia, various experiments go to show that the creature could be perfectly reconciled to its environment. Many years ago a lot of camels were brought to the valley of the Rio Grande with a view to their utilization in that region, which closely resembles the desert countries about the Mediterranean. These animals were thoroughly successful in meeting the climatal conditions of the region. They proved as strong and as fertile as in their natural realms. Although it is said they survive to the present day, they have never been of any service to the people.

Although, as before noted, the camel has a certain value for other purposes than conveying burdens, these subsidiary uses are so far limited that the creature is not likely to retain a place in the world after his service in caravans is no longer called for. The rapid recivilization of northern Africa, leading as it does to the development of a railway system in that region, promises to displace this creature from his most trodden ways. It seems likely that the other portions of the desert lands in the old world will soon be brought under the same civilizing influences, the nomadic tribes reduced to a stationary habit of life, and the commerce effected in the modern manner. When this change is brought about, this old-time animal, which but for the care of man would have probably long since passed away, will be likely, save so far as it may be preserved through motives of scientific interest, to join the great array of vanished species.

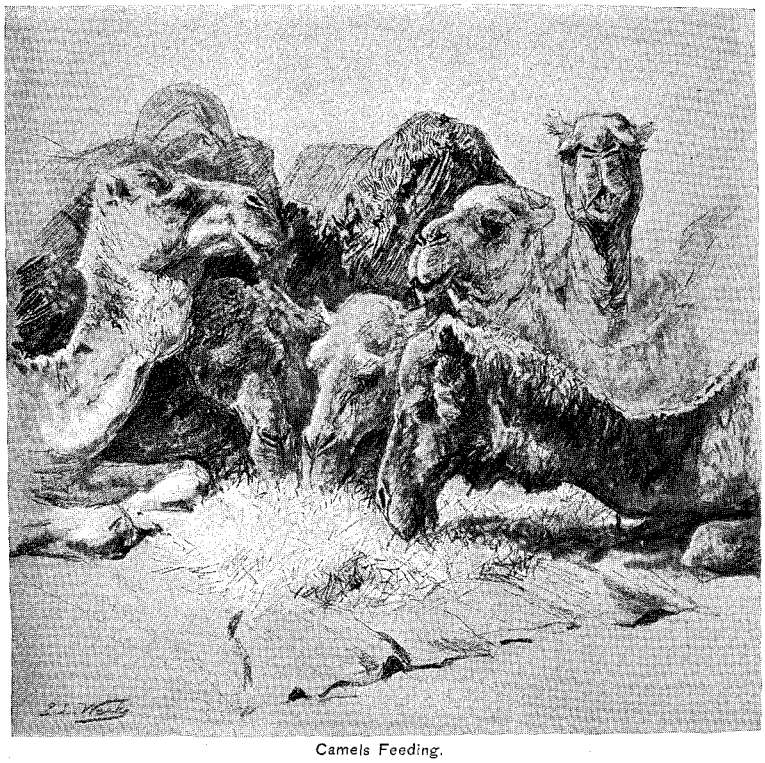
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

The Halt in the Desert at Night—The Story Teller.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It affords a pleasant contrast to turn from the consideration of the camels to a study of the elephants. The difference in the measure of attractiveness of the two forms is very great, and depends upon facts of remarkable interest. Unlike the camel, which, as we have seen, is the last survivor of an ancient lineage, represented by but two species, and these limited to a small part of the world, the elephants, at the time when man appears to have taken shape, seems to have existed on all the continental lands except Australia, and to have been in a state of singular prosperity. As is often the case with other vigorous genera of mammals, the species were adapted to a very great variety of climates, and were fitted to endure tropic heat as well as arctic cold.



Camels Feeding.

The group of elephants is first known to us in the early part of Tertiary time. From its first appearance on our stage it seems to have been successful in a high measure, and this probably by reason of its possession of the remarkable invention of the trunk, a prolonged and marvellously flexible nose which serves in the manner of an arm and hand for gathering food.

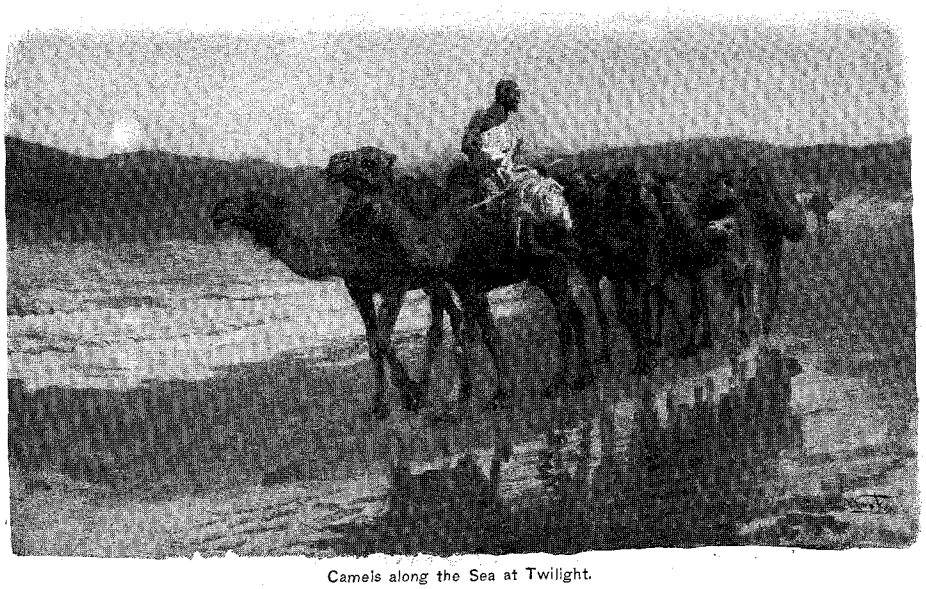
When we first find traces of mankind in the records of the rocks, in what appears to be an age just anterior to the Glacial epoch, the elephant had passed the experimental stages of its development and was firmly established as the king of beasts. In his adult form he had nothing to fear from any of the lower animals, and by the organization of herds it is probable that even the young were tolerably safe from assault. Until the early races of men had attained a considerable skill in the use of weapons, the great beasts were probably safe from human attack. We may well believe that primitive savages shunned them as unconquerable. As early, perhaps, as the closing stages of the Glacial epoch in Europe, we find evidences which pretty clearly show that the folk of that land, probably belonging to some race other than our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Carrying the Sugar Cane in Harvest—Egypt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Camels along the Sea at Twilight.

own, had attained a state of the warlike arts in which they could venture to hunt this creature.

The species of elephant which was hunted by the early men of Europe, and perhaps also by those in Asia and America as well, was a greater and, at least in appearance, a more formidable monster than the living species of Asia or Africa. He was on the average taller and probably bulkier than any of his living kindred. The tusks were larger and curved in a curious scimitar form. Adding to the might of its aspect was a vast covering of hair, which on the neck appears to have had the form of a mane. This covering must have greatly increased the apparent size of the creature, which no doubt appeared about twice as large as any of our modern elephants which are nearly hairless. Although the perils of this ancient chase must have been great the triumphs were equally so, and to a people who lived by hunting, most profitable; a single animal would furnish more food than scores of the lesser beasts such as the reindeer.

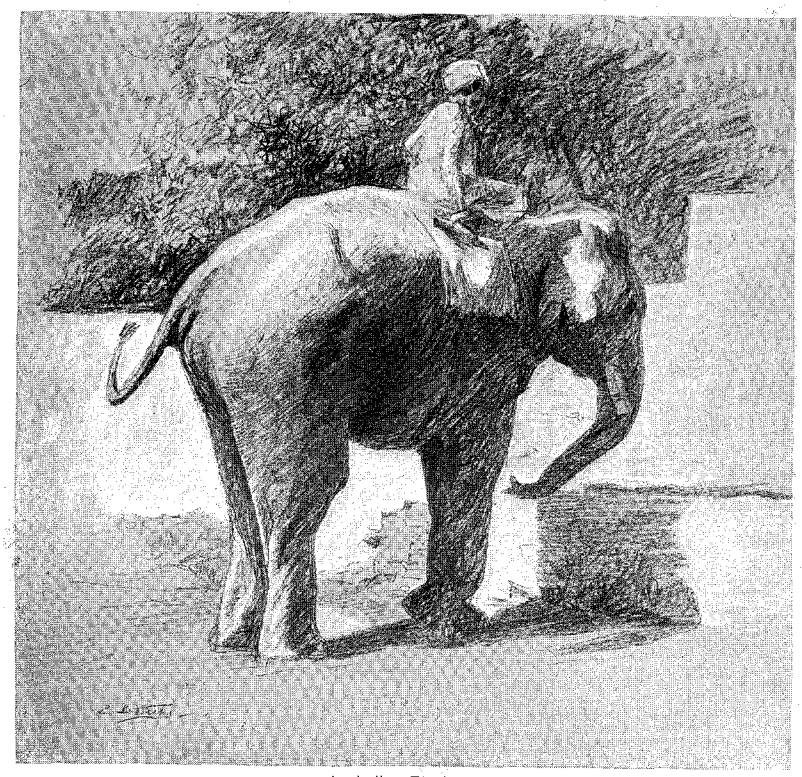
It is not certain that the extermination of the great northern elephant or mammoth came about through the action of man. It is possible that the death was due to more natural causes, such as the change of climate which attended the decline of the Glacial period, or to the attacks of some insect enemy like the tsetze fly of South Africa, which occasionally brings destruction to cattle in that part of the world. On the whole, however, it seems most probable that the extermination of this noble beast is to be accounted among the brutal triumphs of mankind, perhaps as the first of the long tale of destructions which he has inflicted upon his fellow-creatures. However this may be, it is clear that at the dawn of civilization the species of the genus elephas had become limited to that part of the African continent which lies south of the Sahara, and to the portion of Asia east of the Persian Gulf and south of China. The remnant consisted of two species, the African form, on the average the larger of the two, a fierce and scarcely domesticable creature, and the Asiatic, a milder-natured species which alone has been to any extent brought into the service of man.

It is not certain when or where elephants were first reduced to domestication. In the dawn of history we find them used to enhance the state of princes and for the purposes of war. It seems likely that in this early day the African as well as the Asiatic species was tamed, at least to the point where they could be made to serve in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

battle. We can hardly believe that all these animals which were at the command of Hannibal and the other generals of North Africa, came from the Asiatic realm. The fact that in modern times the species which dwells south of the Sahara has not been turned to the uses of man, may be accounted for by the lowly estate of the native people in that part of the world, and the lack of need for such creatures in the economic conditions of the Aryan folk who have settled along the shores and in the southern part of that continent.

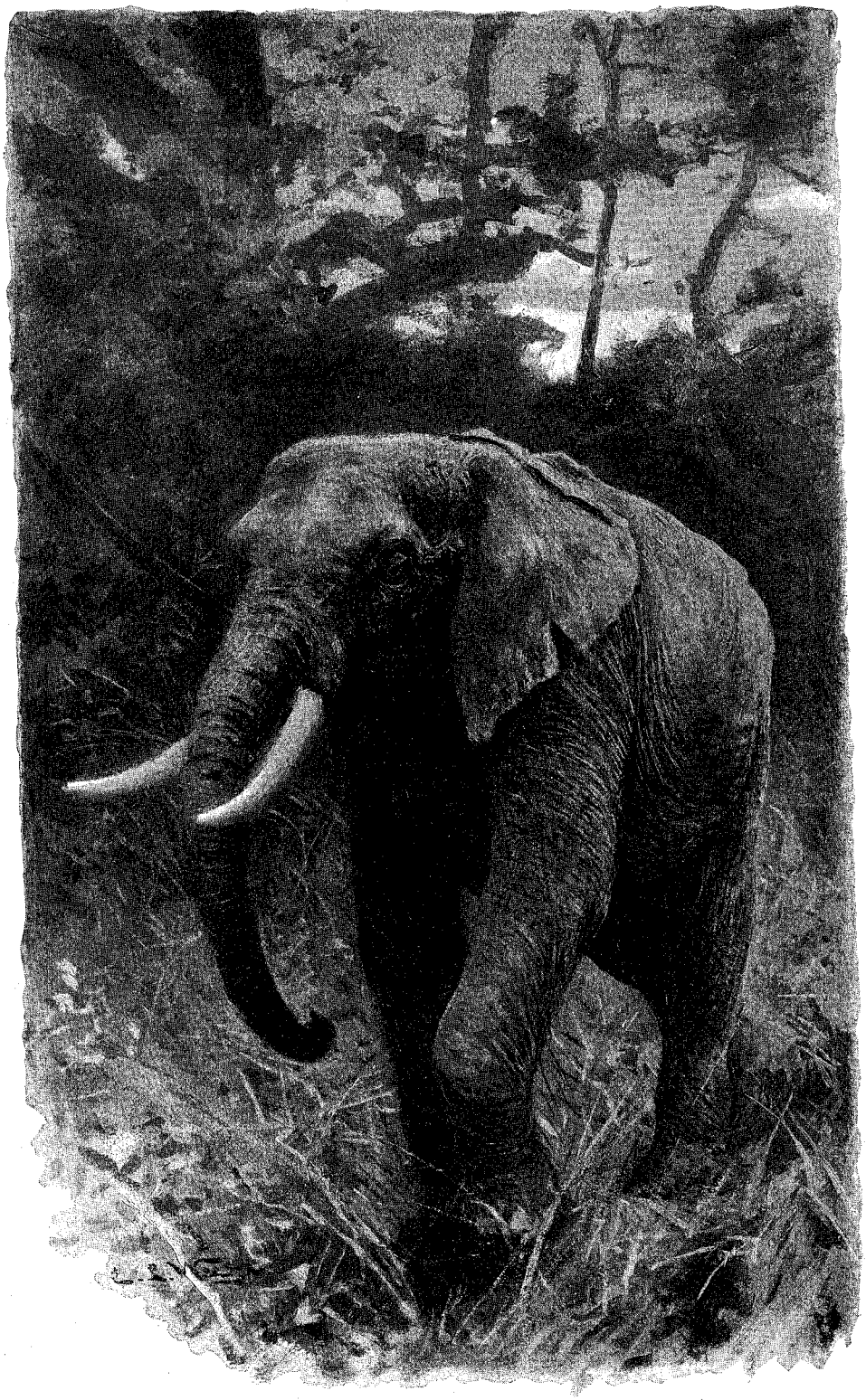
The relations of man to the elephant are more peculiar than those which he has formed with any other domesticated animal. Although the creature will breed in captivity, its reproduction in that state is exceptional, and it is many years before the offspring are fit for any service. It is indeed about thirty years before the creature is sufficiently adult to attain a good measure of strength and endurance. It has therefore been the habit of the people who avail themselves of this admirable beast, to use the captures which they make in the wilderness. It is a most interesting and exceptional fact that these captive elephants, though bred in perfect freedom and provided with none of those inherited instincts so essentially a part of the value of our other domesticated quadrupeds, become helpful to man and attached to him in a way which is characteristic of none other of our ancient companions except the dog. It is safe to say that the Asiatic elephant is the most innately domesticable, and the best fitted by nature for companionship with man, of all our great quadrupeds. The qualities of mind which in our other domesticated quadrupeds have been slowly developed by thousands of years of selection and intercourse with man, are in this creature a part of its wild estate.



An Indian Elephant.

It appears from trustworthy anecdotes, that the Asiatic elephants in a few

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

African Elephant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months of captivity acquire the rules of conduct which it is necessary to impose upon them. The speediness of this intellectual subjugation may be judged from the fact that, after a short term of domestication, they will take a willing and intelligent part in capturing their kindred of the wilderness, showing in this work little or no disposition to rejoin the wild herds. In the case of no other animal do we find anything like such an immediate adhesion to the ways of civilization. We have to account for this eminent peculiarity of the elephant on the supposition, which appears to be thoroughly justified, that the creature has, even in its wild state, a type of intelligence and instincts more nearly like those of men than is the case with any other wild mammal, an affinity with human quality which is, perhaps, only approached by certain species of birds. It appears from the observations of naturalists that the family or tribe of wild elephants is a distinct and highly sympathetic community. The grade and value of the friendly feeling which prevails among them may be judged by the fact that, when one of the males becomes lost or is driven away from its associates, it does not seem to be able to join any other tribe, but becomes a "rogue," or solitary individual, and in this state develops a morose and furious temper.

There are many well-attested stories which serve to show that wild elephants have a kind of intelligence which indicates a certain constructive capacity. Of these, perhaps, the best are the instances in which elephants have been caught in pitfalls, made by digging a hole in the paths of the wilderness which they are accustomed to follow, the surface being covered with a frail platform so arranged as to conceal the excavation. When one of a tribe is caught in the trap, the others, if time allows before the hunters come to the ground, will in an ingenious way release him. I doubt if the most practicable manner of effecting this will occur at once to the reader. The easiest plan may seem to drag the captive from the pit by sheer strength, but as the hole is deep and has vertical sides, the elephants contrive a better way. They bring bits of timber, which they throw into the pitfall, the captive treads them down until he is elevated to a position whence he can escape from his prison.

The intelligence of the wild elephant is probably in good part to be accounted for by the fact that the creature possesses in its trunk an instrument which is admirably contrived to execute the behests of an intelligent will. It is easy for us to see how, in the case of man, the hands have served to develop the intelligence by providing the creature with means whereby he could do a great variety of things which demanded thought and afforded education. The elephant is the only large mammal which has ever acquired a serviceable addition to the body such as the trunk affords. In their ordinary life the trunk does almost as varied work as the human arm. With it they can express emotions in a remarkable way; they caress their young, gather their food by a great variety of movements, or defend themselves from assailants. To the naturalist who has come to perceive the close relations between bodily structure and mental endowments, it is not surprising to find that these creatures have attained a quality of mind which is found nowhere else among the mammals except in man and in some of his kindred the apes.

The most peculiar quality of the elephant, a feature which separates him even from the dog, is the rational way in which he will do certain kinds of mechanical work. He appears to have an immediate sense as to the effects of his actions which we find elsewhere only among human beings. From a great body of well-attested observations, showing what may be called the logical quality of the mind of these creatures, I may be allowed to select a few stories which have a singular denotative value. An acquaintance of mine, a British officer who had served long in India, told me that in taking artillery over very difficult roads, certain of the abler elephants could be trusted to walk behind each piece, where they would in a fashion control its movements, steadying or lifting it as the occasion demanded without any directions from the driver.

Elephants can be trained to pile up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sticks of timber, such as railway ties, placing the layers alternately in opposite directions, as is the custom in such work. There is an excellent and well-attested story of an elephant who without a driver was bearing a stick of timber through a narrow wood path. Meeting a man on horseback, and perceiving that the way was not wide enough for both himself and the oncomer, the sagacious animal deliberately backed his huge body into the chaparral so as to clear the way, and then trumpeted as if to signal the horseman that the path was free.

The emotions as well as the intelligence of elephants are singularly like those of human kind. It is said by those who know them well that if, when in their stubborn fits they are brutally overborne, they are apt to die of what seems to be pure chagrin. Their states of grief, despair, and rage much resemble those which are exhibited by violent children or men unaccustomed to control. Their affections and animosities have also a curious human cast. They readily form attachments which appear to be quite as enduring as those exhibited by dogs, and their memory of injuries remains quick for years after they have received the harm. Well-verified anecdotes showing the likeness of these emotional qualities to our own exist in such numbers that it would be easy to fill a volume with them. They are, however, not necessary to show the likeness of the creature to ourselves. This is sufficiently exhibited by their daily behavior under domestication. In noting this we should remember that the male elephant is the only large mammal which it has proved safe to use in the ordinary work of life. Even our bulls and stallions, though they belong to species which have been domesticated for thousands of years, are so violent and untrustworthy as to be of little value except for breeding purposes. Bulls, even of the tamer breeds, are a constant menace to the lives of their masters; yet an adult elephant recently made captive may, except when seriously diseased, be trusted to obey the mere signals of the driver, who has no such control over him as the bit affords in the case of horses. The creature has the strength to overcome all control save that of a moral nature. To this he submits in a way which is only equalled by our well-bred dogs.

As yet the utility of the elephant to man has, measured by his qualities, been but small. The creature has a marvellous strength, great intelligence, and remarkable docility. In proportion to the power which he can apply to a task, he is not an expensive animal to maintain. He can endure a considerable range of climate, and enjoys a tolerable immunity from disease. The reason for the relatively inconsiderable use of these creatures, is probably to be found in the fact that they are not adapted for ordinary draught purposes, nor are they well suited to the needs of the caravan, for which the camel or the pack-mule is much better fitted. In ancient warfare, before the invention of gunpowder, elephants carrying archers or javelin-men upon their backs, were greatly valued for the effect of their charge against an enemy and for the fright with which they inspired horses. Against the unsteady ranks of Oriental armies they were often most efficient in breaking a line of battle. Even the Roman troops, when they first encountered them and before they knew how to meet their charges, found them very formidable. It was soon learned that if their onset was stoutly resisted, they were likely to become unmanageable in the uproar of the fight, and to do as much damage to friends as to foes. It is only in certain peculiar tasks that, in modern days, the elephants have any economic value, and in the most of this work their strength is likely to be replaced by various engines.

The two existing species of elephants are, as before remarked, the survivors of a long lineage, represented in the geological record by the remains of many extinct forms. Some of these lost species were far smaller than those of to-day; one at least was no larger than our heavier horses. If by the breeder's art the existing varieties could be caused so to change as to give us once again this relatively diminutive form, the creature would be sure to find a place of importance in our ordinary arts. The trouble is that the very long life of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

animal is naturally associated with a slow growth. It requires indeed almost the lifetime of a generation to bring the individual to an adult age. It is therefore not surprising that, as the wild forms can readily be won to domestication, these creatures have not been the subject of any of those interesting processes of selection, which have so far affected for the better the characteristics of nearly all the other domesticated animals.

In every other regard than those mentioned above, the elephant appears to be an excellent subject for improvement by choice in breeding. The individuals vary much as regards their physical and mental qualities. Probably no other wild mammal exhibits such differences in the mental features, as does this highly intellectual creature. The physical individuality does not seem to be as striking as the mental, but even here we note a range, at least as regards size, which is unusual in the wild forms bred under similar conditions. The general elasticity of the group is shown by the considerable differences which may be traced in the herds which occupy different parts of the field over which the species range. As yet these local peculiarities have not been carefully studied, but from an examination of the tusks in the ivory warehouse at the docks in London, I have found that those shipped from particular ports in Africa and Asia differed both in form and texture, so that the experts were able to tell from which district they came. The evidence, in a word, appears to show that the creature tends to vary, and it is a safe presumption that the forms would prove as responsive to the breeder's art as have those of our horses, cattle, sheep or dogs.

As a whole, the elephant has been almost as little associated with the life of our own race as the camel. Neither of these creatures has ever played any considerable part in European affairs. From the disappearance of the last of the mammoths in the closing stages of the Glacial time until the invasions of Italy by Pyrrhus and by Hannibal, elephants were practically unknown in Western Europe. They have never been used in peaceful occupations on that continent, and have had only a trifling place in its military arts. It was probably due to this separation of our eminently experimental race from the realm of the elephants, that no efforts have been made systematically to breed them in captivity, and thus to win varieties in which the form might become better adapted to economic needs, and the remarkable mental powers of the creature be brought to their utmost development. As yet the only Europeans who have had much to do with elephants are the British, who in their civil and military service in India have been thrown in contact with these animals. Generally, however, these people have been only temporarily domiciled in Asia and probably on this account have not become interested in the problems which this noble beast presents to all those who appreciate the animal world. We lack, indeed, the observations which might have been made with admirable effect by British observers in India, during the two centuries in which that people has had to do with the lands in which elephants abound.

The elephant of Africa is still a tolerably abundant animal. Its numbers, though doubtless diminished by more than one-half within this century, are probably to be counted by the hundred thousand. Nevertheless, in less than a hundred years the field which they occupied has been greatly reduced, and between the ivory hunter and the sportsman of our brutal race armed with guns of ever-increasing deadliness, it will certainly not require another century of free shooting to annihilate the African species. In view of the present condition of the life of these noble beasts, it seems in a high measure desirable that a thorough-going effort should be made to extend the domestication to the point where the form will not only be won from the wilds, but will be a permanent element in our civilization, in the manner of our common flocks and herds. It will be an enduring shame if, by neglect of our opportunities, the utmost is not done to attain this end. It appears fit that this task should be undertaken by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Government, which in modern days has displayed a skill and forethought in the administration of its Indian provinces, unexampled in the history of colonies. Owing to the slow breeding-rate of the elephant, it may require more than a century for experiments to attain any definite result, so that the task is clearly beyond the limits of individual endeavor.

THE WORKING-MAN

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

IT was in a corner of the Iowa Building, up-stairs, that I saw them. That corner where Harriet Ketcham's "Peri" stood, white and wistful and ethereally beautiful, like a being from another world of art (as indeed it was) astray in the heterogeneous company of pictures, quilts, and needle ambitions. The shorter and older man was looking earnestly at the statue, the tall young man near him had evidently been explaining and quoting Moore. The first man spoke slowly, in a mellow baritone voice, with the Irish richness of accent, "I guess there is a lot of fellows in that girl's fix, Willy—outside of what they are longing for and not knowing how to git in!"

What Willy answered I could not hear; but, knowing Willy himself, I looked at the men with interest.

The speaker had a round Irish head, covered with crisply curling soft brown hair; but his features were more American than Celtic. His eyes were blue and shrewd and mild, the eyes of a humorist with a dash of poetry in his nature. His dark mustache curled downward about a firm mouth. There was in his expression a very attractive blending of keenness and kindliness; in fine, he looked like a good fellow. His figure, though only of medium stature, was superbly built, the clean, strong lines of chest and back and shoulder visible beneath the snugly buttoned cutaway coat. His dress was neat, even smart, and one of the hands on the slight railing before the statue was gloved; but the other had the texture, the color, and the finger-nails of the daily worker in some grimy substance.

Willy was slender, handsome, delicate-looking, and his clothes showed all the latest fancies which young men affect; but his slim hands were stained and hardened by the same toil.

Willy is learning the manufacturing business, and the branch of useful industry to which he belongs has a foundry for its trunk. He is a moulder. The other is his foreman.

Willy is one of "the company." He was lately graduated at Harvard. He assures me that the moulders "are the pick and choice of the American working-men. They are the most intelligent, the most industrious, the steadiest. They are gentlemen, though not scholars." A manufacturer to whom I trustfully repeated this rhapsody gave me a very broad smile, saying, "Moulders?—they are the toughest lot in the trades. They make the biggest wages and save the least, and they can drink more liquor and show it less than any class of men outside the universities"—he was not a college-bred man.

But Willy's particular moulders, his comrades in the factory, are, as the decrier of moulders admitted, very decent citizens. They do not carouse violently, admitting that they sometimes take enough friendly glasses overnight on especial occasions to make them visit the water-bucket frequently the next morning. They save money and buy themselves tidy little homes. Their children are, almost without an exception, in the way of getting a better education

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—in books—than came to their fathers. They belong distinctly to the law-supporting, not the law-upheaving, element of society.

Make them visit the water-bucket frequently the next morning.—Page 100.

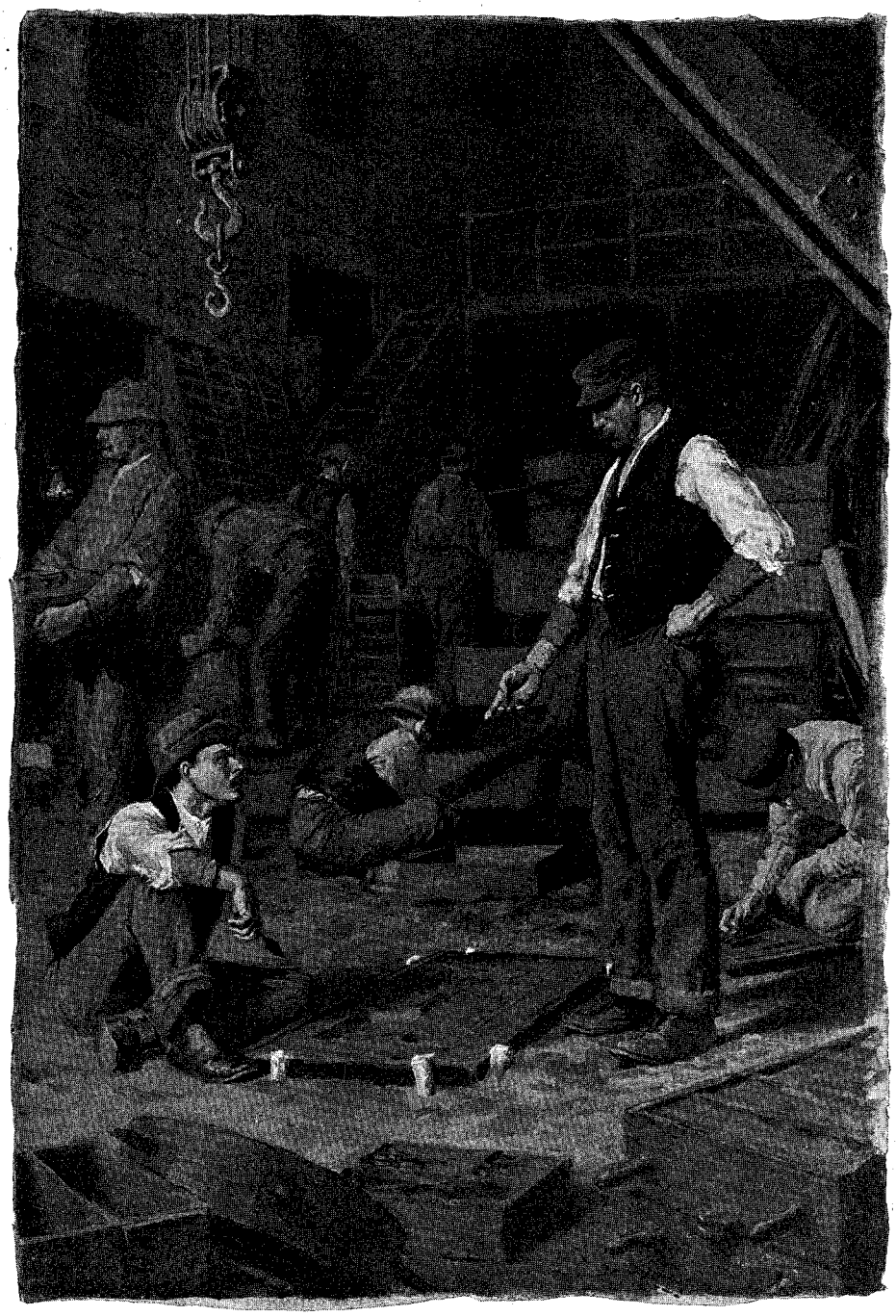
Willy's "boss" is one of the best examples of the American working-man. He belongs to the class of workmen who respect their work more than their wages. Terence Barry feels hurt when his men turn out a casting the lines of which are not flawless. He has the artist's soul. He is loyal to his craft, and loves his work. In all countries, at all times, there have been artisans with the artist's soul, like Terence. However humble their handiwork, it has been saturated with a personal element that set it apart. Emphatically they did *good work*. Down in a wee Cape Cod town, all winds and sand, I found the memory of a cobbler (appropriately bearing the good old Cape name of Handy) whose shoes were described with absolute fervor by his mourners. "There warn't no wearing of them out till they was all gone!" one man expressed it, "and everything else went fust before the stitches."

Terence's moulds and patterns, in which he takes infinite, almost fanciful, pains, will, I foresee, pass into tradition after the fashion of the cobbler's shoes; and Willy will describe them to his grandchildren with a sigh, for there will be giants in these days, when the other days shall have come.

Terence himself would state his artistic creed very simply; he would say, "Well, Willy, try to make a good job every time." The advent of machinery might be expected to rather lower than raise the personal quality needed in a good workman. Experience, however, shows that as machinery becomes more specialized a finer order of mind is needed to direct it. But it must be admitted that the specialization of industry has had the effect to diminish the all-round capacity for which skilled hand-workmen used to be noted; and the trades which still demand versatility, and more or less hand-work of an artisan, are the trades in which are to be found the cleverest workers. Terence's trade has the advantage of needing the hand and the head both. It has, also, a near acquaintance with science. Terence subscribes for *The Moulder's Journal*, and reads of every new discovery in the handling of his own metals. "That paper," says Terence, waving one hand loosely in the air (which is a favorite gesture of his), "that paper jest keeps me up to date."

Willy also subscribes for the *Journal*, and pores over it and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in the evenings—when he does not go out to dinner, or is not too tired to sit up; indeed, it is plain to see that Willy, as a moulder, is forming himself on Terence. *The Moulder's Journal* is a union paper; but Terence belongs to no union himself; and he is as loyal to his employers as a Highlander to his chief. One of the firm "carried iron" with him and "worked on his floor" when they were young fellows together (Terence is not forty, and his former comrade is not thirty-five; but the latter is "the old man," being the head of the business;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The Moulders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Terence is "the old man" in the foundry), and Willy is now working under him. He always called the "old man" by his Christian name, and does now; and he at once addressed Willy with informal affection in the same way. For that matter all the moulders call William "Willy," except two or three, who address him as "Bill." There is no more intention of crossing social barriers than there is in the Russian "Serge Sergevitch." They are all comrades together, as working-men of the same craft are always.

Beyond *The Moulder's Journal* and books of his trade, Terence is not fond of reading; but he has an ardent, if undisciplined, love of art. At the Fair I think he divided his time between the Art Palace and Machinery Hall. He took his wife with him. I saw her once, in the black and white exhibit of the Art Gallery. She was a gentle, pretty, rather silent woman; but what she said had a fund of sense in it, and I liked the way she received a large, florid woman, with a bonnet pushed awry, who puffed up to her in an anxious hurry and perspiration to inquire whether "all the pictures down-stairs were hand-painted?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Terence, unsmilingly, "they are by very famous artists, all of them."

"Do tell!" gasped the inquirer, "ain't there lots!" And she turned to bustle away, in the act revealing that her rapid motion had so disarranged her gown that she must have been shocked could she have seen the back of her own skirts.

"Excuse me," said the sweet voice of Terence's wife; "but I guess you must have torn your skirt; let me fix it."

The large dame gave a sharp glance as far over her shoulder as her stunted neck permitted; with one hand she firmly grasped her pocket, the other went pudgily groping amid her skirt folds.

"Land o' liberty!" she squealed, "if haff my white petticut ain't able to be out! Well, now, I am *ever* so much obliged to *you*. You must excuse me holding my pocket so, Mamie cautioned me so about pickpockets I don't know if I'm on my head or my heels. Yes, that is real nice. Thank you. Say, if you don't mind, would it be too much trouble for you to tell me something about these things? I live in Barrowtown, Indiana, and I ain't never been ten miles from home before; and all our folks from our town went to Buffalo Bill, and I ain't had a soul to say a word to me to-day!"

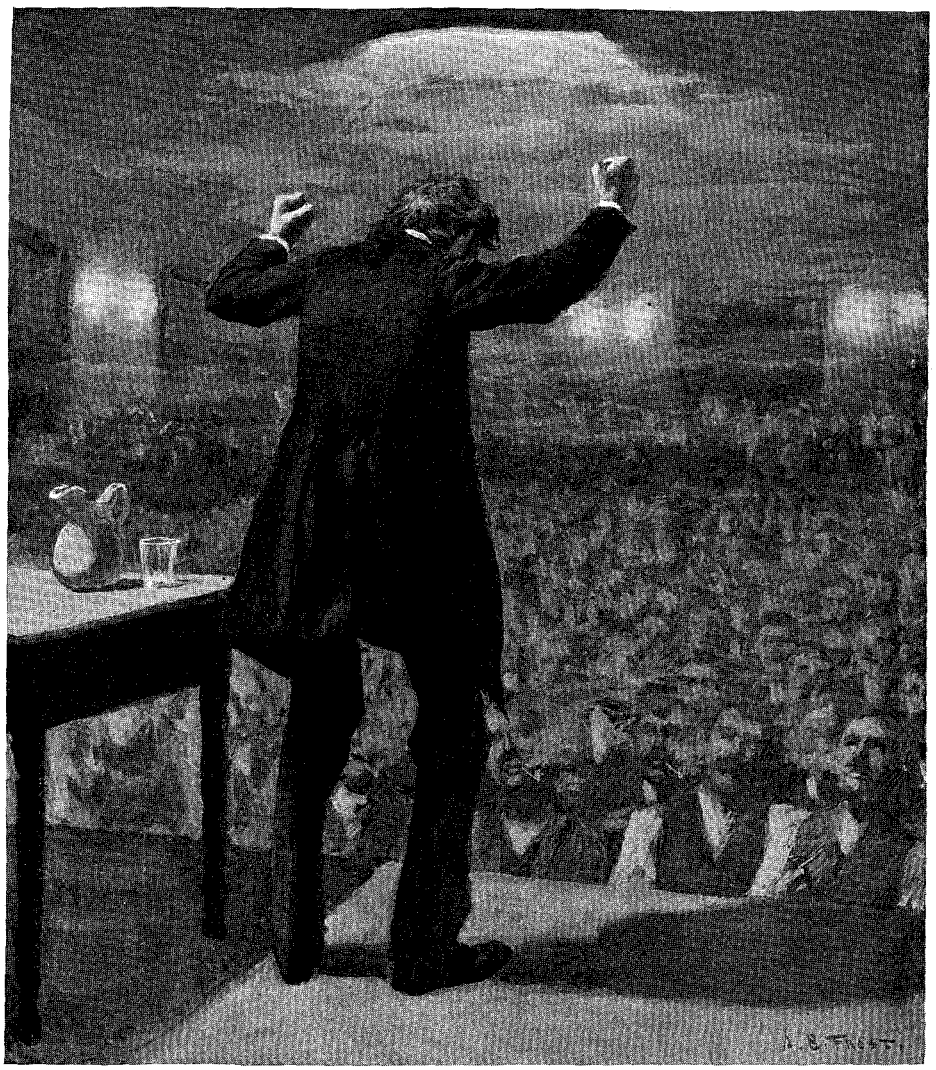
They went down the room together, and I thought Mrs. Terence a missionary, whether any other of the spectators did or not.

I noticed that Mrs. Terence carried a bundle of books in her hand, among them the red and black cover of the Illustrated Art Catalogue. She will take her books home with her, and Terence and she will read them and explain to the children how beautiful was the great Fair. The influence of those days that they spent together, worshipping, after our unexpressive modern fashion, the "beauty most ancient, beauty most new" that they saw, will form a novel tie between them; they will have another interest together, and their pretty cottage will have a different touch in its adornments.

I am sure of it on general principles of human development, but I have a concrete reason besides; for did I not hear Mrs. Barry remark to her husband, "Oh, Terry, ain't you glad we didn't buy the parlor paper before we came to the Fair?"

A very different working-man than Terence used to give me a passing salutation on the Midway and in the Art Building. No one unacquainted with the man would have classed him as a working-man. He looked like the professor of a small but deeply religious fresh-water college, where the patronage is not sufficient to justify the attendance of a first-rate butcher. He is a man of spare habit and the average height, would he hold up his chin; but in general he slightly drops his shoulders and inclines his handsome head to one side, as in meditation. His hair is silver-gray, soft and curling. Not only his black frock-coat and the wisp of black silk tied neatly about his shining white collar bespeak the clerk, but still more his long aquiline features, his mild superior smile, and his complexion of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The working-man loves eloquence.—Page 105.

studious pallor, uncheered by so much as a freckle; while the critical glance of the class-room peers through his gold-bowed spectacles. But he is in fact a mechanic, a carpenter, and a very good one. He does as honest work of its kind as Terence does of his. But he has none of Terence's philosophy of life. He is a malcontent on principle. From his youth he has read and pondered and agonized over the misery of the world. He is not a pessimist, quite the reverse; the loudest promoter of a shortcut to the millennium for labor finds an eager believer in him. He has, moreover, original notions, not in the main conceptions, but in the details; and he is proud to dogmatism of his dazzling elaborations. He belongs to all the labor unions and federations and alliances, and likes nothing so dearly as to make speeches. Perhaps the speeches are too long, perhaps his temperament is too autocratic (for the more freedom he demands for the masses, the more intolerant of opposition or argument he becomes); perhaps, simply, he has not the robust magnetism possessed by many a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less honest and earnest dictator; whatever the cause the result remains—he is not popular. The working-man loves eloquence. It is over and over again trumpeted that oratory is dying among us because we no longer care for the silver tongue. But one who knows anything about the working-man cannot fail to be impressed with his admiration for the gift of expression. "Yes," said an honest carpenter to the writer, speaking of an arrant demagogue, "he is mean as he is slick; but we working-men do like a good talker, and we swaller him for his speeches." Poor Danby imagines his long-winded diatribes to be as eloquent as Robert Ingersoll's union of melody and fire; it is the shadow on his life that he is no longer called to speak at meetings. Passing sweet it used to be to hear the cries of "Danby!" "Danby!" "John L. Danby!" in the packed room, as he sat with an air of carefully composed modesty on his pale face. And then the exquisite emotions of that progress through the crowd, all eyes on him, escorted by a bustling member of the committee; and the delicious ring of the exclamation, "That's him!" and the inward rapture of that moment of power when he stood on the platform (having been assisted deferentially by willing hands in the removal of his top-coat) and glanced solemnly over the audience! Ah, when one considers the agonies of stage-fright that some men undergo if called to address their fellow-citizens—how some of us will even stay away from delightful banquets in dread of the post-prandial oblation—it seems truly sad that poor Danby, who never felt a pang (except of keen delight) after his feet touched the platform, should sit, silent, undesired, hoping in vain for a call! Yet even at temperance gatherings (he is a light among the believers in prohibitory liquor laws), and notwithstanding he is brave as a bull-dog, and has sworn information against saloon-keepers in a town openly defiant of the law, where he had good reason to expect his bones to be broken for it, the ungrateful brethren will not have his speeches.

But at the Fair I was pleased to see that he frequently had a little gathering about him (in which earnest women with note-books predominated), and was doubtless pouring forth a copious stream of information.

Once in this crowd, watching the orator with a curious smile, I saw a labor leader who never lacks a hearing. There has been endless speculation concerning him; he has been lavishly praised, venomously criticised; perhaps he is neither a stainless fanatic nor an unscrupulous schemer who uses the working-man to further his own ambition; perhaps he believes both in the cause of labor and his own interest, and is merely making the everlasting failure, with the everlasting blindness.

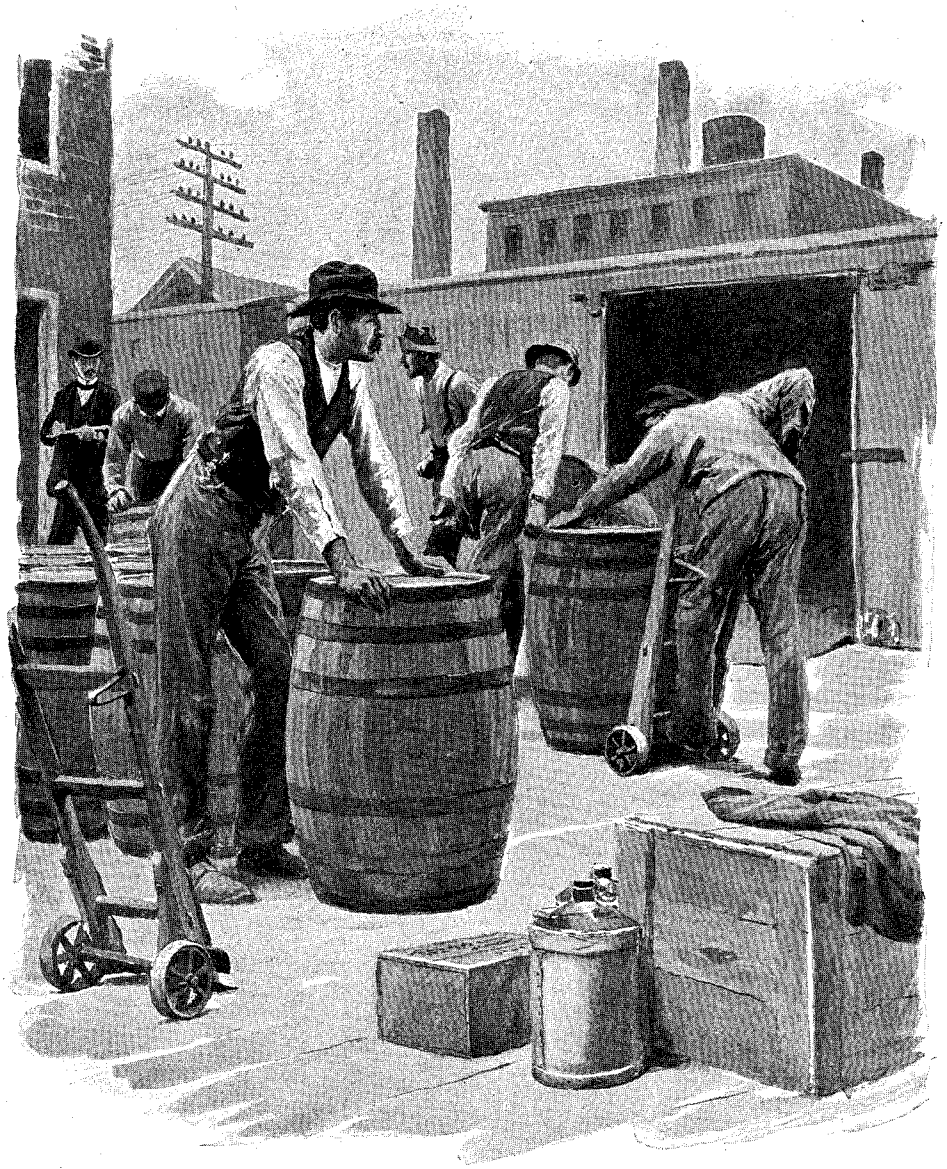
He is not so interesting to me as poor Eben Coates, who recommended the agricultural free lunches one day, when I encountered him on the Midway. It was a slight surprise to me to see Eben,

"He is mean as he is slick."

but not a very great one, although I had had the privilege of fitting Eben's family out with shoes a few weeks previous. Eben belongs to the fringe of labor. He has no trade, being merely a handler of material—what is called a roustabout—at a factory. In palmy times of employ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment Eben helps load cars at a great paint plant. He is a political character also, and works out poll taxes occasionally. He does not shun the foaming beer-mug or the still red glass; in fact he spends (in spite of his popularity on the street) a good deal more money than he can afford in drink; but I never have heard that he was intoxicated. When I saw Eben he was standing before the high fence of the ostrich farm listening with open-mouthed pleasure to the ostrich moralist's praise of his great improving show. He has a fine, stalwart figure and a handsome face, when he keeps his mouth shut. His wife, one of the plainest and most hard-working women in our town, glories in Eben's manly beauty; and I know she sent him forth well washed and well mended;



"He is always trying to do as little for his wages as he can."—Page 107.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he was already (at ten in the morning) dusty and slouchy, and something had torn his coat.

"Pretty good show, I guess," said Eben, as I greeted him, "but ten cents is too much for these hard times."

I felt it no more than becoming to treat my townsman to the ostrich farm, and in gratitude he gave me his best information about free lunches. He explained that his monthly pension had just been paid him, and that Susan had obtained a regular job two days in the week, and the rates were very low; and Susan said it would be a shame for him not to go, so he was there.

He was anxious that I should speak a kind word for him to his employer ("We are all laid off now, you know") so that he might be taken on as soon as the shops reopened. "It is almighty hard, ma'am," he said, "for a man to be willing to work and not to be able to work, now ain't it? All I ask is jest a chance to work!"

I promised to speak to his employer, and I did.

His employer smiled. "Oh, yes, Coates? His wife does choring for us. Nice woman, but he is utterly worthless; not vicious, you understand, but just useless; doesn't take a particle of interest in his work, and is always trying to do as little for his wages as he can. When we cut the force he is always among the first to be dropped."

But poor Eben will never know that, nor will his wife.

A Labor Leader.

THE SLEEP

By M. L. van Vorst

Love in a life; and after life—the Sleep.
But we hang on a word, a look, and keep
The pulses throbbing, make the spark burn low,
And close the book to laugh, perhaps to weep,
Most surely—if, O gods, we may but know
Love in a life!
And so
Our burning palms we raise.
For dear hand-clasps and kisses on the lips
And close embrace
We give our nights and days;
And in one sweet draught our spirits steep,
Forgetting, whilst the Lights of Love Eclipse
The Sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE EVIL AND ITS CURE

By Ernest Flagg

THE greatest evil which ever befell New York City was the division of the blocks into lots of 25 × 100 feet. So true is this, that no other disaster can for a moment be compared with it. Fires, pestilence, and financial troubles are as nothing in comparison; for from this division has arisen the New York system of tenement-houses, the worst curse which ever afflicted any great community.

The object of this paper is to show that all the evils of the system lie entirely in the plan; that with another plan, light, air, health, and comfort can be furnished at the same, if not at less cost than the great majority of the inhabitants of this town are now forced to pay for dwellings not fit for the lower animals. Unfortunately the same division of the land which led to the plan for these houses is the chief obstacle in the way of reform.

The houses are built on lots 25 × 100 ft. and generally about five stories high. A regulation of the Board of Health limits the depth to ninety feet, so that there is a space of ten feet by the width of the lot at the rear for light. Of course this is doubled when similar houses are erected back to back. In addition there is usually a diamond-shaped court, so-called, or well, at the sides, about four feet wide, when the houses are built side by side. That is to say, each owner leaves a recess at the side of about two feet by forty odd (as shown in Fig. 4); each floor is arranged for two families in the better class of houses, but more generally four families occupy one floor. Each family has a room facing the street or the yard, and from two to three rooms lighted, or rather not lighted, from the central slit or well. The front rooms measure about twelve feet square. The others about seven by ten feet.

When the city was first laid out, the division of the blocks into lots 25 × 100 ft. was entirely unobjectionable. The people generally built houses of moderate dimensions, lighted at the front from the street, and in the rear from the yard. If a larger dwelling was required, more land was taken and the house was made wider; but as the city grew, the land increased so greatly in value that an effort was made to occupy more of the 25 × 100 ft. lot than was consistent with the proper lighting of

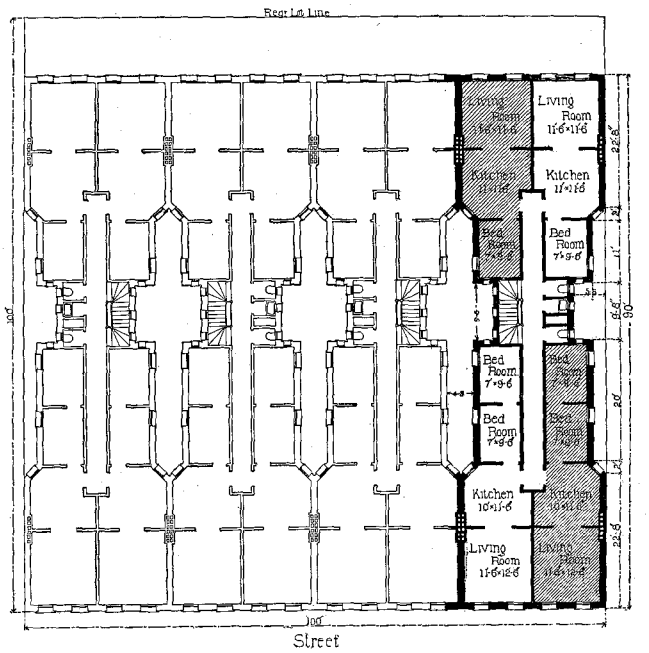


Figure 4
PLAN D

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the interior. As a result, the central part of many of our so-called fine houses is unfit to live in. If this desire to cover too much of the land proved objectionable in houses occupied by one family, its results have been simply disastrous in houses occupied by several families.

As everyone knows, the fashionable quarter of the town, first at the Battery, has moved steadily and rapidly to the north. As the rich people vacated their houses to go farther uptown, they were turned over to the poor. Houses built for one family were occupied by twice as many families as the building had floors. As the older houses were comparatively shallow, being but two rooms deep, another house, known as a rear tenement, was erected on the back of the lot, a space being left between the old building and the new. The rear tenement was lighted simply from this space. There are many such houses in the city now, but the Board of Health regulations have for some years prevented the erection of more. The city grew at such a rate that it soon became necessary to erect new houses as tenements. The builders having been in the habit of building houses 25 × 100 ft., saw no better way than to continue the practice, and this new style of building took that form. The first houses to be built were lighted only at the front and rear; all the central rooms being dark as well as the hall and stairs.

During the last fifteen or twenty years, the Board of Health has made feeble efforts at reform, and we now have houses of a so-called improved type, that is to say, buildings of the kind first described, with wells or shafts of stagnant air at the sides, acting as conductors of noise, odors, and disease from one apartment to another. The bedrooms of one family have their windows directly opposite, and four feet distant from, the windows of the house adjoining. Each family has generally a cooking-stove in one of the rooms which open on to this same slit or well. It is unnecessary to comment on this style of house. Very little imagination is required to picture to one's self the wretched condition of people forced to live under such circumstances, and the great danger arising therefrom to the health and morals of the community. By far the greater number of the inhabitants of this city live in such houses. From sixteen to twenty families to a single lot.

From the time of its first introduction, there has been no radical change in the plan of these houses. Acres upon acres have been covered by them, all constructed on the same general plan based upon the shape of the lot, 25 × 100 ft. Strange to say, they are not usually built singly. In most cases the houses are put up in blocks of from two, three, and four, up to twenty or more, yet no attempt is ever made to depart from the stereotyped plan. If an owner has a plot one hundred feet square, instead of building one house he builds four houses. It never seems to have occurred to anyone that this is an extremely extravagant and wasteful way of building; yet such is the case, for the system involves the erection of an unnecessary amount of wall, partitions, and corridor, also an unnecessary number of entrances, halls, etc., and consequent loss of room. So great is the loss of room from these causes, that it is possible to plan buildings of a different type which, while having the same amount of rentable space in rooms, shall cover so much less of the lot as to leave an abundant space free for light and air. The buildings, covering a smaller area, will cost less to erect, so that properly lighted and well-ventilated apartments can be supplied at less than it costs to build the dreadful affairs which we now have.

The difficulty has arisen and persistently flourishes, owing entirely to our lack of knowledge of the art of scientific planning. For who would waste money in erecting unnecessary walls, halls, etc., if he knew how to obtain the same amount of rentable space much better lighted without them? By the present system the ground is encumbered, the light obstructed, and the structure rendered unhealthy and unfit to live in; and all this is accomplished at a vastly increased expense over what the same rentable space, well lighted, might be obtained for. Great sums of money

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are yearly squandered upon making the structures unfit to live in. Then other great sums are contributed by

Type 1

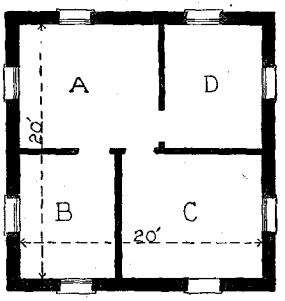


Figure 1

charitable people to relieve the distress which these horrible structures engender. Hospitals are kept full, children die, misery, disease, and crime flourish, because the people are huddled together without light and air; and all this happens simply because the principles of economical planning are not understood. Verily ignorance is expensive!

The art of commercial or economical planning is an exact science very little understood anywhere, and least of all here. It is a curious fact that, although thousands of books have been written upon architecture, there are none on planning, which is unquestionably the most important part of architecture.

In planning houses for the poor, economy of space is of the most vital importance, for any waste in the arrangement lays an added burden on people least able to bear it. Our tenement-house system is the result of accident.

No intelligent thought has been bestowed on the problem, or at least all such thought has been wasted upon the 25 × 100 plan, where the conditions are such as to preclude the possibility of a successful solution.

The fact that so much of the land is held in such parcels is our misfortune, but the obstacle is not insuperable, as shown by our office buildings. The land down town was held under the same conditions, but when it became apparent that it was not economical to erect office buildings on lots of the standard size, the difficulty was gradually overcome, and such buildings are almost always built on lots of greater dimensions.

The tenement-house evil is staring us in the face, and the community is daily becoming more and more alive to the imperative necessity for reform. A desperate disease needs a desperate remedy. It should be made unprofitable to erect the kind of tenement we now have. If it is clearly shown that the present evils can be overcome by the adoption of a different type of building, erected on larger lots, certain restrictions established by law would in time bring about the desired change.

In order to demonstrate clearly the waste involved in the present plan, it will be necessary to point out a few fundamental laws in the art of economical planning. Let us take a hypothetical case; suppose that it is desired to build a small habitation in an open space. Here we can say definitely that the most economical plan is an exact square, for every deviation from it, except the circle, which is impractical, involves the erection of more wall to inclose a given area in rooms.

Let Fig. 1 be the plan of such a building, of the dimensions shown, which we will call the first type. The number of running feet of wall necessary to inclose it is roughly 4 × 20 = 80 feet. The area inclosed is 20 × 20 = 400 square feet. Now, any deviation from this plan will be found to be more extravagant, as shown in Fig. 2, which we will call the second type. In this case we have a quadrilateral inclosing the same area, measuring 10 ft. × 40 ft. The number of running feet of wall necessary to inclose this equals 2 × 40 plus 2 × 10

Type 2

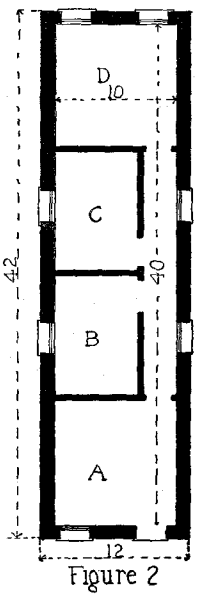


Figure 2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

= 100 ft. Area inclosed is 10 × 40 = 400 square feet as before. Thus there is a saving of twenty per cent. in wall by the former method. Moreover, there is another consideration of great importance, viz., no corridor is required by the first plan. The corridor is of no use to the tenant, and it costs as much to build as a like area in rooms. In the dwelling of the first type, divided as shown in Fig. 1, let A be the living-room, B, C, and D bedrooms. Any of these rooms can be reached directly from A. Also in the dwelling of the second type, as shown in Fig. 2, let A be the living-room, and B, C, and D bedrooms. To reach any of these rooms from A without going through other rooms, requires a corridor of 3 ft. × 20 ft., or 60 square feet. There is thus a saving of space on this score, between the two plans, of fifteen per cent. There is also a saving of fifteen per cent. in the number of running feet of interior partitions required to separate the various rooms.

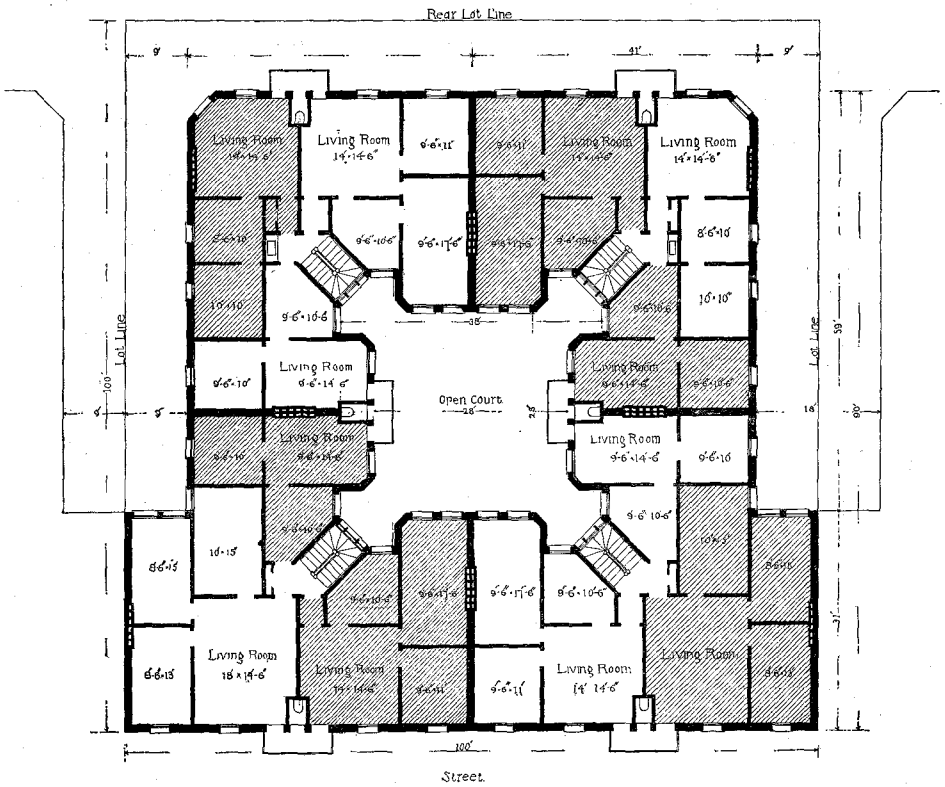
As a more complete demonstration of the importance of this principle, let us suppose these two figures to be the plans of one-story structures with interior dimensions as given, and having exterior walls of brick one foot thick; and that the cost to erect the one shown in Fig. 2, would be twelve cents per cubic foot. The contents of the building, supposing it to be twelve feet high, would be 6,048 cubic feet, and the cost to erect $725. Now, let us suppose that the cost of the other would be at the same rate, less the saving effected in the amount of wall required to inclose it. Its contents would be 5,808 cubic feet, which, at twelve cents per cubic foot, equals $697; from which deduct the cost of 20 running feet of wall 12 feet high; estimating the cost of the brickwork at $12 per thousand brick laid, this would amount to $60, making the net cost $637. Now, by Type 1 we have 380 square feet of available floor-space in the rooms after deducting space occupied by partitions, etc., and in Type 2, only 317 square feet of such space. By Type 1 each square foot of rentable floor-space in rooms would cost to erect $16.76, while by Type 2 each square foot of such space would cost $22.87. Therefore there is a saving in Type 1 over Type 2 of more than twenty-six per cent., to say nothing of the fact that it covers less ground, an item of great importance in cities.

The comparison might be pushed farther, and an additional saving calculated on the partitions necessary to separate the rooms, cost of foundations, and other matters, all in favor of Type 1; but enough has been shown to demonstrate the principle involved; and one may say here, by way of parenthesis, that, if the art of commercial or economical planning were understood by our architects, enough money might be saved in a few years, on buildings erected in this city, to endow all the charitable institutions which we have. The Building Department records show that the value of tenements, flats, etc., erected in this city during the last fourteen years, amounts to three hundred and twenty-five million dollars; of this amount at least fifteen per cent. might have been saved, or nearly fifty million dollars, on this one class of buildings. The money has been worse than thrown away, because this vast amount of useless masonry has served no other purpose than to obstruct the light and render the buildings unhealthy.

While it is possible to build dwellings exactly according to the first type in the country, where the cost of land is not a consideration and there is an open space on all sides, it is not practicable to so arrange them in the city, where the cost of land and the same conditions do not prevail. But, as will be shown, in order to arrive at the best results we must endeavor to conform to this law as nearly as circumstances will admit. The more nearly we can approach to Type 1, the more economical will be the plan.

Now, the plans of our tenements, of necessity, owing to the shape of the lot, are based upon Type 2. The plans which are submitted herewith, in Figs. 3, 5, and 6 (following pages), are based upon Type 1. It will be shown that the actual saving by these plans over those in common use, while not so great as between the hypothetical plans shown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PLAN A. FIGURE 3

in Figs. 1 and 2, is still very considerable. In the present tenement there is no proper provision for light and air. In the plans submitted there is such provision, yet, owing to the saving effected by the change of type the cost per square foot of available space by these plans would be much less than by the present vicious method.

Fig. 3 represents a building planned as nearly as possible upon the system illustrated in the hypothetical structure shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 4 represents a block of four ordinary tenements of the most approved type, known as model tenements, the plan of which was taken from "How the Other Half Lives," by Jacob A. Riis, where it is given to illustrate the evolution which has taken place in the plan of these buildings during the last twenty years. The plan is simply a variation of the ordinary plan for a 25-foot tenement-house, and although the hall and staircase are partially lighted from the well, all the other evils of the system are preserved.

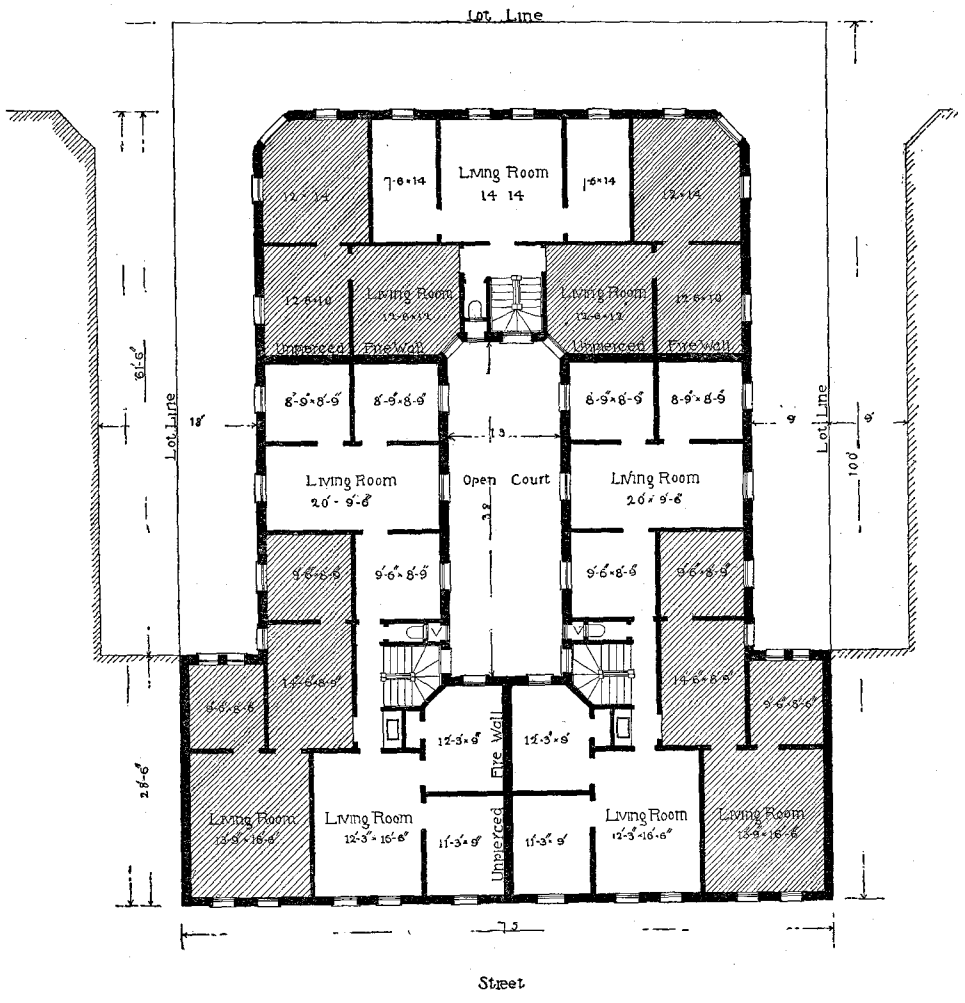
Let us call the plan shown in Fig. 3, Plan A, and the plan shown in Fig. 4, Plan D. These two plans have been carefully drawn to the same scale, and the following calculations accurately made.

The size of the lot is the same in both cases, viz., 100 ft. × 100 ft., giving an area of 10,000 square feet; taking the average thickness of the walls at one foot, the partitions at six inches, and supposing that the walls between the houses of Plan D are party-walls, then we have this area distributed at each of the upper floors as follows:

	Plan A.	Plan D.
	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.
Space occupied by brick wall	650	850
" " " partitions	350	515
" " " stairs and corridors.	290	800
" " " water-closets	50	175
Space devoted to light and air	3,060	2,060
Available rentable space in rooms	5,600	5,600
Total	10,000	10,000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It will be noticed that, although the space left vacant for light and air is almost one-half more, or one thousand square feet greater, in Plan A than in Plan D, yet the amount of rentable space in rooms is the same in both; but even this increased area does not adequately represent the relative advantage of the former plan over the latter in this respect, for the light is concentrated in Plan A in large bodies. The lighting Thus the central court in Plan A is smaller than the united area of the light wells in Plan D; but the rooms opening upon the wells will receive an insufficient amount of light, while those opening upon the court shown in Plan A, where the least dimension is 28 feet, will be well lighted. Indeed, every room upon this latter plan would receive an abundance of light, for none of them have windows opening upon a



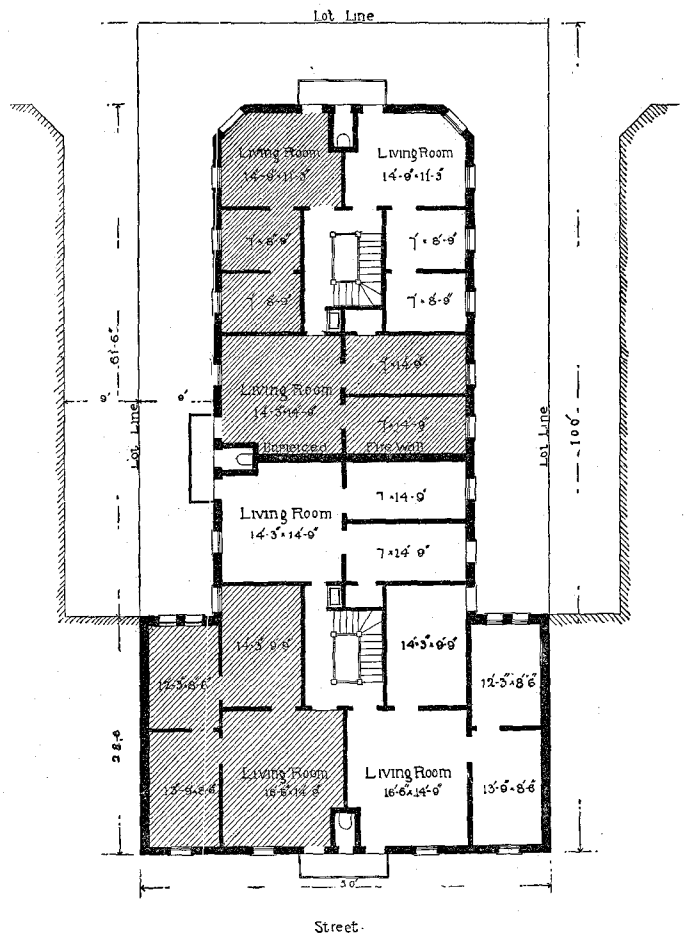
PLAN B, FIG 5

of a building does not depend so much upon the area of the unoccupied space as upon how that space is managed. space less than 18 feet wide, while the windows of most of the rooms of the other plan open upon a space only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about four feet wide; nor do these widths either represent the relative amount of light, as up to a certain point the light increases in a greater proportion than the increase in the width of the court. Also a court, unless very large, which is open on one side is of very much more service than one of the same dimensions closed on all sides. The difference, then, in the lighting of the two plans is out of all proportion to the increased light area.

A building constructed on Plan A would be properly lighted; buildings constructed on Plan D are only properly lighted at the two ends. The available rentable space cannot be compared, for one is fit for human habitation and the other is not.



PLAN C

FIG 6.

Now let us compare the relative cost of the two structures, as shown by the following figures:

	Plan A.	Plan D.
Number of running feet of brick wall from foundation to roof	650	850
Number of running feet of interior partition on each floor	700	1,030
Contents of building, cubic feet	490,000	556,500
Assuming the cost per cubic foot at 15 cents, the total cost would be	$73,500	$83,475

In calculating the cubical contents it has been assumed that both buildings are seventy feet high and contain six stories.

From the above figures it will be seen that the building shown by Plan A, although infinitely better lighted and containing the same amount of rentable floor area, would cost less to build than the other, even if both were calculated at the same price per cubic foot; but this would not be the case, for while 850 running feet of wall is required by Plan D, only 650 running feet of such wall is required by Plan A, nor is the increased amount of wall required by Plan D any advantage for fire or otherwise, but rather the contrary. For it will be seen that, while there are four divisions which might be called separate buildings in both cases, yet in Plan A the dividing walls are true fire-walls, unpierced, extending from top to bottom, while in the case of Plan D the dividing walls are pierced by win-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dows, only about four feet distant from those in the next house, so that these walls offer little security against fire.

In addition to the saving of 200 running feet of brick wall extending from foundation to roof, there is another saving of 330 running feet of partition plastered on both sides, on each floor; the cost of these two items would amount to over $8,000, which should be deducted from the estimated cost by Plan A. Now we have:

	Plan A.	Plan D.
Net cost of building	$65,500	$83,475
Add cost of land, say $8,000 per lot, or $32,000 in both cases	32,000	32,000
Total cost	$97,500	$115,475

Thus the well-lighted space shown on Plan A could be rented for fifteen per cent. less than the improperly lighted quarters shown on Plan D, and the owner would still receive the same rate of interest on the investment; or the owner of a house planned according to Plan A could give his tenants fifteen per cent. more room for the same rent than the owner of a building planned according to Plan D, and still receive the same rate of interest on the investment.

The above comparisons have been made between four ordinary houses, and one building designed for a lot one hundred feet square; but the same principles which govern Plan A are applicable to buildings intended for lots of smaller dimensions, as shown in plans B and C. Plan B is for a lot 75×100 feet, and Plan C for one 50×100 feet. While the best results are obtained the more nearly we can approach to the square, yet economical plans can be made for buildings on lots not less than 50 feet wide.

Plan E (p. 116) represents a building of the 25×100 feet type, of a kind much used during the last few years; the well at the side is extended back to the rear opening. While an improvement over the ordinary method in this respect, it is still far from satisfactory as regards the lighting of the rooms, almost all of which open upon a space about 4 feet wide, and that only under the best circumstances—that is, when the adjoining owner leaves a corresponding recess; if this is not done, then the rooms look out upon a court about 2 feet wide, which is absurd. This plan and Plan D are for the best type of tenement, and illustrate about all that can be done on a lot 25×100 feet. They go to prove that satisfactory plans cannot be made for tenements on lots of that size, for if enough space is left unoccupied to properly light the rooms, then these latter will be so reduced in size and number as to make the investment unprofitable. Unless we are satisfied with our present tenement-house system, the sooner we realize this fact the better; a reform can only be accomplished by imposing such restrictions, in regard to the space to be left for light and air, as will make the erection of such houses unprofitable.

The following table gives a comparative statement of the percentage of the total area of the lot which is occupied at the level of each of the upper floors by walls, partitions, water-closets, stairs, and public corridors; the area left for light and the actual area included in the rooms, after making deduction for the above items in Plans A, B, and C as submitted, and in Plans D and E, representatives of the ordinary tenement.

Percentage of total area of lot occupied at each story level by	Plan A.	Plan B.	Plan C.	Plan D.	Plan E.
	p.c.	p.c.	p.c.	p.c.	p.c.
Walls	6.5	6.4	6.0	8.5	9.0
Partitions	3.5	3.75	3.75	5.2	5.2
Water-closets	0.5	0.5	0.5	1.7	1.7
Stairs and corridors	2.9	3.1	4.5	8.0	8.0
Left vacant for light and air	30.6	31.0	32.25	20.6	20.8
Rentable space in rooms	56.0	55.25	53.0	56.0	55.3
Total	100	100	100	100	100

In Plans A, B, and C, it will be seen that the percentage of space devoted to light area increases slightly as the plan diminishes in width, and the available area in rooms diminishes correspondingly; moreover, although a greater percentage of unoccupied space for light is allowed as the lot becomes narrower, yet the best lighted plan is A, where the percentage is least, demonstrating the advisability of building upon lots as nearly square as possible. While in Plans D and E there is practically the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same amount of rentable space, very little of it is as well lighted as in the other three plans, the rooms at the front and rear being the only ones which receive a proper degree of light.

There are two methods of lighting a building: one may be called the independent method, and the other the dependent method. In the first case the owner depends entirely upon his own property for light, in the other case he counts more or less upon his neighbor's land.

The first is the French method. Buildings in France are generally provided with a central court of sufficient size to properly light the house. The latter method is that in vogue in this city; we depend for light partly upon the area of unoccupied space on our own land, and partly upon what we hope our neighbors will leave unoccupied. The latter method is the most economical, provided one is sure that the adjoining property-holder will kindly adapt his structure to the needs of our building. Unfortunately it is seldom one can depend upon such consideration.

If tenement-houses are to receive their light from the outside rather than from a central court, then restrictions should be placed upon the adjoining land which will insure light.

It will be noticed that in Plans A, B, and C a space nine feet wide is left at the side of the house, extending from a line about thirty feet from the street to the rear of the lot; a similar space should be required to be left unoccupied at the side of all tenement-houses or buildings which adjoin tenement-houses; such a regulation would amount to a prohibition in the case of lots only twenty-five feet wide, which ought to be the case.

If houses are to be built of the present type, there is only one possible way to make them habitable—that is, to reduce the depth of the buildings to such an extent as will make them unprofitable for tenement purposes. Something more must be required than a mere percentage of unoccupied space. As shown in Plans A, B, and C, about seventy per cent. of the lot may be covered and the building thoroughly lighted in every part, but the lot must measure at least fifty feet in width to make such a result possible.

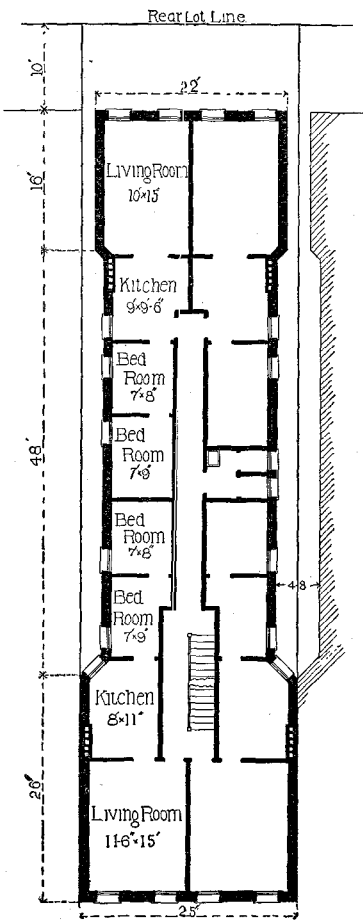


Figure 7

Street

PLAN E

The power to make the necessary restriction is already in the hands of the Board of Health, and needs only to be enforced. A simple regulation for space at the side of the building, like that now enforced for such space at the rear, would quickly bring about a change of plan. Such a restriction would result in the adoption of plans of the type of A, B, and C, and the New York tenement-house problem would be solved so far as new buildings are concerned. Many years would be required to bring about a complete change, but the buildings already constructed are of such a flimsy character that they cannot last forever; moreover, when it is once realized what a very great economy there is in this type of planning over the one in ordinary use, many owners would be inclined to rebuild upon a more rational system.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Plans A, B, and C, there are three apartments on each floor for each lot occupied. Thus there are twelve apartments to the floor by Plan A, which occupies four lots, nine by Plan B, etc., while by Plans D and E there are four apartments on each floor to the lot. In other words, the apartments shown on Plans A, B, and C have about twenty-five per cent. more space in rooms than those shown on Plans D and E. The rooms average twenty-five per cent. larger, which ought to be the case. To crowd four families on each floor of a 25-foot house is not right or decent. Nor is it right to provide bedrooms 7 feet × 9 feet, which never receive a ray of sunlight, and which must often be occupied by several people continuously. The rooms shown on Plans A, B, and C are small enough, in all conscience, but what an improvement over those on the other plans! Not only are they one-quarter larger and well lighted, but also more conveniently arranged, for the bedrooms can generally be entered directly from the living-room without passing through other bedrooms or the public corridors, as in Plans D and E.

Notwithstanding their twenty-five per cent. larger size, proper light and ventilation, greater security against fire, and better arrangement, these apartments could doubtless be rented for the same price as the others, owing to the economy of the plan and to the fact that there would be fewer vacancies than is ordinarily the case, and loss of rent from unoccupied apartments would count less as a factor in estimating the returns from the property.

Plans A, B, C, D, and E demonstrate mathematically that the chief evils of our tenement-house system, those which afflict this community to-day, may be overcome by a change in the type of plan for such houses, and that these evils can only be overcome by such a change.

The philanthropic method of reform can accomplish practically nothing. What if a hundred or five hundred landlords erect model tenements and rent them at a low rate of interest, such relief would be only a drop in the bucket so long as the vast majority of owners continue the erection of houses of the kind we now have.

Reform can only be brought about through the pockets of the landlords. Show them how they can build good houses for less than it now costs to build bad ones. Show them how they can get the same amount of desirable, properly lighted apartment at less cost than they have heretofore paid for undesirable, improperly lighted apartments. This is to strike at the root of the evil. Then let the Board of Health do its part to bring about the change. For twenty years this body has been pottering with the subject and has accomplished nothing; it is now high time to call a halt and to make use of the powers which years ago were vested in it for this very purpose.

MIRAGE

By Graham R. Tomson

With milk-white dome and minaret
  Most fair my Promised City shone;
Beside a purple river set
  The waving palm-trees beckoned on.

O yon, I said, must be my goal
  No matter what the danger be,
The chosen haven of my soul,
  How hard soe'er the penalty.

The goal is gained—the journey done—
  Yet naught is here but sterile space,
But whirling sand and burning sun,
  And hot winds blowing in my face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL

By Agnes Repplier

THERE is a sentence in one of Miss Mitford's earliest and most charming papers, "The Cowslip Ball," which has always delighted me by its quiet satire and admirable good-temper. She is describing her repeated efforts and her repeated failures to tie the fragrant clusters together.

"We went on very prosperously, *considering*, as people say of a young lady's drawing, or a Frenchman's English, or a woman's tragedy, or of the poor little dwarf who works without fingers, or the ingenious sailor who writes with his toes, or generally of any performance which is accomplished by means seemingly inadequate to its production."

Here is precisely the sentiment which Dr. Johnson embodied, more trenchantly, in his famous criticism of female preaching. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." It is a sentiment which, in one form or another, prevailed throughout the last century, and lapped over into the middle of our own. Miss Mitford is merely echoing, with cheerful humor, the opinions of the very clever and distinguished men whom it was her good fortune to know, and who were all the more generous to her and to her sister toilers, because it did not occur to them for a moment that women claimed, or were ever going to claim, a serious place by their sides. There is nothing clearer, in reading the courteous and often flattering estimate of woman's work which the critics of fifty years ago delighted in giving to the world, than the undercurrent of amusement that such things should be going on. Christopher North, who has only censure and contempt for the really great poets of his day, is pleased to lavish kind words on Mrs. Hemans and Joanna Baillie, praising them as adults occasionally praise clever and good children. That neither he nor his boon companions of the "Noctes" are disposed to take the matter seriously, is sufficiently proved by North's gallant but controvertible statement that all female poets are handsome. "No truly ugly woman ever yet wrote a truly beautiful poem the length of her little finger." The same satiric enjoyment of the situation is apparent in Thackeray's description of Barnes Newcome's lecture on "Mrs. Hemans, and the Poetry of the Affections," as delivered before the appreciative audience of the Newcome Athenæum. The distinction which the lecturer draws between man's poetry and woman's poetry, the high-flown civility with which he treats the latter, the platitudes about the Christian singer appealing to the affections, and decorating the homely threshold, and wreathing flowers around the domestic hearth; —all these graceful and generous nothings are the tributes laid without stint at the feet of that fragile creature, known to our great-grandfathers as the female muse.

It may as well be admitted at once that this tone of combined diversion and patronage has changed. Men, having come in the course of years to understand that women desire to work, and need to work, honestly and well, have made room for them with simple sincerity, and stand ready to compete with them for the coveted prizes of life. This is all that can in fairness be demanded; and, if we are not equipped for the struggle, we must expect to be beaten, until we are taught, as Napoleon taught the Allies, how to fight. We gain nothing by doing for ourselves what man has ceased to do for us—setting up little standards of our own, and rapturously applauding one another when the easy goal is reached. We gain nothing by withdrawing ourselves from the keenest competition, because we know we shall be outdone. We gain nothing by posing as "women workers," instead of simply "workers;" or by separating our productions, good or bad, from the productions, good or bad, of men. As for exacting any spec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ial consideration on the score of sex, that is not merely an admission of failure in the present, but of hopelessness for the future. If we are ever to accomplish anything admirable, it must be by a frank admission of severe tests. There is no royal road for woman's feet to follow.

As we stand now, our greatest temptation to mediocrity lies in our misleading content; and this content is fostered by our incorrigible habit of considering ourselves a little aside from the grand march of human events. Why should a new magazine be entitled "Woman's Progress," as if the progress of woman were one thing, and the progress of man another? If we are two friendly sexes working hand in hand, how is it possible for either to progress alone? Why should I be asked to take part in a very animated discussion on "What constitutes the success of woman?" Woman succeeds just as man succeeds, through force of character. She has no minor tests, or, if she has, they are worthless. Above all, why should we have repeated the pitiful mistake of putting woman's work apart at the World's Fair, as though its interest lay in its makers rather than in itself. Philadelphia did this seventeen years ago, but in seventeen years women should have better learned their own worth. Miss Mitford's sentence, with its italicized "considering," might have been written around the main gallery of the Woman's Building, instead of that curious jumble of female names with its extraordinary suggestion of perspective — Mme. de Staël and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Pocahontas and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The erection of such a building was a tacit acknowledgment of inferior standards, and therein lies our danger. All that was good and valuable beneath its roof should have been placed elsewhere, standing side by side with the similar work of men. All that was unworthy of such competition should have been excluded, as beneath our dignity, as well as beneath the dignity of the Exposition. Patchwork quilts in fifteen thousand pieces, paper flowers, nicely stitched aprons, and badly painted little memorandum-books do not properly represent the attitude or the ability of women. We are not begging for consideration and applause; we are striving to do our share of the world's work, and to do it as well as men.

Shall we ever succeed? It is not worth while to ask ourselves a question which none can answer. Reasoning by analogy, we never shall. Hoping in the splendid possibilities of an unknown future, we may. But idle contention over what has been done already is not precisely the best method of advance. To wrangle for months over the simple and obvious statement that there have been no great women poets, is a lamentable waste of energy, and leads to no lasting good. To examine with fervent self-consciousness the exact result of every little step we take, the precise attitude of the world toward us, while we take it, is a retarding and unwholesome process. Why should an indefatigable philanthropist, like Miss Frances Power Cobbe, have paused in her noble labor to write such a fretful sentence as this?

"It is a difficult thing to keep in mind the true dignity of womanhood, in face of the deep, underlying contempt wherewith all but the most generous of men regard us."

Perhaps they do, though the revelation is a startling one, and the last thing we had ever suspected. Nevertheless, the sincere and single-minded worker is not asking herself anxious questions anent man's contempt, but is preserving "the true dignity of womanhood" by going steadfastly on her appointed road, and doing her daily work as well as in her lies. Neither does she consider the conversion of man to a less scornful frame of mind as the just reward of her labors. She has other and broader interests at stake. For my own part, I have a liking for those few writers who are admirably explicit in their contempt for women, and I find them more interesting and more stimulating than the "generous" men who stand forth as the champions of our sex, and are insufferably patronizing in their championship. When Schopenhauer says distinctly that women are merely grown-up babies, short-sighted, frivolous, and occupying an intermediate stage between children and men; when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he protests vigorously against the absurd social laws which permit them to share the rank and titles of their husbands, and insists that all they require is to be well fed and clothed, I feel a sincere respect for this honest statement of unpopular and somewhat antiquated views. Lord Byron, it will be remembered, professed the same opinions, but his ingenuousness is by no means so apparent. Edward Fitzgerald's distaste for women writers is almost winning in its gentle candor. Ruskin, despite his passionate chivalry, reiterates with tireless persistence his belief that woman is man's helpmate, and no more. Theoretically, he is persuasive and convincing. Practically, he is untouched by the obtrusive fact that many thousands of women are never called on to be the helpmates of any men, fathers, brothers, or husbands, but must stand or fall alone. Upon their learning to stand depends much of the material comfort, as well as the finer morality, of the future.

And surely, the first and most needful lesson for them to acquire is to take themselves and their work with simplicity, to be a little less self-conscious, and a little more sincere. In all walks of life, in all kinds of labor, this is the beginning of excellence, and proficiency follows in its wake. We talk so much about thoroughness of training, and so little about singleness of purpose. We give to every girl in our public schools the arithmetical knowledge which enables her to stand behind a counter and cast up her accounts. That there is something else which we do not give her is sufficiently proven by her immediate adoption of that dismal word, "saleslady," with its pitiful assumption of what is not, its pitiful disregard of dignity and worth. I own I am dispirited when I watch the more ambitious girls who attend our great schools of manual training and industrial art. They are being taught on generous and noble lines. The elements of beauty and appropriateness enter into their hourly work. And yet — their tawdry finery, the nodding flower-gardens on their hats, the gilt ornaments in their hair, the soiled kid gloves too tight for their broad young hands, the crude colors they combine so pitilessly in their attire, their sweeping and bedraggled skirts, their shrill, unmodulated voices, their giggles and ill-controlled restlessness — are these the outward and visible results of a training avowedly refining and artistic? Are these the pupils whose future work is to raise the standard of beauty and harmonious development? Something is surely lacking which no technical skill can supply. Now, as in the past, character is the base upon which all true advancement rests secure.

Higher in the social and intellectual scale, and infinitely more serious in their ambitions, are the girl students of our various colleges. As their numbers increase, and their superior training becomes less and less a matter of theory, and more and more a matter of course, these students will combine at least a portion of their present earnestness with the healthy common-place rationality of college men. At present they are laboring under the disadvantage of being the exceptions instead of the rule. The novelty of their position dazes them a little; and, like the realistic story-tellers and the impressionist painters, they are perhaps more occupied with their points of view than with the things they are viewing. This is not incompatible with a very winning simplicity of demeanor, and the common jest which represents the college girl as prickly with the asperities of knowledge, is a fabric of man's jocund and inexhaustible imagination. Mr. Barrie, it is true, tells a very amusing story of being invited, as a mere lad, to meet some young women students at an Edinburgh party, and of being frightened out of his scanty self-possession when one of them asked him severely whether he did not consider that Berkeley's immaterialism was founded on an ontological misconception. But even Mr. Barrie has a fertile fancy, and perhaps the experience was not quite so bad as it sounds. There is more reason in the complaint I have heard many times from mothers, that college gives their daughters a distaste for social life, and a rather ungracious disregard for its amenities and obligations. But college does not give men a distaste for social life. On the contrary,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is the best possible training for that bigger, broader field in which the ceaseless contact with their fellow-creatures rounds and perfects the many-sidedness of manhood. If college girls are disposed to overestimate the importance of lectures, and to underestimate the importance of balls, this is merely a transient phase of criticism, and has no lasting significance. Lectures and balls are both very old. They have played their parts in the history of the world for some thousands of years; they will go on playing them to the end. Let us not exaggerate personal preference, however contagious it may appear, into a symbol of approaching revolution.

For our great hope is this: As university training becomes less and less exceptional for girls, they will insensibly acquire broader and simpler views; they will easily understand that life is too big a thing to be judged by college codes. As the number of women doctors and women architects increases with every year, they will take themselves, and be taken by the world, with more simplicity and candor. They will also do much better work when we have ceased writing papers, and making speeches, to signify our wonder and delight that they should be able to work at all; when we have ceased patting and praising them as so many infant prodigies. Perhaps the time may even come when women, mixing freely in political life, will abandon that injured and aggressive air which distinguishes the present advocate of female suffrage. Perhaps, oh, joyous thought! the hour may arrive when women, having learned a few elementary facts of physiology, will not deem it an imperative duty to embody them at once in an unwholesome novel. These unrestrained disclosures which are thrust upon us with such curious zest, are the ominous fruits of a crude and hasty mental development; but there are some sins which even ignorance can only partially excuse. Things seen in the light of ampler knowledge have a different aspect, and bear a different significance; but the "fine and delicate moderation" which Mme de Souza declared to be woman's natural gift, should preserve her, even when semi-instructed, from all gross offences against good taste. Moreover, "whatever emancipates our minds without giving us the mastery of ourselves is destructive," and if the intellectual freedom of woman is to be a noble freedom, it must not degenerate into the privilege of thinking whatever she likes, and saying whatever she pleases. That instinctive refinement which she has acquired in centuries of self-repression is not a quality to be undervalued, or lightly thrust aside. If she loses "the strength that lies in delicacy," she is weaker in her social emancipation than in her social bondage.

The word "Virago," in the Renaissance, meant a woman of culture, character, and charm; a "man-like maiden" who combined the finer qualities of both sexes. The gradual debasement of a word into a term of reproach is sometimes a species of scandal. It is wilfully perverted in the course of years, and made to tell a different tale,—a false tale, probably—which generations receive as true. On the other hand, it sometimes marks the swift degeneracy of a lofty ideal. In either case, the shame and pity are the same. Happily, as we are past the day when men looked askance upon women's sincere efforts at advancement, so we are past the day when women deemed it profitable to ape distinctly masculine traits. We have outgrown the first rude period of abortive and misdirected energy, but it does not follow that the millennium has been reached. Mr. Arnold has ventured to say that the best spiritual fruit of culture is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, yet no one recognized more clearly than he the ungracious nature of the task. What people really like to be told is that they are doing all things well, and have nothing to learn from anybody. This is the reiterated message from the gods of which the daily press delivers itself so sapiently, and by which it maintains its popularity and power. This is the tone of all the nice little papers about woman's progress, and woman's work, and woman's influence, and woman's recent successes in literature, science, and art. "I gain nothing by being with such as myself," sighed Charles Lamb, with noble dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

content. "*We encourage one another in mediocrity.*" This is what we women are doing with such apparent satisfaction; we are encouraging one another in mediocrity. We are putting up easy standards of our own, in place of the best standards of men. We are sating our vanity with small and ignoble triumphs, instead of struggling on, defeated, routed, but unconquered still, with hopes high set upon the dazzling mountain tops which we may never reach.

AN ALLY OF MR. CROSS

By John J. a'Becket

"I CAN'T give you any other answer now, Bob. Put it down to anything, for I don't know myself why it is that I cannot in conviction say what you want me to. I like you ever so much, and I don't *know* but that I love you. But it is because I don't know that you must give me time. There is nothing like a little absence for getting a clearer view of a thing like this. I'm sorry, Bob. It's a little hard on me, too. Now that you have spoken I don't suppose things can be quite the same until the issue is squarely faced. The fear of some misinterpretation of my words, or, at least, of my actions, would act as a restraint on me, and we couldn't enjoy the old-time freedom, the good-comradeship. I liked that immensely, and if you hadn't said—Well, you know," and the girl laughed a short and not unmirthful laugh, "we could have gone on just as we were."

"I hope you do not blame me for being in love with you, Annette," the young man remarked with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, no!" the girl flung out, impatiently. "I don't *blame* you, and I don't blame myself. But I am sorry for you, and a little vexed with myself that I should have to make such a ridiculous answer. It doesn't sound flattering to you, perhaps, that I am in any doubt on the point. But I am, and you have forced me to confess it. I don't say that I won't marry you, but I want time to think it over. And this trip abroad with Louise will give me just the opportunity to do that. Don't feel vexed, or disgusted, and—don't write to me while I am away. You see," and again the girl's frank, good-natured smile came to her lips, "I want to find out how I shall feel about you when you are away. There is nothing else I can say, Bob, unless you insist on my making a final decision now."

She looked at him with the trace of a smile still on her lips, but with such a straightforward, honest feeling in her large hazel eyes. Robert Cross, set back though he was by her attitude over his declaration of love, had yet to admit that she was doing the best, apparently, that she could under the circumstances. He regarded her in a thoughtful way for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Will you give me an answer as soon as you come back from Europe, Annette?"

"Yes, I promise to do that," the girl replied, with decision. "You see, I shall think of you now in a different light, and that must help me to know my own mind. I've never been in love. I don't suppose a girl could be in love without knowing it, could she? That would be awkward. So, let us say no more on the subject now. Two months, or two months and a half, isn't a long time to wait, yet it allows a chance for reflection. Don't come down to the steamer, Bob. I will write you when we are to come back, and you can see me as soon as you want to then. Good-by, dear old friend."

She extended her hand, and Cross took it, still with a shade of depression on him.

"Good-by, Annette," he said; "and don't forget that I shall not be having a very nice time during this term of waiting. Then if you should come to a conclusion before you get back, it would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be rather a kind thing to write me to that effect."

"Well, if I do, I will," said Miss Frere, and she smiled good-humoredly again. Bob was quite within his right on this last point, she thought. And so they parted.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that she crossed the gangway of the Paris the next Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Raymond Dupont, and felt that she was leaving New York behind for several weeks. It was a brilliant morning in mid-May. There was a goodly passenger-list, and it was hard to get about on the deck or in the saloon. The two women got their belongings stowed away in their state-room, and then came upon deck. Annette stood near the rail and scanned the pier to see if the strong, plain face of Robert Cross was anywhere in view. It was not; the separation had begun. Several acquaintances came up to talk with her and make their adieus with the easy levity with which the Transatlantic traveller of to-day is sped upon his course. Miss Frere bade them good-by with gay indifference. "Happily, I *know* I am not in love with any of *them*," she thought to herself.

As the boat swung out into the stream and pointed her nose down the river, Miss Frere gave a parting glance at the commercial front which New York City presented to her gaze, and with smiling lips formed the words: "Good-by, Bob." It was with some amusement that she reflected that she was now fairly embarked on the process of solving the momentous question of whether she was in love with Robert Cross or not. It did not prevent her going to dinner five hours later with a fine, healthy appetite and high spirits.

The next day, Sunday, was a rough one, and passengers with good sea-legs had to put them in use. The long, graceful vessel plunged through big mounds of leaden green water, which dashed rudely against her stanch sides. When Miss Frere went into the saloon to attend the service, she had some difficulty in making her way to a seat, and barely escaped taking one on a young man's lap, in attempting to sit on a vacant chair next his. She opened her prayer-book and joined in the responses. The captain, seated at a table in the middle of the saloon, read the prayers and versicles with a rich, rolling intonation that would have done credit to a Dean of Westminster.

The young man who had so narrowly escaped being sat upon by Miss Frere showed a respectably respectful interest in what was going on. His eye occasionally turned to the page of the girl's Book of Common Prayer. Noticing this, she was moved to hold the book so that he could follow the text. He in turn made himself useful by finding the hymns and holding the hymn-book for her. She joined in the singing with a light soprano voice. By the time the service was over their several offices of charity in each other's behalf made it natural enough that they should exchange words. The young man walked with her to the stairs, which led down to Miss Frere's state-room, and assisted her in safely descending them.

"Is it too blowy to come out on deck?" he hazarded.

"No; I don't think so. I am a good sailor," replied Miss Frere.

"Then, if you will allow me, I will wait here until you get your wrap and help you to a good place to sit."

It was very blowy, and there was some difficulty in getting to a chair on deck, and in settling Miss Frere into it with her travelling rug tucked securely in about her feet. The young fellow admired the girl's ease and jollity under the whistling wind and heavily rolling sea. But when a huge wave struck the side and poured in a perfect shower from the awning in front of them, with a merry laugh she declared that they would have to get to some better protected place. They shifted their quarters to a spot where conversation was not so difficult an undertaking, and where the ocean did not encroach.

The man's voice was rather hard and unsympathetic, and Miss Frere found herself comparing it in her thoughts with Bob Cross's, which was cheerful and of agreeable *timbre*. There was a sense of flippancy in the new acquaintance, too; not so much in his manner as in his way of looking at things. And again Miss Frere found herself revert-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to the very opposite quality in the young man who had asked her to marry him. Robert Cross was almost too serious, if anything. He seemed to take life as if there were only one way of dealing with it, and that the one to which he so consistently held. And yet she felt that it would be wide of the mark to call this narrowness.

The young man who was her fellow-passenger on the Paris was pleasantly attentive. He was well-bred and full of small talk. But he did not show very strong interest in anything. In the course of conversation, one day when the weather was delightful, Miss Frere chanced to remark that she hoped to meet a woman in London who was quite successful in organizing and conducting kindergartens.

"I am interested in them because I have done something in that way myself," she said.

"Do you go in for doing good?" he asked, with very much the air with which he might have inquired whether she liked painting on china.

"Well, I am not averse to being a little helpful to my kind if I have an opportunity," she returned, with some causticity.

"I never could see much use in that sort of thing," he remarked, with a laugh. "It is a lot of bother, and you never get appreciated. I suppose kindergartens are an improvement on slumming. You don't get the bad smells and dirt and coarseness. It doesn't seem to me that it makes much difference, anyway. But there is no accounting for tastes. What is one man's food is another man's poison."

"You seem to think that people engage in charitable works for their amusement," Miss Frere retorted, looking at him with curiosity.

"Oh, they do it because they want an outlet, I suppose," he said, lightly. "Then I dare say it flatters a woman's desire to dictate, to be independent, when she can arrange matters for other people. It gives them an aim, you know." He laughed again, as if the whole thing didn't matter, anyhow.

"You don't feel the need of an aim?" said Miss Frere, suavely.

"Oh, I get bored often enough. But I shouldn't find any satisfaction in penetrating into tenement-house regions, or helping young ones to learn their a-b-c's. There are plenty of things I like, and by changing from one to another a fellow can get along well enough. I am not tired of life yet."

"But how much use is your life to anybody but yourself?" inquired the young woman, bluntly.

"Not a bit, so far as I know," replied the other, with shameless honesty. "But why should it be? You don't live for other people, do you? I don't lie, or steal, or injure people, and I don't howl or complain when I am hurt or bored. Don't press me hard, for I am too lazy not to be truthful, and I am afraid our views don't agree. I don't object, of course, to anyone, man or woman, going in entirely, if he likes, for philanthropy. Only I don't feel any inclination to bother myself about other people. They've never done anything for me."

"You haven't the most exalted ideal of life and duty, have you?" murmured the girl.

"To tell the truth, I haven't any ideal," the young man replied. "I find myself in a certain position, with money enough to do what I like, and there are things enough to do that a man can kill time with. I hate to bother about things. If anything is going to be a lot of trouble, I let it go, as a rule, and try something else. What is the use of having money if you can't do what you want to. There! Do you see those flying-fish? Did you ever see any before?"

Miss Frere felt that he was not doing this to divert the conversation. It was simply because he thought she might like to see flying-fish. Which, indeed, she was very glad to do.

It was because he was always cheerful and good-natured and took an interest in small things that Miss Frere found this Mr. Welby interesting, though through all he was so negative. He fell short all around. He was good-natured, without being genial; attentive, without suggesting any personal interest; amused by common things, without any apparent sense that they were very petty indeed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certainly he was a marked contrast to Robert Cross. If Bob was anything, he was devoted to his aims. As she reflected and analyzed her feelings toward him, she found that the lack of a lighter side to him was perhaps one of the things which had made her doubtful whether he would suit her as a partner for life. Yet somehow the want of seriousness in this man on the Paris was making her feel more kindly toward the earnest fellow in America, though it was some time before she caught herself at this trick of hanging one beside the other. When she did detect it, she only felt that Mr. Welby was doing a good service quite unconsciously; and the thought of his doing good to his fellow-man was amusing enough, when he himself had so frankly disclaimed all desire for such benevolence.

She came to the conclusion, after a few days, that Mr. Welby used to talk with her, or walk the deck in her company, not so much through a desire to enjoy her society for itself, as to vary the diversions of the day. If he had got enough of poker in the smoke-room, or was weary of reading his novel by Paul Bourget, or, in fact, wanted a change from things which had ceased to be enjoyable simply because he had had them a certain time, why—he liked to come and see her. This was not flattering to Miss Frere, but she was not given to the blinding of self-conceit. When she compared this way of doing things with Bob Cross's, she was almost surprised to see how thoughtful in anticipating her needs he had been, and how little it had seemed to him to let some plan or desire of his own go when she suggested a different one.

"But then Bob is in love with me, and this man is only the most casual of chance acquaintances," she said to herself.

When they got to London Mr. Welby, after seeing that the porter got their things all right, asked if he might call during their stay in town. And Miss Frere said that they would be pleased to see him.

"The Métropole? or the Savoy?" he asked, with a smile.

"Neither," Miss Frere replied, with some energy. "Thomas's, Berkeley Square." She resented slightly the assumption made by this self-satisfied young man who had chambers in Bond Street, that it must be one or the other of these hotels.

He called after three or four days. It came out in his conversation that he had just made another call at the Earl of Something or other on the opposite side of the Square. "Came, because he happened to be in the neighborhood," Miss Frere commented inwardly; "and he is proud to let us know that he is on visiting terms with a Countess."

"Of course, you know London thoroughly, so you don't want to go to the Tower or Madame Tussaud's. How would you like to see Irving, Friday night, in 'Louis XI.'? I have never seen him in that, and they say it is one of his best rôles."

"How he always lets it crop out that he has his own enjoyment in view," the young woman again commented to herself. "*Bob* would have asked where we would like to go, and not have shown that he wanted to go somewhere and was willing to take us along." Mr. Cross's stock was rising.

Aloud, she said, with a little maliciousness: "I'm not sure that I wouldn't prefer going to Madame Tussaud's. I have seen Irving's 'Louis XI.,' and there is nothing but Irving in the play, and he is wallowing in superstitious fear nearly all the time. But you are *very* kind."

Mr. Welby smiled good-naturedly. "I'm not an Englishman, you know, and can see that you are chaffing. Of course, it's a bore to see the same thing twice, especially when you don't like it. But I shall be charmed to get tickets anywhere else."

Mrs. Dupont, however, thought she should like to see Irving, and so it was decided.

"What a nice fellow he is," said Mrs. Dupont, after he had left them.

"Oh, very nice," replied Miss Frere, indifferently. "To himself!" she added, mentally. "I'm almost sorry I didn't make him take me to Madame Tussaud's."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And he seems to have plenty of money," said the elder woman, casually; "travelling about, with nothing to do but to amuse himself, and all that."

"Well, he is industrious enough in looking out for his amusement," her sister retorted. She reflected that Robert Cross hadn't very much money and worked pretty hard at his profession. Even in these days when shopkeepers go to Europe for a vacation, poor Bob had never been able to go.

"Why, Annette! Why shouldn't he amuse himself?" cried her sister. "That is what we are trying to do, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it's different with women," replied Miss Frere. "But I confess I like to see a man want to do something, and not go through life with no more ambition than a bricklayer."

"This strikes me as a new symptom, my dear," said Mrs. Dupont, with a glance at her sister. "You must get Mr. Welby interested in Kindergartens."

"Don't be sarcastic, Louise. I shall never undertake such an impossible task. Though I am sure if the young man could take an interest even in children's improvement, it would enlarge his own horizon."

There was a bitterness to her in the thought of this well-bestowed young man getting so many things which Cross would enjoy, and which he seemed to care so little for. Robert Cross was not above betraying a feeling of pleasure in things. Miss Frere almost felt tempted to write to him. He was in that hot New York working, and she was idling here giving her society (which Bob would have prized) to a stereotyped man of the world, who was simply filling up his time with her.

Mrs. Dupont and she were going to the Isle of Wight for awhile, and then to Brussels. Mr. Welby said he was off for Boulogne-sur-mer. It was gay, and he liked a crowd of pleasure-seekers. "I enjoy watching them. There is fun in simply looking at the people you see in such a place."

"And you don't have to do a thing for them, either," was Annette Frere's unuttered foot-note.

It was the last stage of their trip for the two women when they arrived at the Grand Hotel in Brussels some weeks later. Mrs. Dupont found her companion more cheerful than at any period of their travels. They were to leave here to take a French steamer from Havre back to New York.

They had been at the hotel four days, when, as they were seating themselves in the dining-room for the *table d'hôte*, Mrs. Dupont caught sight of Welby. She nodded pleasantly. Miss Frere also greeted him with much good-nature. So when he left the place at which he had seated himself and came up, they requested him to sit with them during dinner. He really seemed glad to see them, too. Miss Frere, who was nothing if not just, put this down to his account.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," he said, as he drew up his chair and unfolded his napkin. "I hoped I might. I only got here half an hour ago. I was afraid you might have altered your plans. I am always doing that."

"We start out with a plan and adhere to it religiously," said Miss Frere. "If you had got here a little later we should not have seen you, as to-morrow is our last day. We sail on La Bretagne the day after to-morrow."

"Must you go then?" said Welby, with regret in his voice. "I am going on the next steamer. Have you completely exhausted Brussels? Have you seen the Rubens in the Musée des Beaux Arts?"

"I regret to say that we have," said Miss Frere. "I *hate* Peter Paul Rubens, with his great, bulky naked creatures. Gross things! Don't tell me that he can paint flesh! I don't deny it. But he paints too much of it for one canvas to stagger under. I much preferred the old Flemish examples. There is a certain naïveté about them which I liked."

"I don't care a button for any of it," said Mr. Welby, with delightful frankness. "I'm afraid the best thing I ever got out of these big Continental galleries was exercise. But I supposed it was the proper thing to admire Rubens. Still, there must be other things you haven't seen. Do change the date of your sailing. I will be the most devoted cicerone to you if you will only wait over for the next steamer."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He has just come, and thinks it would be nice to have somebody he knows to go about with," thought Miss Frere. "As unselfish as usual." Then she said aloud: "We have seen everything except General Boulanger's grave. If you would like to engage in such a pilgrimage we should be pleased to have you come. We will start at half-past ten."

"Thanks, I shall be charmed. Boulanger was a two-penny little hero. I don't think even the French had much of an opinion of him. They needed some figure-head and he was the best they could get. He was always before the footlights, playing to the gallery. The best thing about him was his regard for Madame Bonnemain, and he has given a cheap flavor to that."

"Why, how?" exclaimed Miss Frere. She was quite amazed by Welby's suddenly developing views.

"Wait until you see his grave and what is written on his tombstone," he replied, laughingly.

The next day was a brilliantly fair one, and Brussels showed its affinity with Paris by beaming gayly in the strong sun. They drove through the Bois de la Cambre, and from there to Ixelles.

"You see," said Welby, "Boulanger felt as if the game were about up, and he may have felt that he had handled the situation rather tamely for a Frenchman. Then living here was to have Paris constantly recalled. I was in the Café Métropole last night. It is a big place near the old Post-office, and the garçon told me that Boulanger used to come in there of an evening and drink a glass of wine. He used to ride his black horse here in this Bois. But there was not enough popular adoration for him, and when Madame Bonnemain went he probably felt the loss most keenly. She undoubtedly burned incense before the little man. So in a fit of disgust he tried the remedy of a bullet, and doubtless thought he might bequeath a new edition of Abelard and Héloise to the French people by being buried at her side. It was a footlight exit."

"Well, the poor man is dead and we mustn't say unkind things about him," said Miss Frere. "Besides, you will make us feel so silly, going out to see the grave of a man who was only a peevish suicide instead of a heart-broken lover, which he may have been, even if he were no hero."

They arrived at the cemetery and found their way to the grave of Boulanger, which lies off at one side. Welby watched Miss Frere as she read the inscription. It was brief enough. After the name, time of death, and age of the deceased followed this quotation of the dead man's words: "*Ai-je pu vivre deux mois et demi sans toi?*"

"The exact arithmetic of that kills the sentiment," said Welby. "Doesn't it? It wasn't so flattering to the lady that he should have had to take just two months and a half to find out how much he loved her."

He was surprised to see a faint color steal into Miss Frere's face. It had suddenly occurred to her that she had been two months and a half away from Robert Cross, trying to discover whether she loved him enough to marry him.

"You are a little severe in your interpretation," she said, hastily. "I think it is rather mournful in him to have struggled through those weary months trying, perhaps, to reconcile himself with life, and then, when he found that the absence of the woman he loved made the world too lonely for endurance, to have come here and died at the grave of his lost love. Poor man, he must have loved her!"

"Well, I still think that the General uttered that as a sort of apology to her *à bientôt*," said Welby. "But I suppose a woman always finds out the condition of her heart, when love is concerned, more quickly than a man, and loves more strongly."

"Really!" said Miss Frere, with a touch of irony in her tone. "I had no idea you were such a psychological expert, Mr. Welby. Do you speak from experience?"

"Well, now, don't you think so?" inquired the young man, in answer to her opposition and not to her question. "Women surely are quicker than men to feel things."

"You seem to mean that as a compliment, so I shall say nothing to disturb

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your view in the matter," the girl replied. "Come! Let us go. These dreadful bead-work wreaths are enough to keep one from lingering on the spot. We are all one on that point, I fancy."

She was rather silent on the way home, though Welby seemed to be laying himself out to be agreeable. His manner since they had met again in Brussels had been much nicer than before, and had furnished less occasion for Miss Frere to pass in her thoughts from him to a more worthy fellow who was awaiting in America for her return and——

When Miss Frere went to dinner that evening, a few minutes after Mrs. Dupont had preceded her there, she found Mr. Welby seated by her sister's side. Mrs. Dupont at once said, with a cheerful manner, "Annette, Mr. Welby is going over in La Bretagne. He heard of somebody giving up a state-room and he wired at once and got it."

"How jolly!" said Miss Frere. It was a conventional rather than a hearty approbation of Mr. Welby's sudden move. If Mr. Welby felt this, he did not show any disappointment. He was more chirpy than usual during the dinner, while Miss Frere, on the contrary, appeared a little absent-minded. Perhaps she was thinking of Mr. Welby's comments on the inscription they had read on Boulanger's tomb.

On the return voyage both she and the young man felt that there was a difference. Welby was with her a great deal more than he had been on the way over. Miss Frere asked him on one occasion if there was no poker in the smoke-room, and he replied that there was, but that he didn't care to play. On another occasion she said pleasantly: "Have you finished Bourget?" He hadn't, but didn't feel like reading. Miss Frere should have felt flattered by the fact that on this return trip she seemed to have won the young man from cards and a French novel; but the conquest did not seem to afford her much pleasure. She had made a point-blank request of Mrs. Dupont, after they had been a day or two out, that she would not leave her alone with Welby, if it could be helped. "I don't want the burden of entertaining him thrown entirely on me, Louise. You have rather encouraged him, it seems to me, and so you ought to help entertain the man."

To which Mrs. Dupont had said, "Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," and had looked at her younger sister with an inquiring glance. "He seems to me more agreeable than on the trip over, and then you didn't find my assistance so necessary."

"It is because he is more agreeable that I find him less so," Miss Frere replied, with great coolness, vouchsafing no explanation of this paradox.

Annette Frere had at first merely felt that Welby was trying to get up a rather vigorous flirtation with her. And again, she let her mind glance restfully to the fact that Robert Cross was too serious by far, too sincere, ever to flirt. "I hate a man that flirts," she said to herself. She was pretty well convinced that Mr. Welby's value as an ally of Robert Cross was over. Her mind was at rest and her heart, too. The trip had been a great success. She was in the best of health, the highest spirits, and was beginning to revel in the sweet consciousness of being in love.

Was it, perhaps, her strong dislike for flirting which made her somewhat reserved with Welby? Yet he was too considerately attentive and well-bred to be treated snubbily. He persevered in his devotion, which seemed to increase as the voyage drew to its end.

And now, on a lovely day of midsummer, the boat was making its way up New York Bay. As they drew near the pier Mrs. Dupont and her sister stood at the rail watching the grimy river-front of the city. Mr. Welby joined them. Miss Frere was in excellent humor. Since the beginning of this last day she had shaken off all her coolness, and was as gay and friendly as possible. The fact that the opportunity for conversation and sitting side by side on deck was now over may have led to this relaxation. But Mr. Welby only felt the change without fancying such a cause for it. He showed his appreciation by his own greater gayety.

As the boat was making fast her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hawsers the young woman scanned the faces crowded together on the pier for the one she hoped to see. After a few moments a hand waving a hat attracted her attention, and there he was, his face bright with welcome.

"There is Robert," she cried, joyously, waving her handkerchief frantically in return. Welby quickly looked in the direction of her glance, but could not, in the crowd, distinguish the happy object of Miss Frere's interest.

"I suppose it is her brother," he thought. "It's rather pleasant to have someone here to meet you on getting back to old New York, isn't it?" he remarked, aloud.

"Yes, indeed," cried Miss Frere, "if it's the right person."

It was time to get off. Mr. Welby, when he said "Good-by," added, as he still held Miss Frere's hand: "You will let me call, I hope, and continue this very charming acquaintance."

"Oh, we shall be charmed to see you!" replied Miss Frere, quite heartily. "We go to Bar Harbor within a week or ten days, but you will find us at home almost any afternoon after five."

The greeting with Robert Cross was too hearty and unconstrained not to put that impatient waiter's hopes at the highest point. They had enough to do after the first few words of greeting in getting the Customs officer to look after their luggage, which function was expedited by the thoughtful and occult transfer of a bill from Mr. Cross to that bluff, honest person. Just as their boxes had been closed and they were ready to get into the carriage, Mr. Welby came up.

"Good-by again," he said, cheerfully. "I haven't had quite such good luck in getting through as you. One of my trunks was mislaid, or some such bothersome thing. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again. *À bientôt.*"

"Adieu, Mr. Welby," said Miss Frere, her face and voice very joyous and full of girlish vivacity. "And oh, you were so good to me on the voyage that you must let me introduce you to my *fiancé*, Mr. Cross. Bob, Mr. Welby."

It was a double shot, and the young woman watched it score with a gay and slightly malicious interest. Cross grasped Welby's hand with great warmth, while a smile of the intensest good-nature lit up his face. Welby bowed rather stiffly, made some conventional remark, and then said, with a vigorous attempt at nonchalance, "Well, I must not detain you. Good-morning." He quickly slipped away down the pier, carrying himself very straight.

Bob turned his radiant face toward the girl, who with roguish mirth in her eyes and a smile on her lips met his impassioned gaze with a saucy boldness.

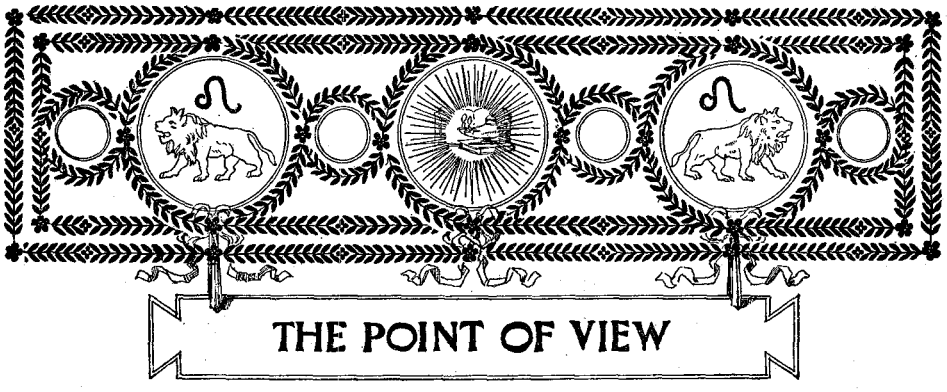
"Annette! Hurry up and get into the carriage, or I shall kiss you right here before all these people," he cried. "But who is Welby?"

"Welby is a nice, agreeable, selfish, dawdling, well-contented-with-himself young man, who reminded me of you so often while we were away, and whom I have been so grateful to in consequence that I have prevented him from making a proposal to me on the way back."

With the laugh in her voice and eyes the girl stepped lightly into the carriage, and Robert Cross followed with precipitate eagerness, banging the door to impetuously.

Mr. Welby never made his promised call; and for weeks after his return, when anathematizing himself as an ass, would add, as balm to his wounded vanity: "I'm deuced glad I didn't propose to her." And he never will know that Miss Frere saved him from this as a grateful return for his having been such an ally of Mr. Cross.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POINT OF VIEW

ACCEPTING an honorable position under the first Restoration, but declining others more distinguished, Chancellor Pasquier remarks at the close of the second volume of his "Memoirs:" "My sense of delicacy and my *amour-propre* enjoyed that kind of distinction which was born of the moderation of my desires." What a field for the intelligent exercise of one's faculties is suggested by this point of view! And to many of us, I imagine, its existence is quite unsuspected. A sufficiently long argument, no doubt, might be had over the comparative value as ethical agents of unrest and renunciation, ambition and content. Nothing is easier for some temperaments than, indolently and placidly, to arrive at the sincere conviction that most of the grapes the more active part of mankind is perpetually reaching after are sour. The Chinese—laborious and diligent enough surely in all things physical and material—are said philosophically to regard courage, often, as a nuisance. There is high authority for reprehending the burial of one's talent in a napkin. The ideal of Nirvana seems perversely unfruitful to the Occidental, as that of St. Francis does to the modern, world. *Du sollst entbehren* is a remorseless mandate, against which the spirited soul revolts. Demosthenes far outshines the "pruner of his periods" in the esteem of never so practical posterity. And there is always the danger of mistaking for something particularly elevated and ennobling what really is the sensuality of supineness.

M. Pasquier, whose long life was an exceptionally active one, would be very far from contesting this view. Still less would he underestimate the advantages of the attitude of positive self-sacrifice and abnegation, without which, for nearly two thousand years at least, it has been a commonplace that it is impossible to "walk with inward glory crowned." The injunction to be *in* the world is as authoritative as that to be not *of* it, and the losing of one's life to the end of saving it definitely implies activity. There is certainly nothing mutually exclusive between unselfishness and energy, and to say that the secret of living is living for others is not to deny, but to affirm, in very relentless fashion, the necessity of effort and the value of ambition.

But, ethical and cognate considerations quite aside, there is in the French Chancellor's words the suggestion of an æsthetic ideal, the following of which must result in an especially refined quality of innocent and unreprehensible pleasure. And that is surely something of which we stand in great need in America, at present. To please one's sense of delicacy by the moderation of one's desires is a very different thing from the lazy and listless abandonment of ambition. It appeals acutely to the critical sense. It affords the intimate enjoyment of laudable self-appreciation—plainly one of the rarest sensations in the world. Really to perceive that, whether the grapes are sour or sweet, they are out of one's reach; to desire only what is fit for one (and one is fit for nothing that is out of his reach); to recognize that it is profitless to cry for the moon, and reconcile one's self to admiring her at a distance; not to gnash one's teeth because one cannot be other than he is (drive a coach, or own a yacht, or write a novel, or admire Wagner, or be black, blond, or red-haired, for example), but cheerfully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to acquiesce in the limitations implied, affords a satisfaction that is very acute and special. The sensation has two great advantages: it enables one to savor, by the sense of accurate appreciation, what he cannot attain, and also self-respectfully to do without it. There is nothing abject about the moral of Dr. Holmes's "Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian." It also releases much of his effort and faculty for what is attainable. Discontented Americans returned from abroad, for instance, and yearning for European flesh-pots (as Lot's wife yearned for Sodom, or as Adam and Eve for Paradise, shall we say?) would do well to reflect upon the solace of this sensation of delicacy and distinction. It is within everyone's reach. But it must be pursued as an ideal, and not resorted to in relaxation for repose.

In all the recent talk about woman-suffrage in the State of New York there has been scarcely any inquiry as to whether it would cost men anything to give women the right to vote. The whole discussion has turned upon the probable effect of the ballot upon woman, and has prevailed almost exclusively between those who have held that it would pay her to have a vote and those who have held that it would not. However men in general may have pondered in their secret hearts, they have had almost nothing to say as to whether it would pay them to *let* women vote. Representatives of some few special interests have had convictions about it, and have allowed them to come out. The liquor-dealers, for example, are generally understood to feel that woman-suffrage would be detrimental to their business interests; but they are alone among merchants, so far as I have noticed, in admitting that they could not afford to meet women at the polls. The milliners are not concerned as milliners; they do not fear that suffrage will affect the feminine taste in bonnets. The dry-goods men show no uneasiness. The manufacturers of infants' foods neither fear nor hope. Makers of bicycles are not especially hot for suffrage, nor are side-saddle manufacturers especially opposed to it. The average New York man does not seem to feel that anything unprecedented will happen whether woman-suffrage comes or not. It does not appear that he apprehends that his vote will be worth any the less to him because he shares it with a woman, or that his liberties will be restricted, or that the woman will be any less a woman because she shares his vote. Outwardly at least he has posed as a spectator, interested indeed, but bland, courteous, and sympathetic even in his doubts. His behavior has been a credit to him. He has shown scarcely a sign of disposition to admit the existence or possibility of any antagonism between the interests of women and of men. He has not been overready to believe that it would be advantageous to women to vote, but his attitude has been that if it would be advantageous to them he will not stand in their way; and while he has not bound himself to accept their opinion as to the benefits of suffrage he has certainly shown an unaffected desire to know what their opinion is, and decided symptoms of a willingness to be guided by it.

Appearances are not absolutely to be trusted, but so far as they may guide one's judgment, man in New York really does not care very much, so far as he himself is concerned, whether woman votes or not. Certainly his attitude is admirable. It is intelligent and affectionate and respectful; and yet man never assumed an attitude that showed more conclusively his confidence in the authenticity of his commission as Lord of Creation. Even those exceptionally vehement suffragists who denounce him as the Tyrant, do not scare him. He is not dismayed at any possible hosts of skirted voters that those ladies may array against him. He knows that the ballot is but an instrument and the voters are but the keys, and he seems content that whoever can shall play what tune they may. The possibility of more keys does not worry him, though he has not yet conceded its advisability, for he knows that be they many or few, they will all yield their most effectual music to the hands that are best adapted to them. The tune, man thinks, will be about the same as heretofore, and there will be no sweeping shiftings of performers; but if more notes will give fuller or more harmonious music, for his part he seems ready to have them.

Such, and so confident, is his attitude! The only wonder is that it has not occurred

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to any observant woman to satirize it in a gentle essay on "A Certain Condescension in Males."

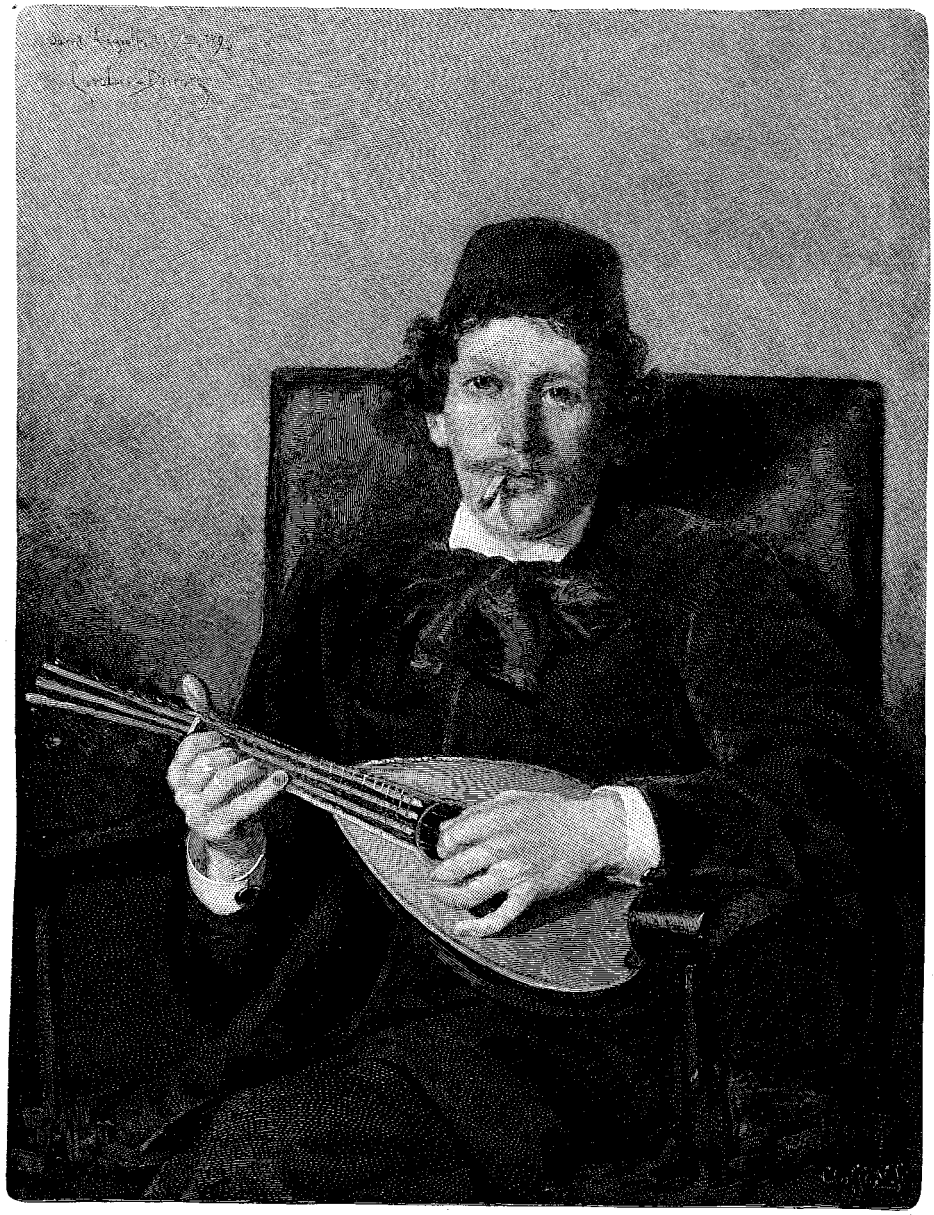
From childhood onward, by whatsoever monitor crosses our path, we are bid remember that life is real and earnest. Yet, surely, whoever knows anything knows that. An instinct of it appears in those who know nothing. Infants and idiots—under some such instinct, possibly—put much earnest into their play. The beggars, the vagrants, the pensioners, of high and low degree, take life none too seriously, of course. But the instinctive and curt way in which society sets them apart shows that they must be an exceptional and comparatively small fraction. For most men the law of life is the quite simple one of work or starve, and most men learn it without any telling.

Even to the lighter-minded, or to the graver-minded in their lighter moments, the earnestness and reality of life are sufficiently clear. In their pursuit of pleasure they have no thought, apparently, of anything but that; and the pursuit of pleasure, however, is much less a blindness than a revulsion and revolt. The sense of the reality of life has grown too strenuous, too oppressive, and the man seeks a moment's remission and oblivion from it. When pleasure runs into dissipation the moment's oblivion has merely been too sweet and has started an irresistible desire to prolong it to a day, a month, a year, and, finally, to a lifetime. Prolonged it grows less and less of an oblivion, moreover; and probably no man has a more torturing, however futile, consciousness of the reality of life than the *roué*.

Too keen a sense of the reality of life is the direct cause of half its diseases, of half its disasters. For while, under it, one class of men, in high revolt, fling themselves into dissipation, another class decline into slavish submission. They allow themselves no moment of forgetfulness, real or factitious. All capacity for diversion has died in them. They still eat and sleep —moderately—for nature requires that even of her machines; the steam-engine does no less. But of doing anything out of pure delight, they have quite lost the faculty. They are as if in some given moment they had said, and then had grimly adhered to it, "What is the use resisting? Nothing is possible in life but work."

If, instead of laying so much emphasis on a lesson that we can all be left to get by ourselves, our preceptors would only give us some effective guidance in confronting the reality of life lightly, they would render a genuine service. There is where we stand really in need of aid. In the sense of responsibility, which there is such zeal to inculcate, men were probably never before so strong as they are to-day. A larger number certainly, and probably a larger proportion of the whole than ever before, are exercising foresight and deliberate energy in meeting at least the material needs of themselves and their families. The degree of such foresight and deliberate energy is the sanctioned measure of our ascent from barbarism. Tried by it alone we show a splendid progress. We have mounted immeasurably—in business. But have we made a corresponding ascent in pleasure? The form of the barbarities changes a little, but are not our favorite diversions barbarities still? Of course we do not all, when we are going in for a bit of pleasure, get drunk or engage in any of the grosser immoralities; but we do all, or very nearly all, waste and squander. Of either our time, or our money, or our strength, or all three, we make for our avowed pleasure an expenditure that brings us nothing. We do this too not wholly unawares. We are more or less disturbed over it in our consciences, and excuse ourselves by saying, "But a man cannot be working all the time; he must have some relaxation;" as if the only possible alternative to work were folly. The very weakness of the justification shows our need of intelligent guidance not in gravity, but in gayety. We should have over us some strong, wise masters of the revels.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

CAROLUS DURAN'S "THE POET WITH THE MANDOLIN."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 232.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANÇOIS FLAMENG'S "THE FRENCH IN HOLLAND."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 63.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED